McCALL'S

APRIL 1931
TEN CENTS

Beginning

JEALOUSY *by* Margaret Pedler

A Lightning Rod in Hollywood
by Alice Ames Winter

"Bon Ami cleans everything in our bathroom.. *but me*"

And were you to ask this little lady the reason why, she'd give you this answer: "Because, Mother says that Bon Ami keeps the tub, basin, tiling and mirror so beautifully clean and polished—without a sign of scratch or roughness."

Why risk ruining any lustrous surface with gritty cleansers which scratch, and make it dull, dingy—harder to clean? Bon Ami is safe. Why, it won't even redden the hands. And it cleans and polishes like a flash.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK . . . *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

Bon Ami

POWDER *Also made in Cake Form*

Don't let "pink tooth brush" *go on··and on··and on!*

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It isn't *necessary* to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those inactive, flabby gums of yours.* Do this regularly twice each day.

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Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

Teeth..lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care

This thrift dentifrice is thorough yet so gentle in action

HOW fool-hardy to brush sound, lovely teeth with any but a safe gentle dentifrice which has proved itself in the hands of millions.

Before creating Listerine Tooth Paste we made an exhaustive study of tooth enamel. We examined its structure. We tested its varying degrees of hardness, case after case. We learned that people of today have less sturdy teeth than their ancestors.

Our next duty was to discover cleansing and polishing agents that would be harmless to the precious enamel surface. At length we found, and included them in our dentifrice. Thousands have thanked us for them.

For the sake of your teeth, we ask you to use Listerine Tooth Paste. Note how swiftly but how gently it cleans teeth—erasing fermenting food particles, discolorations, and tartar. Note the lovely luster it imparts to the teeth. Observe their soundness year after year under this gentle care.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

25¢

It saves you enough to buy a toilet set

There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

MIRRORS

April Contents *1931*

Cover design by Neysa McMein

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Alice Ames Winter

Margaret Pedler

Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

IT IS a snowy winter evening in the little village of New Alexandria, Pennsylvania. In the comfortable Sligh homestead the family has gathered around the fireplace to hear the father read from the Book: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." This is the picture behind the story, *Mary, The Magdalene*—a glimpse into the home life of Agnes Sligh Turnbull, who as a little girl heard the tale of the Magdalene read aloud by her father. This custom of evening readings from the Bible is responsible for Mrs. Turnbull's new-old stories of Bible women.

"Somehow," she explained, in her gentle voice, "I felt that I knew Mary the Magdalene, and Mary the Virgin, and Mary of Bethany—all the women of the Bible, in fact—after hearing my father speak of them. I began to think about these women—how they looked, how they lived, in what they believed. And my stories about them just grew."

Mrs. Turnbull's genuine interest in these shadowy figures is contagious. She is a genuine person, anyway, this distinguished teller of tales. She lives in Maplewood, New Jersey, and finds life at home with her husband, her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, her typewriter and her books so distracting that she forgets to come into the city every two weeks to "do something exciting."

What would you do if, after struggling for weeks over a short story—your very first short story, at that—you received from an editor not one check, but *two* checks of equal amount? This was Margaret Pedler's problem at the age of eighteen. She met it calmly by mailing back one of the checks, with the suggestion that undoubtedly an error had been made.

Whether or not virtue brings its own reward, from that time forth rewards came to the little English girl. Miss Pedler, now the wife of a well-known Devonshire sportsman, a direct descendant of the Drake family, is today one of the most popular writers in London.

Her hobbies are collecting old china, furniture and earrings. An interest in sports is recent; but one can see her enthusiasm for the out-of-doors in the very first pages of *Jealousy*, which begins in this issue.

McCall's is the first magazine to have the privilege of publishing an intimate interview with Owen D. Young, because Owen D. Young, throughout his spectacular career, has waged a brave and earnest fight against publicity, using as his weapons his natural reticence and his "insistence upon the divine right of privacy." It was Isabel Leighton to whom he told the utterly fascinating story you will find on page 4 of this issue.

Miss Leighton's first impression of this international figure is interesting since, undoubtedly, it is the picture hundreds of those who see Owen D. Young under the fire of leadership, never glimpse. Mr. Young, sitting behind a great desk, appears to be the complete sophisticate, immaculately well-dressed, suave in manner. But in the mere gesture of rising in greeting, the accouterments of the city seem to slip from him, and he is transformed again into the country boy whom his neighbors still think of as "Jacob Young's boy, Owen."

Beyond Words is by an American author. Had we published it a few months ago, it would have been by a Britisher, for Elisabeth Sanxay Holding has but recently been restored to her true nationality. Sixteen years ago this American girl married George Holding, a member of the British civil service. Their home is in Bermuda. On her last visit to New York, Mrs. Holding was told she could stay but six months, so she applied for renaturalization. Now, an American citizen once more, she is dreadfully upset when you tell her that she speaks with an English accent!

Last autumn, at the suggestion of several great women's organizations, Alice Ames Winter, Past President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was given a place inside the motion picture industry. Mrs. Winter explains her own position as *A Lightning Rod in Hollywood:* her job, to draw together women's opinions concerning what they want and what they hate and to pass on these views to the producers.

Mrs. Winter's background justifies her position. The daughter of a distinguished Boston clergyman, a graduate of Wellesley with a master's degree, teacher, mother and grandmother, she has had a normal woman's experience. She has been identified with many social service activities and her close contact with all phases of organized women's work prepared her especially for the part she is playing.

EMILY CARTER

A man of world-wide activities to whom a little New York town is the widest world of all

OWEN D. YOUNG of Van Hornesville, New York

By Isabel Leighton

HERE is the first intimate interview with one of the strongest personalities of our time—Owen D. Young, who inaugurated a new concept of peace in his "agreement of peoples rather than of governments," who directs the destinies of great industries, but who still maintains that life finds its ultimate meaning in the little things—little things like his home town, for instance, in which he is still at home.

YOU can see him almost any day leaving the skyscraper that houses the General Electric Company on his way to the subway, a tall, spare, Lincolnesque figure, seeming to move slowly but somehow covering an incredible amount of space—his clothes dark and conservative, his face preoccupied and grave. To the north, as far as his eye can see, lies the city; still further north, but within easier reach of his heart is Van Hornesville, N. Y., the place Owen Young means when he says, "I'm going home."

Home—where the raising or lowering of the rediscount rate by the Federal Reserve Bank, of which he is a director, does not seem a vital issue; where the rate of production of the General Motors Corporation, on whose board he sits, seems only so many statistics; where his interest in the General Education Board is dwarfed by his absorption in the problems of the Van Hornesville school; where he abandons all further consideration of the Young Plan to plan instead for the improvement of the countryside; and where his chairmanships of the board of the General Electric Company and the executive committee of the Radio Corporation of America have no reality until he is back within the city limits and has returned from his Utopia to the world.

Cradled between Fort Plain and Cooperstown, in the Mohawk Valley, accessible only since Owen Young fostered the paving of the old dirt road, is the little village in which he was born of Jacob and Ida Young on October 27, 1874. Born, raised, and in which, to this day, he has his roots.

In an age when many men are voluntary transients and run from anything that even vaguely resembles anchorage, Owen Young clings joyously to his bit of soil, and on that strip of earth which his ancestors cleared of lumber years before the Revolution, is a farmhouse—like any other farmhouse—to which he goes whenever he can leave his field of operations even for a week-end. There, far from reportorial eyes, he puts on his old corduroys and high boots and shambles aimlessly along, drawing hard on the pipe he is almost never without, until he comes to a wall on which he hoists his six feet two inches of lanky frame—a frame that still looks as if its bulk had not quite caught up with its bony structure. He will sit there for hours with the door of his keen, analytical mind tightly shut against any thoughts of electrification, radio, or international peace, his dark penetrating eyes focused beyond a spot where ships may sail or trains may travel, a faint smile playing about his thin, rather tightly compressed lips.

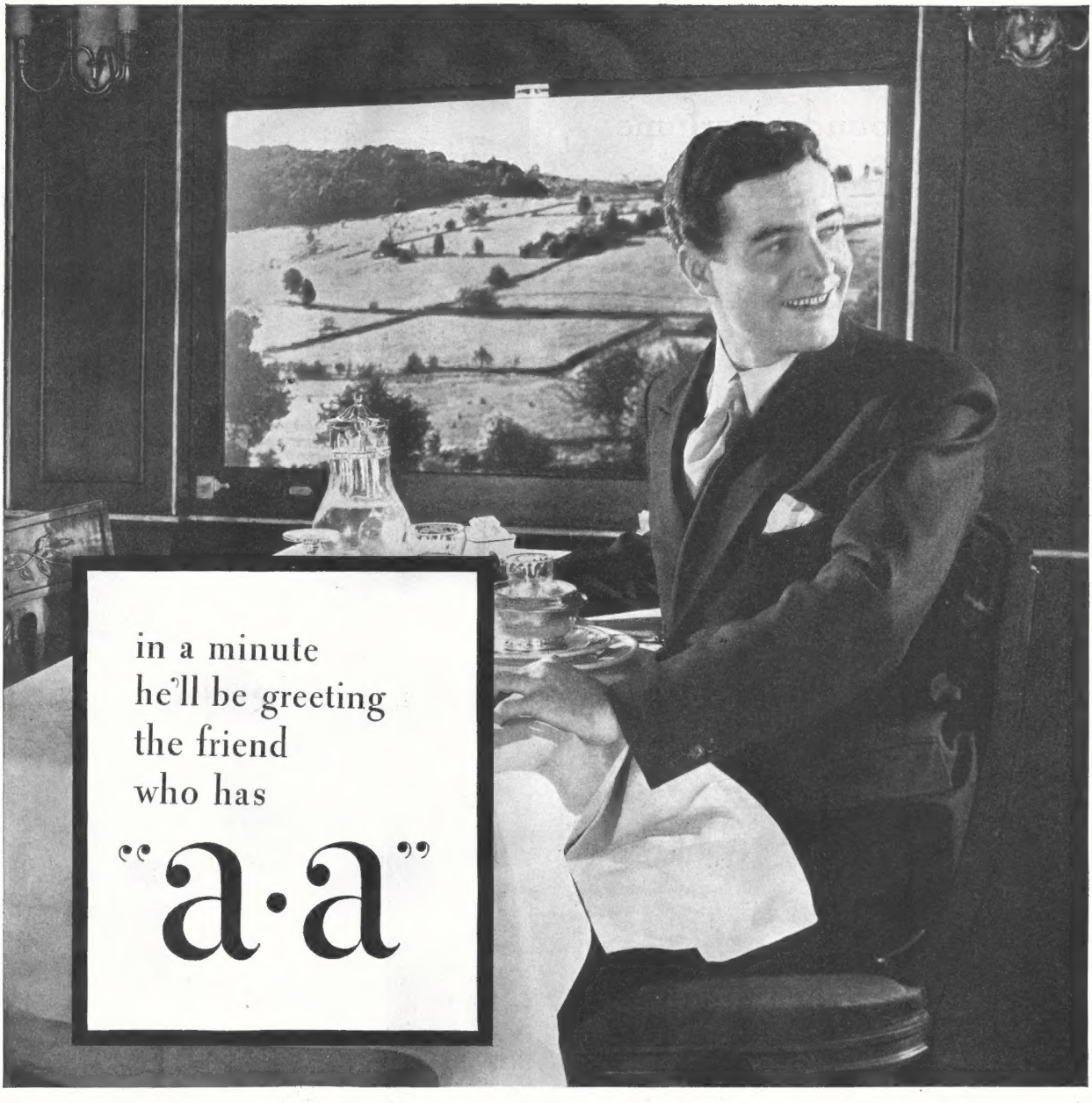
His business associates have told me that they call him the "Abraham Lincoln of Wall Street," and, if one knows him at all, it is a comparison one inevitably makes. While the physical resemblance is slight, there is a definite kinship in trend of thought that is reflected in mannerisms and expressions that are easily recognizable as Mr. Lincoln's. He has the same up-country flavor to his humor, the same economy of action and vocabulary, the same combination of shrewdness and charity, and the same unashamed attachment to a cool country wall.

"Of what," I once asked him, "do you think as you sit on that wall?"

"I don't think," he told me good-naturedly. "I just sit."

It is his uncanny ability to detach himself completely from what is going on about him, and his facility for finding utter relaxation even in wakefulness, that is largely responsible for the quality that many of his friends describe in him as perennial youth, but his self-control is an even larger factor. Many industrial leaders have had spectacular success in controlling others, but few of them have been able to dicipline themselves. *Owen Young runs Owen Young.* He meets situations only as they arise, does not burn up his energy in futile causes, and, because he is frankly not a worrier, has often been called phlegmatic. I disagree—I watched him in conference with a senate [*Turn to page 32*]

Owen Young and his friend and neighbor, Abe Tilyou



That's George Johnstone sitting there in the dining car. George is a salesman. Every morning, whether traveling or at home, George eagerly looks forward to his breakfast date with a dish of Grape-Nuts. Why "eagerly?" Because Grape-Nuts has "A. A." (Short for Appetite Appeal).

Yes sir—*Appetite Appeal.* You'll find it in each plump, meaty, golden-brown kernel—in the crisp, crunchy goodness that comes from "double-baking"—in the ever-so-delicate tinge of purest malt sugar!

Enjoy this tempting "A. A." yourself. And enjoy also the vigor—the vitality—that Grape-Nuts brings. For Grape-Nuts provides a rich supply of those vital elements your body needs for sparkling good health! A single serving of this delicious food, with whole milk or cream, provides more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal.

Anything else? Yes, indeed—Grape-Nuts' crispness! It provides the exercise which dentists say is needed for teeth and gums to remain sound and beautiful.

Buy a package of Grape-Nuts to-day for breakfast to-morrow. *There's a reason!* Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation, and is sold by grocers everywhere.

GRAPE-NUTS *has Appetite Appeal—provides more vigor per spoonful—and its crispness benefits teeth and gums.*

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I'd like more Appetite Appeal in my breakfast. Please send me free sample of Grape-Nuts, and the booklet, "Happier Days from Better Breakfasts."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

If you live in Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

"I've found a perfume to register *Me*"

says LILLIAN ROTH

"I'd heard there were such things . . . perfumes that just fitted certain types . . . but never *quite* believed it, don't you know.

"Until that day . . . what a find! . . . I discovered Seventeen. Just a little vagrant whiff, straying from a perfume counter . . .

"Why, hello Me! . . . I gasped. For . . . it's an honest fact . . . that perfume said to me 'I'm young as you are . . . *I* like thrills . . . and madcap fancies . . . I dance and sing . . . '

"Well, I adopted Seventeen right then and there! Now, we're always together . . . and I hardly know, when I'm gay, how much is me and how much Seventeen!"

8380

To Keep the Mood of Seventeen

Face Powder . . . in smart, subtle shades. *Dusting Powder* . . . an exhilarating finish for the bath. *Compact* . . . in which alert sophistication is combined with Seventeen's naive charm. *Brillantines* . . . both solid and liquid; the solid is non-alcoholic and non-drying. *Sachet* . . . like a haunting breath of Springtime, to freshen clothes and lingerie. *Toilet Water* . . . the characteristic Seventeen scent. *Talcum* . . . fresh, clean, fragrant, in a charming bottle. *The Perfume* . . . the mood of Seventeen itself, translated into a perfume.

Whether you like her—or don't, Mary Wigman represents something new

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

High Comedy

LAST year's success, *Holiday*, proved that high comedy is possible of reproduction on the screen and that the supposedly feeble-minded movie public (trained in the slap-stick school) will not only stand for it, when it happens to be worthy, but will actually acclaim it and support it with their admission fees.

It may be argued, of course, that *Holiday* and its numerous imitators and emulators were not high comedies at all, but low comedies disguised in high hats. I shall avoid this discussion as I have never been able to determine the approximate location of the line that divides high comedy from low. All that I can do is explain my own application of the terms, which is about as follows: high comedy finds its expression in words, whereas low comedy is essentially a matter of strenuous action; in high comedy the characters slay each other with verbal rapier thrusts, and in low comedy they accomplish the same end with the cruder but more effective bludgeon; moreover, as a general rule, high comedy is artificial, superficial, forgettable; low comedy is fundamental and eternal. [*Turn to page 138*]

Ina Claire stars in a new screen comedy

THE PULPIT

The Inevitableness Of Easter

BY DR. G. C. STEWART

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

AFTER a ministry of thirty years in St. Luke's Church, in Evanston, Ill., during which he built up one of the greatest Episcopal parishes in America, [*Turn to page 100*]

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

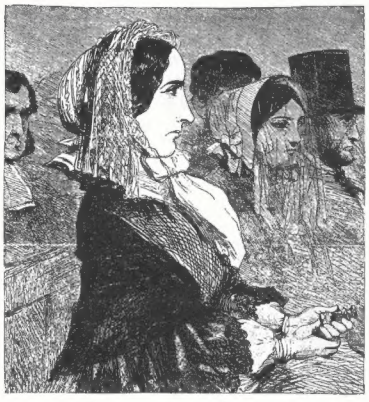
Dr. G. C. Stewart

"Anyone Can Dance"

SUCH is the motto of Mary Wigman, who for ten years has been the undisputed leader of the modern dance movement in Germany. A pioneer and a liberator, her Dresden studio is thronged with pupils, her theories acclaimed far beyond the borders of her native land. Her first appearance in New York last winter was, therefore, distinctly an occasion. The Chanin Theater was brimming over with dancers, musicians, painters, critics, conductors, authors, editors, and plain taxpayers, who gave her an enthusiastic welcome. So enthusiastic, in fact, that she had to give six dance recitals in four weeks before New York would let her go.

Whether you like her or whether you don't, you will have to admit that Miss Wigman represents something new. Her great predecessors and contemporaries—Isadora Duncan, Pavlowa, Ruth St. Denis, Mordkin, Nijinsky, Ted Shawn, who you will—have had, however different their various techniques of dancing, one thing in common. To all of them, dancing has had its inspiration in music, and not infrequently exists only as an expression or interpretation of the music. [*Turn to page 131*]

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH



Mistress Madeleine Smith

THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

Barrymore In Blackface

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE'S appearance in Broadway in *Scarlet Sister Mary* was generally set down as a failure because the play lingered such a little while. There is something slightly provincial in this attitude, since on the road Miss Barrymore scored heavily. The out-of-town critics did not care a great deal for the dramatization of Julia Peterkin's novel; but the public came in great numbers.

Some of the objections to the play seem to me well founded. Others are distinctly spurious. For instance, I must admit that the piece moved very slowly and that no exciting dramatic conflict was sustained in the first two acts. Yet, even here there were moments in which I was distinctly moved by the acting of the star. Miss Barrymore did about all that could be done with a diffuse and stogy play.

Some have said that it was foolish for a Barrymore to appear in blackface. I see no reason for this criticism. Theatrical tradition sanctions these color transformations. Many a great one of the stage has corked around the country as the Moor, Othello. Of course, if anybody wants to raise the point that no white actor is utterly convincing in a Negro rôle I must agree. Surely, there was nothing in *Scarlet Sister Mary* as authentic as the least of the episodes in *The Green Pastures*. And though I will be accused of favoring type casting, I think it's a pretty good rule to leave Negro rôles to Negroes. Somewhere a line must be drawn. I shall be irritated if anybody in the audience leaps up to ask me whether I also contend that none but native Danes should be recruited for the rôle of Hamlet.

It was also held that Miss Barrymore was setting for herself an impossible task in appearing at the opening of *Scarlet Sister Mary* as a young girl of seventeen. I am quite aware of the fact that Ethel Barrymore's long and brilliant record in the theater entitles her to be more than seventeen. And yet, there was nothing in the opening act which gave me a disturbing consciousness of the difference in age between the character and the actress.

Scarlet Sister Mary will not go down as one of Miss Barrymore's most brilliant achievements. But it was by no means an unworthy play. It was experimental, and if it failed, in New York at least, the comment might fittingly be "well tried." Even the brightest of the stars may find it difficult to move a play which is too heavy and slow-paced. But often actors can make a pretty good play seem almost [*Turn to page 138*]

READING AND WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The Chink In The Armour

THOSE who have been fairly faithful readers of these pastoral letters on current literature may have noticed that facts about authors—facts, fascinating or otherwise—are rarely intruded upon their austere attention. If I were to tell you (as I quite truthfully could) that I enjoyed the scornful *Cakes and Ale* rather more than any other 1930 novel that passed my way, I would not feel obliged to wrap up that implied recommendation in a festive tissue of gossip about the remote and wintry Mr. Maugham, whose tale it is, nor even to describe his desk on the roof of the white Moorish villa at Cap Ferrat which, all year round, peers out at the Mediterranean from among its whispering palm-trees. If (and nothing would any longer surprise me) the book-lists for next June or July were to announce a novel called, let us say, *Pink Torture*, I should feel free to record its effect on this old barometer without necessarily adding that the fair author was the oldest of seventeen children and had written novels continuously since that day in her eighth year when an irritated nursemaid hit her on the head with a tack hammer.

Eugenie Leontovich as Grusinskaia in "Grand Hotel"

Such aloofness must be a source of grieved surprise to those publishers who no sooner issue a book than they give a tea for the book-reviewers to meet its author. For example, when Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the well-known sable-and-pearl girl, took up writing as an avocation, six minor critics fainted in the crush at the publisher's tea given in her honor. Some of them were revived only just in time to be caught in the stampede of a similar reception given for the Grand Duchess Marie, whose absorbing, detached and deeply touching memoirs called *The Education of a Princess*, were published in our country in the first week of 1931. Of course, her publishers, the Messrs. Guinzburg, Huebsch & Oppenheimer (who, oddly enough, call themselves The Viking Press) gave an elaborate, booksy bee to mark the occasion. As, teacups in hand, the serried critics advanced on this most enterprising of the fugitive Romanoffs, I think there must have been one moment of acute distaste, one desperate moment when she wished she had stayed in Russia and taken her chances with the Reds.

Yet, even though I sit at home and scoff on such jostling occasions, there are times when even to me it seems legitimate to say something about the wild authors I have known. For instance, I think it is relevant to remind you that the man who wrote the really breath-taking new detective story called *The Glass Key* was, in the days of his novitiate, a detective. And as for the singularly sinister yarns spun by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, I have always somehow relished them more than ever since that day when a neighbor of hers told me she was a plump, gray-haired, gentle-voiced grandmother who, as she sat chuckling and cosy beside the glowing coals of her Victorian fireplace in London, let her thoughts play with the idea of murder. Just when the ingenuous passerby thinks that this placid sister of the stern Hilaire Belloc must be at work on some mild-mannered opus—something with the flavor of a spiced rose-jar, something like *Cranford* perhaps— she is actually writing *Finis* to the manuscript of dark [*Turn to page 141*]

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Try tender, new asparagus and Brookfield Eggs—served with hot, creamy drawn-butter sauce made with Brookfield Creamery Butter.

Of the same dependable quality—Swift's Premium Quality Brookfield Eggs, and Swift's Premium Qualsty Brookfield Cheese.

Swift's Premium Quality
Swift & Company

And *Creamery Fresh* means just this—the fresh fragrance, the delicate, new-churned flavor that butter has when first the churns are opened. You get it in this butter *always*—because it's churned so carefully, delivered so quickly, from the creamery to your dealer, in fast refrigerator cars. Try it today—and you'll know why it is preferred by more people, *everywhere*, than any other brand of butter.

Swift & Company—Purveyors of Fine Foods

Brookfield Butter

BROOKFIELD EGGS • BROOKFIELD CHEESE

Chipso flakes *or* granules?

[*Which do you prefer?*]

You'll have plenty of company whichever form you use. Chipso is used by more women than any other packaged soap in America, and these little stories from my mail-box tell you some of the reasons why.

I WANT to thank all of you who have written to me about Chipso. Such interesting letters as they are, too. So human.

Why, I feel as though I knew many of you personally, and your problems and your families . . . Mrs. Baldwin, for example, whose little Molly says coaxingly every now and then, "Mother, we've used up all our Chipso Granules, so *let's stack the dishes tonight.*" I know a little Molly like that. There's one in my family.

A proud husband

And Mr. Kendall, who comes home feeling quite cocky and says to Mrs. Kendall, "Well, Mrs. K., the men at the works were asking me how I got my wife to do such a good job on my work-shirts and overalls." (Isn't that just like a man?) And thank you, Mrs. Kendall, for giving the credit to Chipso. Yes, Chipso does get even the dirtiest clothes clean without fading colors.

And so my mail goes—almost every letter contains its friendly little human touch.

But these letters differ in one particular. One group of women just swears by Chipso Flakes. These women say in effect, "We've never used a soap as good as Chipso Flakes; we've used them for years and we don't think that anything else can be as good. So we won't change, thank you."

New Granules win praise

But the other group says, "These new Chipso Granules! They're marvelous! As one woman wrote, "Such marvelous suds. So quick! So handy! Such a *mountain* of suds even in lukewarm water. You just wait and see—women are going to like Chipso Granules much better than any soap they've ever used."

Well, I'm going to let some of these letters talk for themselves. You'll see how eagerly each woman champions her own particular form of Chipso. And if *you* haven't written to me and would like to get into this discussion as to whether women really do like Chipso Flakes better than Chipso Granules, or Chipso Granules better than Chipso Flakes —do write me a letter. Just send it to Ruth Turner, Dept. CM-41, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. I'd like very much to hear from you.

Mrs. Koch thinks this grocer did a good deed

"Now I'm the first to hang out my wash—thanks to my grocer and Chipso Granules."

I used to be the last one in our neighborhood to hang out my wash on Monday morning, just because I didn't have the right kind of suds. One day I was so disgusted, I just stopped my washing machine and went to the store and asked for a *good* powder.

Instead, the grocer gave me Chipso Granules. What a change! I was delighted at the quick, rich, lasting suds I got. Now I'm the *first* to get my wash out and my clothes as well as my hands are whiter.

I think practically everybody will soon be using Chipso Granules because all women are looking for a quick-dissolving soap which gives rich, safe suds.

Mrs. Clarence Koch
Northampton, Pennsylvania

© 1931, P. & G. Co.

Miss Clark's friend told her how to save rubbing

"Goodbye to aching back and sore hands"

Dear Mrs. Turner: I think that Chipso Flakes will always be more popular than any other flaked or powdered or puffed soap. And I believe any woman will admit that, once having used Chipso Flakes and finding out what a difference these little flakes make, she isn't likely to take a chance with another soap.

Take my case as an example. Not being used to washing, I had a terrible time when I started keeping house for my father and brother. Every washday I rubbed and rubbed until my back ached and my knuckles were sore. One day my friend stopped in and I showed her some oil-stained shirts I just couldn't get clean—and she told me about Chipso.

Since then, I've used Chipso Flakes. And you just ought to see my clothes! They're immaculate with much less rubbing. I'm through in much less time. There's something about these flakes that is different from other soaps, and I'd never risk changing.

Miss Catherine Clark
Trenton, New Jersey

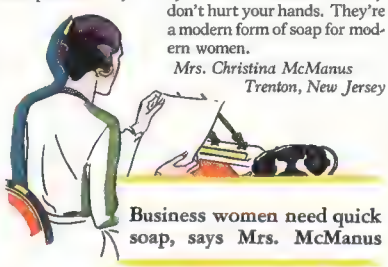
• • •

"Chipso Granules help me do my work in half time"

I work in an office three days a week. So you see I do my housework on a half-time basis, and I look for the most useful time-saving devices to help me in keeping my home clean and cheerful. And Chipso Granules are one of my greatest aids.

In lukewarm water Chipso Granules instantly make the water soft with foamy suds *that stay foamy* until you throw them out. They're wonderful for clothes, dishes, white woodwork, and do their work in a quick and pleasant way! They don't hurt colors and they don't hurt your hands. They're a modern form of soap for modern women.

Mrs. Christina McManus
Trenton, New Jersey



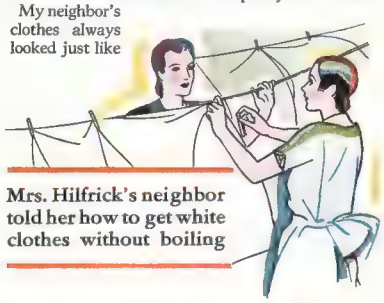
Business women need quick soap, says Mrs. McManus

"My neighbor's clothes used to be so much whiter—now mine are lovely, too"

My washday was a task I always dreaded. I had to boil my clothes and rub a great many, and even then the children's clothes were not pretty and white. My neighbor's clothes always looked just like snow and I was ashamed to hang mine out with hers. I told her once there was so much contrast that I would wait until she took hers down. She asked me what kind of soap I used and suggested that I try Chipso Flakes.

So I did—with the best results. Now I just soak my clothes for a little while, run them through the washer, rinse them, and I have lovely white clothes. I've never even thought of using any other soap.

Mrs. Harry Hilfrick
Springfield, Ohio



Mrs. Hilfrick's neighbor told her how to get white clothes without boiling

"Swish, swish, what lovely suds"

"Chipso Granules a joy to use"

For me, there's a flash of satisfaction when I dash some of those Chipso Granules into my dishpan. I know I only have to go swish, swish with my hands and my suds are just right at once and will last beautifully. Glass comes out sparkling bright, and grease just disappears off the plates. And when the dishes are finished, even the dishcloth will be nice and clean. I find Chipso Granules a joy and a pleasure to use. *Miss Laura Shewalter, Springfield, Ohio*

White clothes? Of course you want them. But you want to use a soap that's safe for colors too. Chipso works on dirt—not colors, because Chipso suds are rich, not strong.

Important!

Chipso

now in 2 forms

Flakes *and* Granules

• • •

Wanted at once – a dependable Arctic "washlady"

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

Procter and Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs: I thought you might be interested in my personal experiences with washday near the Arctic Circle—where we have ten months of real winter!

Ours is a family of seven—and there is plenty of washing for four children who hunt and fish, ski and skate, slide, hike on snowshoes and go to school!

In winter, if the snow is clean and not salty, we must melt it for the washtubs. Otherwise the boys must hitch up the dogs and drive to some fresh-water creek miles away to saw out ice and haul it home. Then it must be melted!

To make matters more complicated, there are the "washladies." Sometimes they come, sometimes they don't. When they do come, they often bring their babies, one, two, three—even four of them. The little brown children are dear, but they must be cuddled and fed, and all this does not hasten washday!

Then there's another long process, for after the clothes are washed, they must be dried indoors. If hung out in the winter, they freeze stiff and are blown into shreds.

When the "washlady" doesn't appear and I must carry on washday, always give me P AND G. For I know that P AND G means less "elbow grease." A soap that makes washday easier is a real boon up here in Alaska.

That's why I stocked up with three cases of P AND G for this winter.

Mrs. R. E. H., Golovin, Alaska

All I can say, Mrs. H—, is that you have a *real* washday! And I'm just as glad as I can be that you've discovered what a lot of help there is in P AND G White Naphtha!

Very few of us have washdays as difficult, but we have our own problems. And we're glad that P AND G gives such rich suds in any kind of water—hard or soft—warm or cold. And however we wash—with tubs, or boiler, or machine—a preliminary P AND G soaking makes it a mighty easy matter to be proud of sweet, fresh-looking clothes!

And if you are like me—you prefer to use a fine *white* soap! P AND G does seem nicer, doesn't it?

Then perhaps a question may have crossed your mind —"Why does P AND G cost less than ordinary soaps—when it's so white and fine?"

I can tell you the answer. P AND G White Naphtha's fine materials are bought in shiploads and carloads—and P AND G is boiled for days and days in huge soap kettles three stories high, bubbling full all the time. This efficient way of manufacturing keeps P AND G so reasonably priced.

Then you've helped, too. For you and millions of other women buy P AND G because you know *it really is a better soap.*

ANN CUMMINGS

White—and three times as popular! "I've just seen some very interesting answers to soap questions that were sent to 1500 women who live in all parts of the country. And what do you think I discovered? P AND G was 3 times as popular as any other soap used for the family wash. And I'm sure I know the reason. Today women prefer a nice white soap. They know that P AND G gives such fresh-scented, snow-white clothes!"—Ann Cummings.

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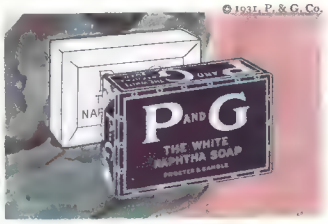


The largest-selling soap in the world

"I think I really got engaged to him because he kept on asking me." "But you do care for him, don't you?"

JEALOUSY

The novel of a woman who honored love—but loved honor more

By Margaret Pedler *Illustrated by* JOHN LA GATTA

LIKE many another French coastal resort, Aurayon had been taken by surprise, as it were, and had sprung into popularity with more celerity than it had been quite able to cope with. As a result, it boasted a hotel *de luxe* of really magnificent proportions, a scatter of old houses intermingled with the skeletons of a number of modern villas in process of construction, and a tawdry casino. The general incongruity was completed by a promenade, approached by a tangle of half-finished roads, and a straggling main street, where famous Paris dressmakers had opened branch establishments cheek by jowl with the dusky little shops that had hitherto supplied the needs of native inhabitants.

But none of these incongruities could suffice to lessen Aurayon's two principal claims to distinction—the great forest at the back of the town, extending many miles inland, and the long stretch of yellow-gold sand that sloped graciously down to meet the blue sea.

It was a particularly blue sea this morning, and consequently the *plage* was dotted with gayly-striped bathing tents. Everybody seemed to be either taking a morning dip, or to have just finished and progressed to a sun-bath.

Of the latter category was a girl who was lying at full length outside one of the tents, her hand thrown across her closed eyes. She lay motionless until an exasperated expletive issued from the interior of the tent. Instantly she moved her hand and opened her eyes. Clear, dark-fringed gray eyes they were, with a latent glint of humor in their depths. These and the coppery gleam of her hair were her only pretentions to good looks. For the rest, her face was small and rather sharply angled, and the bridge of her nose was flecked with a small trail of freckles.

"What's the matter?" she demanded lazily.

"Oh, nothing!" came the answer. "Only you hung your bathing suit exactly where I'd be sure to knock it down."

"And have you?"

"I certainly have. And trampled it well into the sand, besides. It looks rather sorry for itself."

Jane Farrant sat up and pushed her hair off her forehead. "Beast!" she observed mildly.

The tent-flap was drawn aside, and a young man in a decorative beach-wrap emerged. He looked so much like the girl on the sand that their relationship of brother and sister was obvious at a glance. He stretched himself on the sand beside her, face downward, and propped his chin on his hands.

"Only another fortnight of this, and then back to the same old grind," he remarked gloomily.

"I don't know that it's much of a 'grind'. To be agent on a big country estate is usually a very pleasant sort of job."

"It may be. But at present I'm not occupying the aforesaid pleasant job. Austin Scott has the job and the dibs—and the kudos, if any. I, being merely a pupil, get all the dirty work."

"What do you call the dirty work?"

"Oh, routing up tenants who're behindhand with their rent, listening to their complaints, and so on. And

it's all a waste of time—Scott always has to deal with things in the end."

"Well, you've got to learn the job right, if you're ever to become agent for Storrack—and get all the dibs and kudos yourself."

"Do you see Scott vacating the job for my benefit—when I *have* learned it? I don't." Bren Farrant's skeptical tones caused Jane to heave a faint sigh.

"Idiot!" she said calmly. "Do you suppose that won't all be arranged when the time comes? What's the use of G. being our godfather, otherwise? He'll probably start you as assistant or sub-agent or something."

A SUDDEN smile flashed across Bren's face. "I expect you're right, old thing. I'll have to admit that you generally are. Besides, as you're going to marry the future lord of the manor, I imagine I shall get preferential treatment."

"*Marry!*"

Jane almost gasped out the word, and a queer, startled expression came over her face.

Bren regarded her speculatively.

"Well, I suppose you and Kenneth haven't got engaged without some notion of getting married?" he suggested.

She remained silent a moment. Then: "I think—I think I really got engaged to him because he kept on asking me," she said at last.

"But you do care for him?" The words flicked out with sudden sharpness. "You *want* to marry him, don't you?"

Again she fell silent. The question pierced its way to the very root of something that had been troubling her ever since she and Bren had come to Aurayon. It was only a few weeks before they left home that her engagement to Kenneth Orford had become an actual fact. Nephew and heir to her godfather, Sir Marcus Orford, she had known him ever since her childhood, and when she was a leggy little girl of twelve and Kenneth a good-looking boy of nineteen, just leaving public school, she had given him an unswerving adoration. In return he had teased and petted her, and when she had expressed her intention of marrying him, he had gayly promised to wait for her.

Which, without any particular intention on his part, was precisely what had happened. College days, followed by foreign travel for Kenneth, had separated them for a time, but when he returned to the Dower House attached to the Orford property, it was to find her grown into an attractive young person of eighteen with whom he proceeded to fall in love. However, with the passage of time, Jane's childhood decision to marry him had faded into merely an amusing memory, and although she was still very fond of him, she declined to fall in love with him in return.

But propinquity and persistence are two mighty forces on the side of any man in love, and Kenneth had had both to help him. Moreover, he made love with an impetuosity that was difficult to resist, and backed his love-making by that swift, stormy jealousy which appeals to some primitive instinct that lies deep down in the heart of every woman.

And so, one evening when they were in the garden at Storrack, Jane had yielded. After that, everything had been calculated to prevent any sudden reaction of feeling on her part, and to blind her to the actual impulses and circumstances that had led to her surrender. Her godfather, Sir Marcus, saw, in the marriage of his godchild with his own nephew and heir, only the harmonious consummation of the thing for which he had inwardly hoped.

And the atmosphere of rejoicing spread. The engagement of the future lord of the manor was a subject of interest to the whole neighborhood, and congratulations poured in. Kenneth, in the first flush of his happiness, was as gay and charming a companion as any woman could desire, and in the few weeks that preceded her departure for Aurayon, Jane had lived in a kind of rarefied atmosphere where everything, whether it was really gold or not, glittered beautifully.

It was only after she had left England with her brother that a vague undercurrent of apprehension and uncertainty began to make itself felt in her mind. And now Bren's sudden question had abruptly crystallized into words all those formless doubts and fears that had been gradually edging their way into her consciousness.

"But you do care for him? You *want* to marry him, don't you?"

JANE gazed out over the sea for some minutes before she could make any kind of answer, and when at last she did, it was halting and uncertain.

"Yes, I care for him. Only—how am I to know that I shall care for him five, six, ten years from now?"

Bren sat up and stared at her, a startled look in his eyes. She had turned toward him, and in the expression on their faces there was something curiously similar—a bewildered look, half-apprehensive, half-ashamed, as though thoughts that usually lay deep down, secret and unexamined, had suddenly sprung into a rather terrible prominence.

"How am I to know, Bren?" repeated Jane, in a queer, urgent voice. "Marriage is such a long thing."

"Yes," he agreed slowly, as though the idea had only just presented itself to him. "It *is* a long thing."

"Then how can one possibly know whether one's going to remain the same all the time? Why, I've changed in the last three years. I don't even *like* some of the things I adored when I was seventeen. Or some of the same people. So how do I know what I'll feel toward Kenneth in several years time?"

"You can't go back there tonight." "Oh, but I must!"

"You might like him better," hazarded Bren. "Some people get keener on each other—care more and more."

"Yes, I know. I think that's the way marriage ought to be. But how often it isn't anything of the kind! Of course, Kenneth and I get on splendidly now. But shall we always? He'll change as he grows older, and so shall I. Just being engaged to him didn't seem to be anything much—I mean, not dreadfully important. But marrying—"

Bren tossed away the stump of his cigarette.

"Then it amounts to this—you're not really sure you want to marry him?"

"I can't even say that I'm not sure," she replied. "I simply *don't know*. I care for him more than any man I've ever met. But then one hasn't met a tremendous lot of people when one's only twenty."

"That's so," he acquiesced rather blankly. "It's pretty difficult, isn't it?"

A silence fell between them; Jane traced an elaborate pattern on the sand with a slim forefinger. Then, with a sudden movement, she brushed the network of lines away and demanded: "Is that the way you feel about Doreen?"

Bren's head came up with a jerk.

"I'm not engaged to Doreen," he answered hastily.

"No. But there's an understanding between you, isn't there?"

"A private understanding is a bit more elastic than a definite engagement. I'm not in a position to marry Doreen—or anyone else—at present. So I've no earthly right to tie her up to me with any actual promise."

Jane made no answer for a moment. Bren's blunt differentiation between an "understanding" and a definite engagement served to emphasize in her mind the bindingness of the promise she had given to Kenneth Orford.

"You make me feel as if I were half married already," she said protestingly.

"Well, you've taken the first step, haven't you?" responded Bren, with a smile. He was too light-hearted and irresponsible to remain serious very long. His first startled understanding of Jane's question: "How am I to know if I shall care ten years hence?" had flickered out, the vague trouble it had created in his consciousness hastily thrust aside. Some everyday consideration that concerned himself had flashed across his mind and instinctively he snatched at it.

"Anyway, don't worry, old thing," he said cheerfully, rising as he spoke. "After all, you can always break off the engagement. What about lunch?"

He stretched his arms lazily above his head, and went on: "Oh, by the way, I had a line from a man I know this morning. He's staying at Bordemer and wants me to go over for the night—saw my name in one of the visitor's lists. He's going away the day after tomorrow. You'll be all right if I hop off this afternoon, won't you?"

Jane laughed as she scrambled to her feet.

"I should say so. One can't get into very much mischief in twenty-four hours."

Bren grinned cheerfully.

"I'm not so sure about that. Lots of things can happen in twenty-four hours," he observed oracularly.

LUNCH was over at the Hotel Bellevue, and Jane, having seen Bren off for Bordemer, turned back slowly into the half-empty lounge. A fleeting sensation of loneliness came over her. She felt rather at a loose end without her brother. Tennis was out of the question today, she reflected, so she decided to telephone the stables to send round Susette, the mare she often rode.

As she returned from telephoning she was waylaid in the lounge by one of the few people in the hotel with whom she and Bren had become acquainted, a man named Bethune. A retired Indian Army officer, with a wife who had lost both her good looks and good temper in the course of many years in a hot climate, he had found Jane's youth and frank enjoyment of life an attractive contrast.

The chance discovery of a mutual devotion to horses had originally drawn the Farrants and Bethunes toward one another, and they had quickly dropped into the way of riding and dancing and sharing an occasional little flutter at the tables. And then almost as quickly dropped out of it again, since Colonel Bethune's open admiration for Jane had roused his wife to a secret frenzy of jealousy and she promptly proceeded to erect a defensive barricade against too frequent fraternizing with the Farrants.

"The boy's a self-willed young cub, Charlie, and the girl's a minx," she told her husband. "I don't think we want to have too much to do with them."

Bethune, after voicing one or two weak protests, had outwardly yielded. He had long ago learned the futility of opposing her. Nevertheless, whenever she happened to be out of the way, he made the most of any opportunity that presented itself, and now he joined Jane in the lounge with eager alacrity.

"Has Farrant deserted you this afternoon?" he asked, as he shook hands.

"Yes. A friend of his has turned up at Bordemer, so he's gone over there for the night."

"And you're left to your own devices. How are you proposing to amuse yourself?"

"Oh, there are always plenty of ways of amusing one's self, don't you think?" replied Jane warily. She could make a very good guess that if he knew she proposed going for a solitary ride, he would suggest himself as an escort.

"I suppose that means I'm not to make any further inquiries about the afternoon's program," said Colonel Bethune. "But if you've made no plans for this evening, come down to the casino with the wife and myself!"

JANE hesitated, and at that moment Mrs. Bethune joined them. Her husband turned to her hastily. "Ah, there you are, Leila. Miss Farrant's all alone today. I was just suggesting she might like to go to the casino with us this evening." [*Turn to page 56*]

"No more run left in you, old girl, is there?"

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

"That's Sam . . . he's a holy terror"

BEYOND WORDS

A gift of understanding conquers the distance between two hearts

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

YOUNG Mrs. Frieze went to market that morning in person, because, in hard times like this, it was her duty to be as economical as possible. It was her first appearance as a marketer, but she knew her job very well; she had made a study of food values and household economics and the cook had given her a detailed list of what she needed.

She was also perfectly aware that customers should be waited upon in turn. She knew there was no reason why Mrs. Tony Frieze, blonde and slender and elegant, in her short fur jacket and her smart little béret, everything about her neat and quietly elegant, should be served before anyone else. Of course, the grocer didn't know who she was yet. . . .

Just before her at the counter was a girl of perhaps twenty-two or three, her own age, and pretty enough, too, in her way, tall, lean, long-limbed with a sort of careless grace about her. She was hatless, her face was carelessly made up, with too much rouge on the high cheek-bones, and she was dressed in a tweed suit that needed pressing.

"Well, I thought it was twelve cents," she was saying, in a low, rather husky voice.

"That's the *small* size," said the grocer.

"Well, I'll—Will you let me see it please!"

He pushed a package across the counter, and she took it up in her thin, supple, ill-kept hands.

"How many breakfasts does it make?" she asked.

"Directions on the package, Mrs. Lever."

She stood holding the package, looking at it with an odd expression in her gray eyes.

"All right! I'll try this," she said. "Charge it, will you?"

"Sorry, Mrs. Lever . . ." said the grocer. "But I got orders . . . Las' month's account—"

The girl threw the package down on the counter and walked out, and it was Mrs. Tony Frieze's turn now. She read off her list in a polite voice; she was very particular; she knew the price of things; she had to examine tins and bottles to be sure they contained no preservatives. And all the time she kept glancing down at the twelve-cent package of cereal that the girl had left.

"She didn't *look* as if she didn't even have twelve cents," she thought. "But, after all, how could you tell? Perhaps her husband's out of work."

She had a dread of seeming impertinent or meddlesome, but, she thought, suppose that girl had had no money, nothing to eat, that girl who had stood at her side? She was half-prepared to question the grocer, but he had already turned to another customer, and she was afraid it would be ridiculous for her to stand there waiting until he was free again, and that very likely he would think her officious and refuse to tell her anything.

She walked home to her apartment near Washington Square, in the bright November morning, so troubled that as soon as she got home she telephoned to her husband.

"Tony! . . ."

"Oh, hello, Mimi!"

"Tony . . . I just wanted to ask you . . . Tony, are conditions really *very* bad?"

"What conditions?"

"I mean, Tony, are there really lots of people out of work? People with—nothing?"

"It's bad enough," he answered. "But what's troubling you, Mimi?"

"Something I saw this morning. It bothers me, Tony."

"Better come down and lunch with me, and tell me about it," he said. "One o'clock, the usual place."

SHE was punctual, as was her habit, but he was there in the restaurant before her. He came toward her as she entered, a dark, lean, impatient young man, not much given to smiling. But he smiled at her.

The head-waiter showed them to a table, *their* table, they called it, and Tony took up the menu.

"Oh, not a steak, Tony!" she protested.

"You've got to," he said. "You've got to eat plenty of meat in this weather."

"Tony, I'm the healthiest person in the world!"

But he would not believe that. Her blonde beauty seemed to him terribly fragile; sometimes when he saw her asleep, he was seized with sheer terror; he would kiss her to make her wake up and laugh. So she let him order a steak, so that he should not worry.

"Now, what was it that you saw this morning?"

She told him about the girl and the twelve-cent package of cereal, and he listened to her with an air of frowning attention.

"Yes, but, Mimi," he said, "she may have been one of those people who never pay their bills."

"I'm *sure* she wasn't, Tony. She was a proud-looking person."

"Well, she may have been offended by that fellow, and simply gone to some other shop."

"No, Tony, I'm sure she was in trouble. It just haunts me, Tony, to think of people—right at our door—who haven't got twelve cents. I shouldn't have let her go. I could have said something—made friends with her."

Her eyes had grown misty; she turned away her head.

"Mimi," he said, "you've got the finest nature I ever knew . . . Your skin's got a sort of golden tinge. . . ."

"Oh, Tony!"

"Love me, beautiful?"

"Love you, Tony."

They were silent for a minute.

"Look here!" he said, presently. "Please don't let this worry you so, Mimi. We'll see what can be done. . . ."

After lunch she had to hurry away to a meeting of a guild she belonged to. After that there was a tea, and then she had to dress, to go to a dinner with Tony, and later they went on to a dance. It was after three when they got home, and no one waked her in the morning. When she opened her eyes, Tony had gone to the office, and the cook had already been to market. She remembered Mrs. Lever, and she made a note on her engagement calendar: "See grocer re/Mrs. L." But it was a very full day, and she had no time to go.

That night they were dining with the Crabbes. She did not like to go there; she was sure they had a bad influence on Tony, but she had made up her mind in the very beginning to be perfectly fair and reasonable and tactful about Tony's friends.

Tony had a suspicion of her feeling about the Crabbes, and he was unusually tender and gallant before they left. She was wearing a new white frock, from her trousseau, and a short black velvet wrap with an ermine collar; she knew, and was joyous in knowing that she looked lovely, distinguished, a bride to do Tony credit. After all she was glad to go to the Crabbes, or anywhere else in the world, as long as she could go with Tony, and he was happy.

IT WAS incredible that this should have happened. She was dazed, sick with disappointment and misery. When they were in the car going home, he wanted to tell her he was sorry but she stopped him. [*Turn to page 129*]

"Good night, Tony." He did not even look up

A LIGHTNING ROD IN HOLLYWOOD

By Alice Ames Winter

EVERYONE in America has two businesses—his own and the motion picture business," a Hollywood wit has decided. As the oracle of our second business and the personal spokesman for millions of movie-goers, Mrs. Winter, in this article, explains how she helps to bridge the gulf between what you want and what you get from Hollywood. A fascinating tale of the silver screen in which not a star is mentioned.

IF YOU would see and hear and touch concentrated essence of Hollywood, you should attend its most grotesquely serious function, a "Première." Then you would know why Hollywood can not quite understand the rest of the world, and why the rest of the world is puzzled by Hollywood, which it loves and hates and can not do without. Yet it is imperative that each should comprehend the other; for the rest of us are eaten up with curiosity about this vast new thing that overnight has taken possession of our leisure hours; and the picture makers need to know a deal more about the thoughts and temper of the huge public that is its meat and drink.

The theater is spacious, ornate, colorful, its walls, ceiling, boxes and balconies encrusted with carved brilliance. Outside, the streets are massed with thousands of people, milling and pushing and waiting to catch a glimpse of the stars. Great lights are focused on the narrow aisle from curb to door, kept open by police, down which the greatest of the great will soon be walking. They come; they alight with self-conscious grace from limousine after limousine, ermined and jeweled and top-hatted, all well aware of the spotlight and of the murmured comments of the crowd. The name of each celebrity is shouted from a loud-speaker, and each hesitates for a moment to say a few commonplace words before the microphone that carries their augustness to a waiting world. Now arrives the handsome, smiling lad whose new picture has its first showing this night. A thousand flappers crush forward to see the face that they have so far beheld only on the screen. A few fortunates touch him as he passes. Fewer, more fortunate, snatch his attention for an autograph. The tense moments end; the doors close; the show is on.

THE picture is a pleasant thing for the idle hours of the world; but it is viewed tensely by these thousands of studio actors and directors and producers, because this is their life. The whiff of adulation or the numbing horror of indifference means success or failure. Here is the gulf. To Hollywood, entertainment is the most momentous thing in life, involving millions of dollars in capital, every mechanical device that genius can provide, artistry (when it can be found), color and music and drama, thousands of laborers, and thousands of casual actors, business organization and originality, and, at its crest, fame that penetrates to the ends of the earth. Even farce becomes serious business. To the rest of the world, entertainment is pastime. A moment's hasty judgment is sufficient to stigmatize all the labors of Hollywood as good or bad, interesting or stupid.

But this is not the whole story. A change has been taking place over the land, a transformation that has brought us to a realization of the immense value in our lives of these times of leisure and play, times when our minds are open. That is one thing that comes into the motion picture story.

Perhaps behind lies a significance even deeper. Nothing very vast comes by accident. It is brought into being by forces that work through and under this particular period of civilization. So this "movie" is a part of democracy, a democracy dominant, sometimes ugly in its incompleteness, the mold in which our age lives and thinks. The motion picture is democratic. It came up from a small and cheap beginning and some of the bad elements of its origin still cling to it. It is democratic in its wide reach, for every week it opens its doors to almost as many people as there are in the United States, men, women and children. It is democratic in its appeal—the release into a picturesque world for millions of drab lives. It is democratic in that it is a plastic and changing art-form like the rapidly changing world of today. The old arts have been for the few, fortunate or cultivated. Pictures are for the many, for all sorts and conditions of men.

Because it is for all of us, all of us are interested in it. It comes in for curiosity and criticism and hope and meddling beyond any other contemporary expression. As one of its officials cleverly said, "Everyone in America has two businesses—his own, and the motion picture business." The same things that are criticized in the movie are appearing in every other form of expression, in magazines, in books and plays, in painting and music. Why, then, "pick on" the movie? I have tried to explain why.

Women are the biggest element in this critical and yet hopeful public. They make up the major part of the audience, and their children another part, not so big in numbers, but vastly important. For a long time consciousness of this situation has been rumbling in the minds of women, and correspondingly rumbling out upon the movie makers.

Last autumn, in a conference held in New York between motion picture potentates and representatives of public groups that are interesting themselves in better pictures, it was pointed out that women have been trying to bring their opinions to bear on the situation often without effect, often with only such scraps of information as amounted to mis-information; and it was suggested that if they had a woman of their choice in organic relation with the production end, it might help to better understanding and better results. The experiment seemed worth trying, both to the movie men and to the conference. The women present asked that I undertake the job. The Motion Picture Association accepted me.

So I came to Hollywood as a kind of lightning rod, to draw together women's opinions concerning what they hated and what they wanted, and to transmit these views, whenever they had any bulk, to the producers. The idea is that it is as important for producers to know what their public is thinking as it is to that public to make its will know.

The schoolboy hero of "All Quiet" going to his own première

VERY well then, the immediate thing was to learn as much as possible about the points of view of women's organizations.

I built a mailing list of about a thousand women (it has since grown to three thousand), whom I considered key women in their home towns, likely to be interested, and to be depended on for sane judgments. To them went a letter, asking their criticisms, both destructive and creative, offering them what information I could concerning conditions, and telling them of my new job. Of these, about six hundred replied. But the rumor of things got about and I began to have many more letters, unsolicited, but no less welcome and revealing. So the lightning rod began to work right away.

Let us consider the pleasant letters first. Here are examples of praise: "What a delightful play *Sorrell and Son.* My boys have loved it as much as I." "If I could be sure of seeing something like *Disraeli* every week, the days would be happier." "We laughed all through *So This Is London.*" "My husband and I have not stopped talking about *All Quiet and Journey's End.* They are masterpieces."

The staggering thing is to face extreme differences of opinion. Two letters in the same mail. "We do not often go to the movies, but *Sunny Side Up* was so charming we went twice and took the children." Next letter—"Can't we stop once and for all such things as *Sunny Side Up?*" Now what are you going to do with that? It is wholesome to learn that we are not all poured out of one mold and no type of mind has a right to dominate all others—so long as the fundamental decencies are observed.

Now turn to the bulk of the criticisms. Here are samples of the first big group of such letters—objections to the flow of liquor that seems to [*Turn to page 96*]

"There, what do you think of that?" "It's fairyland," she breathed at last

YOU HAVE TO STUDY A MAN'S TASTE

By Brooke Hanlon

Illustrated by H. J. MOWAT

THE sun shone through ruffled organdie curtains and lay thin and golden on the table. If it hadn't been for something heady in the East River wind, you might have thought it was breakfast time in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, or in Kittery, Maine. Linnie sniffed delicately, tilting her wan, aristocratic nose an infinitesimal fraction of an inch, moving her thin fingers, with the absent-minded precision of a telephone operator, from the waffle-iron plug to the percolator, and on to the electric grill. Linnie was as anomalous in this new gardened apartment section as the homely smell of maple syrup. Vermont was in her staid bun of graying hair, in the starched ruffles of her apron.

"She was out with him last night again—" Her voice was agitated. "They went to see that new play, and Vange came home—she came home all—"

"U'm." Maude nodded. Her eyes scanned a column of news.

"She had dinner with him Sunday night, and they went to a concert Monday." Linnie checked these occasions apprehensively on her fingers. "It's four evenings a week now, and I don't know how many lunches. Have you—" A quiver appeared in Linnie's voice. "Have you noticed her eyes, Maude?"

"U'm."

"They have that look!" Linnie's composure broke and splintered. "It was there with Bigelow Rainy, and with Walter Evanson, and with Arthur Weymouth. They have that look. I mean—"

"Whatever in the world—" Maude folded her paper briskly—"are you talking about, Lin?"

"I'm talking about Vange." Linnie's voice registered distress. "And this Borden man! She—she's in love!"

"Not at her age," Maude said sensibly.

"She is. It's going to be just the way it was with that Rainy man, with Walter Evanson, with—with that Starr. I—"

"You shouldn't," Maude pointed out, "go on worrying about Vange. She's forty, and you and I are forty-one. We'll be staying on here until the end of time. Worry about cactus plants today, Linnie, or the sand in tonight's spinach."

"I can't go through with it again," Linnie burst out. "I'll go back to Vermont, and open up the old house. You know what it will be like. He—he'll stop seeing her. She'll—"

"Now, Lin—"

"She'll do the place over! It happens every time. Scrapers and painters and finishers. I won't go through it again!" Linnie's nostrils quivered, her pale lips set. "The next period that comes into this house, I'm through."

"Now, Lin—"

"I've stood for Georgian, and Flemish, and Early American—for Jacobean and Louis-I-don't-know-what. This modern stuff—" Linnie shuddered—"came in after Starr. Starr! That would-be playwright she met. We had to go to a hotel for three weeks. I won't be put out of my home again. I'll go where things stay put. I—"

"Perhaps," Maude soothed, "it won't be that way this time."

"She gets to wanting to marry them—" A bit of color tinged Linnie's cheeks. "—and they don't ask her. Then she does the house over."

"But you'll be glad to see this modern furniture go," Maude reminded her.

"I won't be glad." Linnie's chin trembled. "I dislike modern furniture, but I dislike change more." Her fingers laced, unlaced. "I'm different from you and Vange. I grow attached to things. This is home to me. I mean, it just gets to be home when Vange has one of these friendships, and they don't ask her to marry them—" Linnie colored again—"and she redecorates! I have my little place in Vermont." The cups rattled as she removed them from the table. "I have Papa's railroad stock. I'll go up there."

"Now, Lin," Maude said helplessly. "It's just a business contact. I don't think it's—"

"It's always a business contact," Linnie said fatalistically; "and she falls in love. They're nice to her, and then she doesn't see them any more. She—"

"I know, Lin—"

"She does the place over! I can't stand it again, that's all."

"I really don't think, Linnie, there's a period left." Maude dusted crumbs from her sleek tailored suit and drew on soft gray gloves.

"She'll find one!" Linnie followed her to the door. "And it's going to happen. It's in the air."

Maude went to her city room, and quiet settled upon the apartment. Linnie mixed the muffin batter in a blue bowl. She cut dates rapidly and folded them into the mixture, her eyes all the while on a [*Turn to page 102*]

"You dared to send them away?" Simon cried. "This may mean my ruin! You dared! What madness are you talking?"

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

MARY, THE MAGDALENE

A story for Easter—and forever

IT WAS autumn. Grain was harvested, fruits were gathered, wine was pressed. The year had spent itself in growth. It would lie dormant under the wet and the cold. For winter was very close at hand.

Mary, leaning languidly on a white arm, noted the sky with brooding eyes.

"If it were only possible," she mused aloud to her maid as the girl busied herself among the silks and velvets of the robes about her, "if it were only possible to view the moods of the seasons without associating one's self with them! If a life, for example, did not have its springtime, and also its winter, I should enjoy watching the changes of the year so very much more. As it is. . . . Tell me, Tirzah, which season do I most resemble?"

The girl raised adoring eyes.

"Oh, the springtime, Madam! Anyone so lovely as you must. . . ."

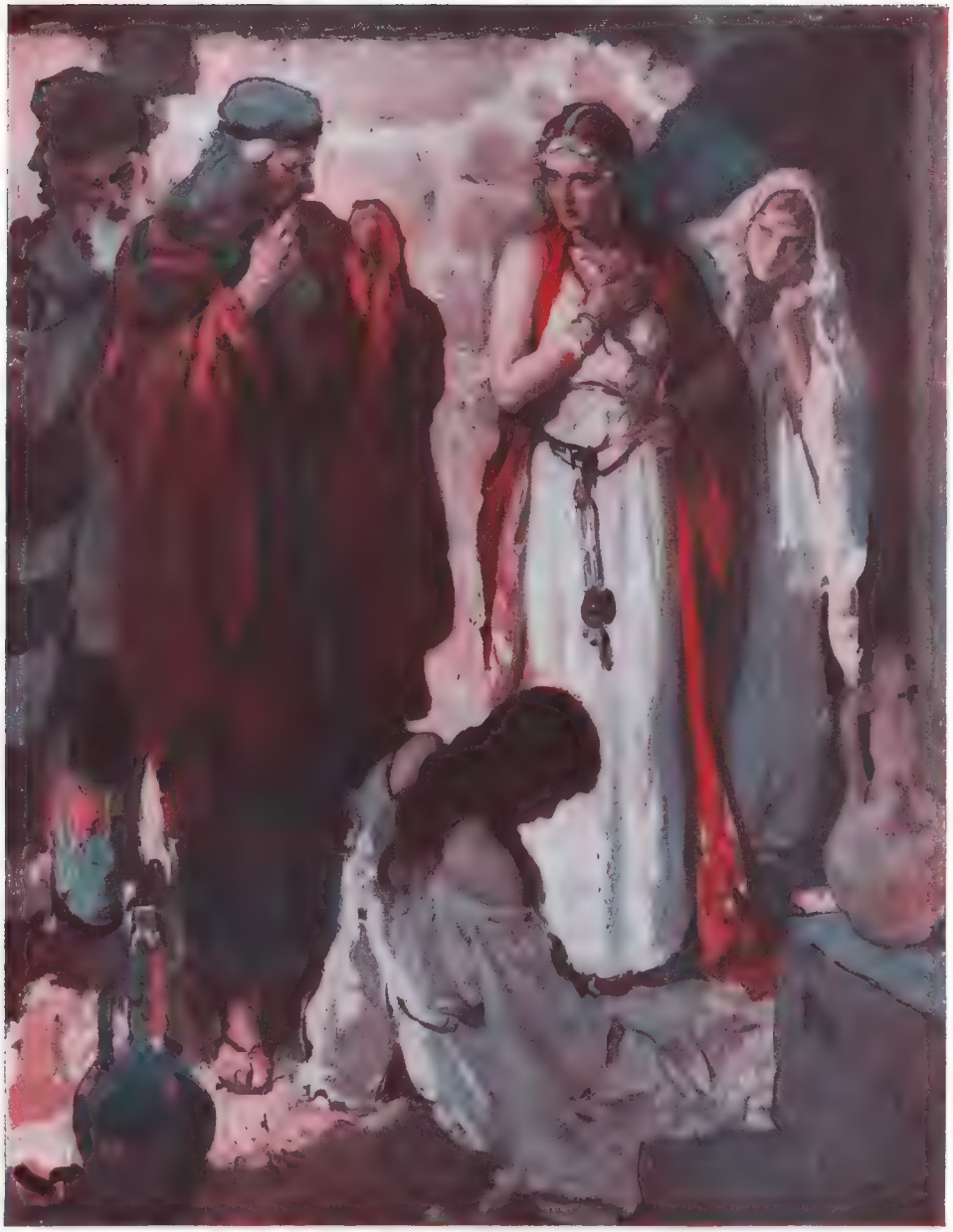
Mary shook her head.

"Be honest, Tirzah. I am weary of flattery."

"Well—perhaps the summer then. A summer that is all ablaze with golden light and color of flowers. That is you, Madam!"

Mary smiled sadly.

"The summer, yes. But the end of it, Tirzah. Did you see that cloud just now across the sun? It crossed my heart, as well. In that moment I felt the cold rains in my



Lifting her veil, she stood in her blazing beauty, fearless, arrogant. Her eyes came to rest at last on Simon

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER

own breast, and the winter, when there is no place for beauty but—the grave!"

The girl looked up innocently.

"But, of course, Madam. Everyone knows the latter rains will soon begin now. But why should you care? With robes such as these, and great walls to shut out the cold, and fires and food—always plenty of food, why should you dread the winter?"

MARY looked into the clear eyes regarding her for a long second and then sprang up from her couch and kissed the girl's white forehead.

"I think I love you most, Tirzah, because you are so very, very young. And I need the distillation of youth in the dark potion of my life to keep the drink from poisoning me quite."

"But, child," she went on vehemently, catching Tirzah by the shoulders, "do you know that if I loved you enough, I would send you away from me?"

"Oh. . ." breathed the girl, "you . . . . you *couldn't!*"

"No, I can't. That's the weakness of me. But you must not stay too long. What I wish for you is that some honest young man will marry you, even if you live in a hovel. I would rather you would know the bite of poverty and the blessed burning pain of children always at your breast, than. . . ."

She stopped.

The girl looked up, aghast. Her glance traveled over the Tiberian tapestries, the rugs from Egypt, the golden vases, the hangings of purple.

"Than *this?*" she marveled.

For answer Mary suddenly shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"A sermon on virtue from Mary Magdalene! Do you know, Tirzah, there are those in Jerusalem who would find that very amusing. As to you and me. . . ."

"You will not send me away from you?" begged the girl.

"Not until I myself turn virtuous," Mary replied gayly, impulsively.

Then she flung her white arms above her head in a gesture of abandon. She laughed her old careless laugh. Her whole body seemed to vibrate with joy.

"Look!" she cried. "The cloud has gone! We shall pretend that it has never been. There is nothing but summer in the world today. Who ever dared to think of wintry rains? Not you, Tirzah. Certainly not I! We are creatures of the sun. And that reminds me, I shall take a walk. The ruby colored robe, Tirzah, and the silver sandals!"

THE home of Mary, one time of Magdala, stood on the edge of Jerusalém. On the outside there was nothing to distinguish it from other houses of comfort in that part of the city, except an air of aloofness that anyone quick to subtle perceptions might have sensed. The cypresses grew a little thicker there, the garden wall was higher, and the housetop more concealed than those of the other houses. It was, in a sense, a place of mystery. And the rumors that told of the rich and [*Turn to page 148*]

Anne wanted to cry out, "I have your letter here, against my heart," but she said, "It's Anne"

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

The theft of Anne's pearls is discovered, while the greater theft of her youthful dreams is overlooked in this romance

By Temple Bailey

Illustrated by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

TELL me you love me—" Anne shook her head. "Not yet, Garry," she said. The dry leaves rustled about them, and from the top of the hill they looked down on a world that was amethyst and amber and ebony in the silver of the moon. "What's that?" Anne asked sharply. A thin spiral of smoke was rising from the pine grove in the meadow below. "Let's go down!" she urged.

They found a camp-fire at the edge of the grove, and as they stood before it, a man emerged from the shadows. "I hope I'm not trespassing," he said. "My name is *Charles. . . .*" He stopped. "I'm *Anne Ordway,*" the girl offered. "And this is *Garry—Garrett Brooks.*"

The moonlight and Anne's mood made it a romantic meeting, despite Garry's efforts to snub the stranger. Anne hugged the memory of its sweetness to her heart as she fell asleep long past midnight. But suddenly she waked to hear her mother's voice singing. What was her mother doing there in the library so late—and alone? The ripple of the piano trailed into nothing, but not before Anne had reached the stair landing and saw her mother, a cloud of pink and silver, in *David Ellicott's* arms! And David was kissing her—David, whom Anne had known from childhood.

Suddenly she understood the significance of something that she had overheard in the garden—"If he finds out, it will be the end of her!"

The words, uttered by servants, had frightened her, for she realized a moment later that they concerned her father and mother. She had tried to tell herself that the talk was idle gossip. Now she realized that it was not.

She went to *Vicky,* her adored companion, for consolation. And Vicky tried to put matters to rights. "Anne knows," she told *Elinor Ordway.* "She saw David kiss you." Elinor had merely replied, "Well, she'll have to know some time. Do you think I'm going on like this —with Francis living his own life? I have the same right to live mine."

Then Vicky had uncovered the ugly facts of Elinor's heavy debts and *Francis Ordway's* knowledge of his wife's conduct. And now he no longer cared.

That night after the man in the meadow had written Anne a note of farewell he wandered up to the Ordway

house. In the doorway of a darkened room he saw a woman. A shaft of moonlight, striking through the shadows, glimmered on the mirror of a dresser, caught and held the shimmering crystal and silver, seemed to pour its radiant self over a gleaming heap of whiteness on the dresser top. Then, as he watched, a hand reached out, the gleaming heap vanished, and a tall figure, a flash of pink and silver, raced down the lighted hall.

Part II

ANNE waked the next morning with a sense of impending disaster. Hitherto her wakings had been a sort of resurrection. Each morning had brought its mood of anticipated joy. And now nothing was right. The fear that had oppressed her the night before in the garden was intensified. Her body seemed drained of blood. Her limbs were heavy. She felt, indeed, physically ill, unable to meet the demands the day would make upon her.

There is no heartbreak for the young like disillusionment. Anne had known that the world that claimed her father and mother was not the world in which she lived with Vicky. But she had thought of it as a gay and irresponsible world to which Elinor and Francis belonged by right of their beauty and brilliance. When she had ever thought about it in relation to herself, she had been aware of the thrilling expectation of some day entering upon an existence like that of her father and mother; yet with certain reservations that had to do with the things that Vicky had taught her, which would bring to her some measure of Vicky's wisdom and content.

But now she wanted none of it—for with the Evil that had come into the garden, Anne's Eden had been lost. Here were David and her mother—two beloved beings—thrown from their pedestals. There was left unsmirched only her adored father. And he must never know what she knew.

She bathed and began to dress for her ride, tying her hair with a black ribbon, and donning riding breeches and a soft white shirt. It was when she looked for her tie pin that she found that her pearls were gone. She remembered seeing them last night, a little white heap in the moonlight. She couldn't be mistaken, yet she opened d r a w e r after drawer, searching. At last she gave it up. It might be that Vicky had laid them away.

ANYHOW she wouldn't worry. There were other things to think about. The ride with her mother, for example. She knew now why she and Garry had been asked . . . to play propriety for Elinor and David. . . .

She was roused from her thoughts by a tap at the door. "Mr. Garry is here, Miss Anne."

"I'll be down in just a moment, Marion."

The maid had a letter on her little tray. "Wells found this in the box."

Anne tore open the letter and saw a little sheaf of closely-written leaves She turned to the last page and looked at the name—then all the blood that had been drained from her body seemed to rush back in a warm flood. For the letter was from the man in the meadow, and he had signed himself "Charles," and he had written, "Anne:

"I wish you were here, without your belligerent young squire. For he was belligerent. He hated my calling you 'Anne.' He didn't understand.

"I wish you were here, because I have some things to tell you. I told you my name was 'Charles,' and let it go at that. But I want you to know that the name that follows is a good name, and one I shall not disgrace. But it is one that is at the moment, in the daily papers, and in the mouths of men. And the reason it is there is because I loved a woman and couldn't make her love me enough. So she found someone else. And now she is dragging it all through the courts, so that some day we may be 'free.' But I shall never be free. For a thing like that smirches and stains, and binds a man's soul in chains. And I shall always be bound. But the thought of you lessens my hurt.

"I wish you were here, so that I might tell you not to marry Garry. Love is more than you can give him. More than he can give you. And marriage is a sacred thing. I can tell you that, though I have missed the sacredness. And I missed it because I laughed at old standards, and chose a woman who laughed with me. And we said that when we ceased to love, we would go our separate ways. And now she has gone her way, but I cannot go mine in peace. For I understand now, what I never understood in the arrogance of my youth, that love must look beyond the moment to—eternity. Thus it becomes a thing of the spirit, and holds man and wife together until death—and beyond it.

"So don't marry Garry—even though you never marry. For you are what you are by the grace of God. May He have you in His keeping. . . ."

When she had finished reading, Anne stood very still with the letter in her hand. A strange letter—a wonderful letter. The things that Charles had said to her seemed to lift her heavy heart to a quickened and happier rhythm.

The maid was again tapping at the door. "Mrs. Ordway says she is waiting."

"I'm all ready, Marion." She stuck the letter in her blouse and pulled a soft felt hat down over her ears. Then a thought struck her. "Ask Miss Vicky if she put away my pearls."

Vicky came back with the maid to say that she had seen nothing of the pearls. "But they'll undoubtedly turn up, darling."

"I know what you are thinking, Vicky, that I should not have left them lying about."

Vicky smiled, "Well, you shouldn't. And now run along for your ride, and I'll look for them."

ELINOR and Garry were in the living room before the fire, with the coffee on a little table.

"David has been waiting a half hour at the crossroads," Elinor said impatiently. "He said he'd come around by way of the country club and meet us. What kept you, Anne?"

"I couldn't find my pearls."

Elinor's hand, as she passed Anne's cup, shook a little, but her voice was calm. "You'll find them. Now drink your coffee."

[*Turn to page 118*]

"Do you mean that you are to be—divorced, Daddy?"

THE WINNER

who tossed for two out of three —and got one

WHEN Jacky Chalfont disappeared, they wondered, and said: "Another typical Jacky-ism. What can it be this time?"

If you had told them that Jacky was in New York, working for his daily bread, they would have shrieked with laughter. If you had told them that Jacky was in love—with anyone but the decorative Mrs. Ballin —"Maybe she thinks so, poor girl," would have been their answer.

They knew Jacky so well, those talkative expatriates who drifted from one European resort to another, making mock Americas of Cannes and Biarritz, of Paris and Venice and St. Moritz.

"It's not Jacky's fault," they would murmur, when some newcomer, lately retired from business and still finding excess leisure a trifle shocking, remarked that young Chalfont's ultimate purpose in life seemed to be that of retaining his sunburn all year around. It wasn't Jacky's fault—poor lamb—that his father had died and left him an income of a quarter of a million per annum just as Jacky received his diploma at Yale. One didn't go looking for work, if one happened to be wise, to double or triple a fortune already too ample. One sailed for Europe; one built a house at Neuilly, rented a villa at San Sebastian and another at Cap Ferrat, took a palazzo on the grand canal for the month of August, ran an eighty-foot yacht. . . . Spent what one could, in short, and lost the rest in the string of casinos that run across France like a carefully chosen necklace of imitation pearls.

One lost the rest . . . But even that diversion had been denied Jacky, for his luck at gambling was rather fantastic. He won—without a flicker of lashes, with the crooked, unamused smile that always went with the straight Chalfont luck. At Deauville and Le Touquet and Juan-les-Pins the *croupiers* knew him well; someone said the management sent out for funds the minute he walked into the rooms at Monte Carlo. Until, one fine day, the luck broke. . . .

During the summer of 1929 Jacky sustained heavy losses. He sold his boat. In November he had cables from his brokers. "Buy," he cabled back, so they bought. And he saw the old year out and the New Year in; he spent a month's unearned income and a night's winnings on a party that startled even the Argentines and the Greeks. And the winter of 1930 drifted past like other winters, leaving no mark except a line here or a wrinkle there, a broken heart in one place, a broken bank in another. . . . And spring came, although no buds burst into flower in the smoky rendezvous of the Ritz bar. . . .

IN JUNE Jacky proposed to Dora Ballin, fragile-looking, with the face of a Botticelli madonna; a woman who changed her moods with her clothes. Jacky had met her long ago, when he was still an undergraduate in humble circumstances. In those days Hal Ballin was the dashing fellow, the boy who drove the fastest car in New Haven; it was Hal Ballin who married Dora. Six months later Jacky had a diploma and an unexpected fortune; Dora and her husband had a legal separation. Now Hal was remarried, settled safely at home; now Dora and Jacky met over tables heaped with paper-thin thousand franc notes and heavy oblong chips. And one evening, when the sky above Paris was like clear jade, with the chestnut flowers floating clouds upon its surface, Jacky said: "We're both gamblers—let's get married." Twenty-four hours later Dora was wearing the sixth largest diamond in Paris.

And the market broke again. In June it was not a cable that roused Jacky from sleep at high noon, but a telephone call from New York. Over coffee at Ciro's he gave Dora the news.

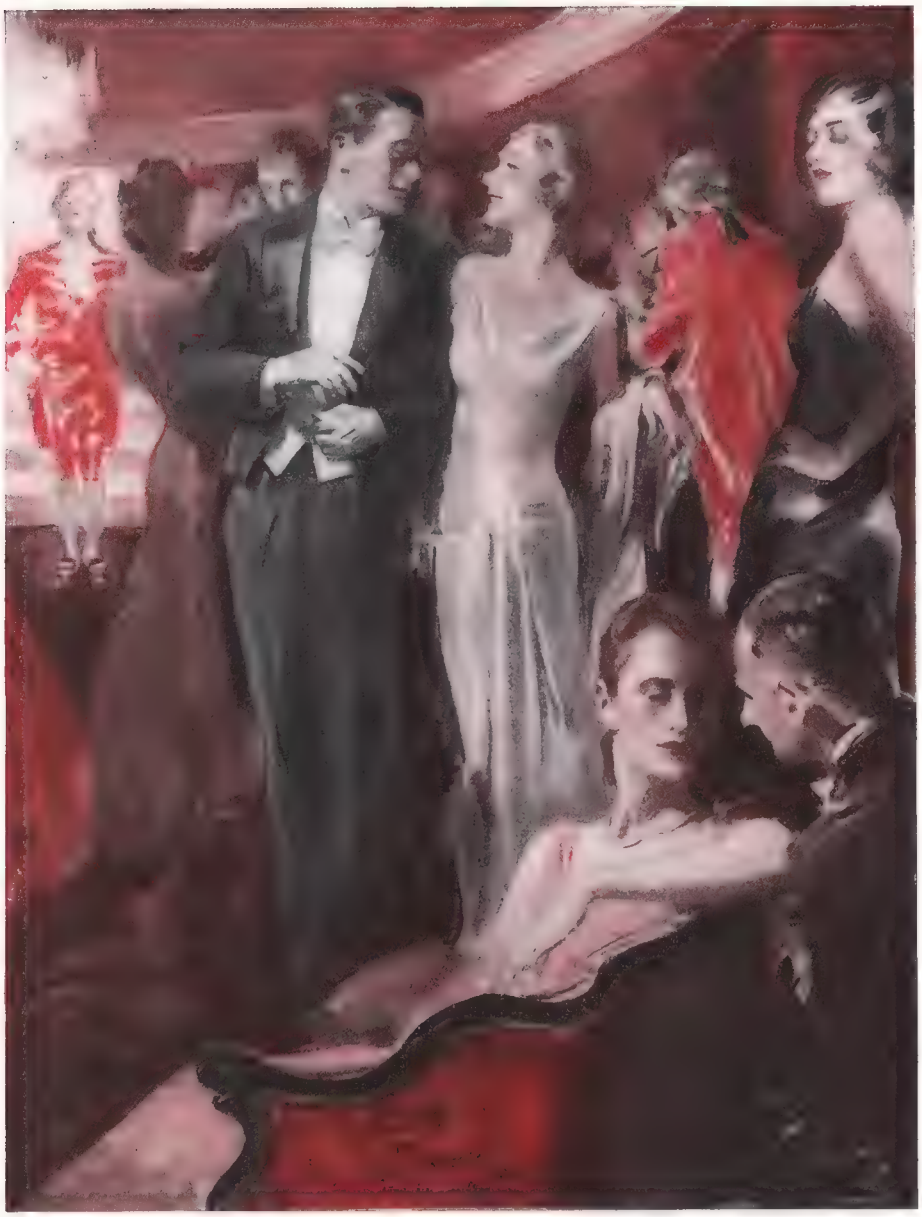
"Stocks go down?" she inquired indulgently.

"And out. I'm broke, my dear, *ruined*, as they say in novels."

"How dramatic!" It never occurred to Dora that the Chalfont millions could really be wiped out. It took time and figures to convince her. Then—"How terrible!"

"We're both gamblers—let's face it," Jacky said. "The generous gods, my child, never designed you for love among the kitchenettes."

He looked at her face, and at her left hand. Two drops trembled on her lashes; something brighter than any tears sparkled on her left hand. She slipped off the ring, and for an instant Jacky's unamused smile was crookeder than usual. He had entertained few illusions about the character of Dora Ballin, but he was human and rather vain; he liked to think himself a more



By Rayner Seeliq

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

desirable object than even the sixth largest diamond in Paris. With the knowledge that he was making what would probably be the last of those grandiose gestures that had earned him his reputation, Jacky said generously, "I'd like you to keep the ring, Dora."

Dora, bowing her lovely head, murmured, "Diamonds are for hope."

After that Jacky was very active. In two days he managed to liquidate his assets in England and in France. In two days he knew the term *ruined* to be an exaggeration: he found himself possessed of a sum that would have spelled security for several largish families. He took it in cash, got his only remaining car out of the garage, and drove toward the English Channel.

In the Casino de la Forêt he met a friend, Lord Newbury. Banco Newbury, he was called, and *banco* he called that night. It was four in the morning when Jacky came out, still smiling, a white flower in his buttonhole, his hands clenched in empty pockets. He was glad he had saved one car . . . . it bought him a ticket on a slow boat that left at once from Boulogne. He sailed as he was, in evening dress, without a farewell to anyone. And those who wondered at his disappearance shrugged: "Another typical Jacky-ism. What can it be this time?"

"We're both gamblers—let's get married"

Dora Ballin might have told them, but Dora Ballin, wearing the sixth largest diamond in Paris, thought it wise to keep her own counsel. And that was that.

That was that, and but for coincidence, or destiny, or whatever fate it is that sometimes allows mere humans to touch, however briefly, the margins of their dreams, it would have had nothing to do with a certain young woman called Smith.

You are asked to forget—and if you are a man it will be hard—the haunting, extravagant loveliness of Dora Ballin; to examine Constantine Kelly-Smith. She is tall, with really red hair that curls about a low white forehead. Her eyes are more Kelly than Smith; blue, darkly outlined. Her nose turns up a little, and there are exactly three freckles on it. Her hands are smooth, but have known work. The finger-tips have grown a bit blunt from contact with the keys of a typewriter; the nails are short and almond-shaped, and she does not use enamel on them. You can see her in the office of Mr. Pontius Moffat, interviewing all the people by whom Mr. Moffat might be bored or bothered; a girl who knows when to smile and when to frown; a jewel in the crown of the Moffat office . . . . proxy for the president, some people called her. Her home is a furnished room which her good taste has made personal. She could afford a fairly handsome apartment, but she is saving for a trip abroad, so we find her in a furnished room, with bare white walls and curtains of greenish glazed chintz. Find her in the evening, when she has come back from the movies and said good night to one of the twenty eligible young men to whom she is alluring and unattainable. Then, in pyjamas, with her hair tumbled, she opens her desk and takes out a scrap-book filled with pictures. . . . "Mr. John North Chalfont in the Royal enclosure at Ascot" . . . . "Mr. John North Chalfont with Count Carlo Bellini on the beach at Viareggio" . . . . "Mr. John North Chalfont in the costume he wore at the ball given in Paris last month by Madame Auguste D'Antiballe." Look—and look away; for this is the Constance who walks in a land of day-dreams, barely daring to verbalize the wish . . . "If I could *really* see him—just once."

SHE really saw him one hot afternoon in July. She was tired and cross: she had interviewed sixteen men without finding a single one to fit the job that needed filling. Jacky was number seventeen.

"I have a letter for you from Mr. Tyburn." He handed over an envelope. "Name's Chalfont. I hear you want someone in the publicity department."

Constance pretended to concentrate on the letter of introduction, but a pinkish haze [*Turn to page 133*]

RHAPSODY IN GOLD

In the spell of glittering gayety the smart world dances a marriage reel in which one changes partners, for better, for worse, sometimes—just because

By Arthur Somers Roche

MRS. *FREDA MOLYNEUX,* America's loveliest divorcée—one section of the press called her—had a moment of extraordinary loneliness as she stepped onto the platform at Grand Central. It was the first time in her twenty-four years that she had ever arrived anywhere without being met by someone. Her own fault, of course; but then she had steadfastly held her silence against the questionings of the reporters who besieged her at every stop of the train bearing her cross continent from Reno to New York. She would not commit herself about the divorce, not to the press, nor to her own glittering circle. After all, she and Sam were still friends. There had been no scenes between them, she remembered with tender satisfaction. They had simply discussed the matter. And Sam had said, "My dear, you are free to do as you choose," in answer to Free's "I want to know whether I love you—or Bert. Then I can decide which of you I want to marry."

As Free rode down Fifth Avenue, thrilling to the vibrant throb of the city, that moment when she had first looked into the amazingly blue eyes of *Sam Molyneux* seemed a hundred years ago. And yet it

"Don't take it off!" "But my dear, I can't wear it now"

was barely three since Sam, on his way to *Betty Winsted's* début party at Newport in his battered little plane, had cracked up off Narragansett and like a tall, slim, red-haired god had swum straight into the Drydens' beach party. Just one hour later *Bert Tryon,* who persistently pursued Free for an answer to his "Will you marry me?" had learned that it was "No."

Then after three years, which were tranquil enough if having baby Fred and following the gay seasons from Newport to New York to Palm Beach can be called tranquil, Free was wondering whether, if she had to do it over again, she would marry Sam. Not that Sam wasn't charming and attractive—but she was bored with him. Their esctasy had died, painlessly, silently.

Late in the summer of that year, she had met Tryon at Southampton—the same adoring Bert who desired her now even more than in her débutante days. So Reno—and now New York again, offering a life to Free that was at once old and new to her. It *was* strange, she thought, to have Sam greet her casually, when they chanced to meet, as if she were no more than an acquaintance. But it was also tremblingly exciting—the recapturing of her enormous early popularity, with Bert always at her elbow. Yet she dexterously evaded his "When will you marry me, Free?" There was something tinglingly pleasant about just coasting along. But a paragraph in "Social Chat" changed all that. "Sam Molyneux, ex-husband of the gorgeous Free Carter Molyneux, seems by way of acquiring another beauty—*Francine Manners*"—Free read idly at her hairdressers one day before Christmas. Francine Manners indeed!

In less than ten minutes, Free had phoned for reservations to Palm Beach and called Bert. "You haven't asked me to marry you recently, Bert," she began. "I'm asking you now," he cried. "Well, I'm accepting!"

Part III

BERT arrived at Free's apartment within thirty minutes after she had hung up the telephone, and if she had been critical of his lack of impetuosity in the past, she could not have complained of it today. For he took her in his arms with an ardor that left nothing to be desired. He had kissed her before, on

"I just hate to see a cat like Francine land him"

the evening that had, to all intents and purposes, ended her marriage with Sam, but this was different. He seemed more masterful, less deprecating, surer of himself. Perhaps that was because he was at last surer of her. She was certain now that she loved him. She forgot, in the fervency of the embrace, that it had been pique at Sam that had made her telephone Bert.

She gasped in honest surprise at the ring he produced from his waistcoat pocket. The square diamond was the most beautiful she had ever seen.

"Now you didn't stop on the way uptown and get this, Bert," she said, as he slipped it on her finger.

"I've had it some time," he said.

"Should I be flattered at such confidence?"

"It wasn't confidence; it was hope. And also, Free, it was the idea that if you *did* accept me, the ring would—oh, somehow make it definite, and certain. Will you wear it now, Free?"

"But, my dear, I can't."

"Why not?" he protested.

"Oh—not now, Bert. I—let's keep our engagement to ourselves for awhile."

"But why?"

"Because it seems—after all, I've just been divorced, Bert. It would look as though I got the divorce because I was in love with you."

"Well, didn't you?" he demanded.

"If I did," she said, "I'd rather not have people know it."

"But they'll know it when we're married, won't they?" he argued. "Because we'll be married right away, won't we, Free?"

"Oh, no," she cried. "I couldn't—just yet, Bert. In the fall—"

"But that's nearly a year away," he cried.

"Well, in the summer," she conceded.

"In the spring," he demanded.

"Maybe," she said, "But we won't announce it yet, Bert."

"Why not?" he asked.

"I think that engagement announcements are for a woman's first marriage. We'll just slip away—"

"It sounds wonderful," he exclaimed. "When?"

"Sometime," she smiled.

There was, she decided, something reassuring about Bert. There was an air of permanence about him. One felt that he had always been there, would always be there. His very lack of impetuosity, would enhance him as a husband.

"I'm leaving for Palm Beach in the morning," she said suddenly.

"In the morning?" He was aghast. "Why, Free, you can't."

"Orders?" she laughed.

"No, of course, not. Only, Free, we've just become engaged. You can't leave me now."

"Fred's been down there quite a while without his mother," she said.

He stared at her. She could almost *see* the processes of readjustment at work in his mind. It was as though he realized for the first time that she was a mother.

"How long will you be gone, Free?" he asked, after a long silence.

"Two months." she said hesitantly.

His face fell.

"Palm Beach is only thirty-odd hours away from New York," she reminded him.

"I know," he said. "And if I possibly can, I'll be down sometime in February. Oh, Free, it's going to be very hard to do without you."

"I shall miss you, Bert," she assured him. "But I don't like to leave Fred just with Miss Marks. And," she went on, "I want to get away from New York. And I love Palm Beach."

"Who doesn't?" he smiled. "And, at least, we have this evening."

It was, she told herself late that night, a most delightful evening. They had dined, danced, and gone to the theater. Bert had never been gayer or more companionable or more understanding. He had seemed to understand that her mood required affection more than it needed ardor. She would be very happy with Bert, she decided. And even as she remembered that pique at Sam's neglect had made her finally accept Bert, she did not regret that pique. It is usually some little thing that finally helps one make up one's mind, and its triviality does not affect the fact that the mind *is* made up.

Bert was at the train to see Free off. He had sent flowers, books, magazines, and candy. And he was maneuvring her down the platform toward a more secluded spot when suddenly a noisy, gay group of people rushed up to them.

"Palm Beach, Free?" cried Ted Burton. "Swell. Move your junk into my car. Hey, Tryon. Is the great jurist going to leave justice flat and beat it south?"

"Wish I could, Ted," said Bert. "A little later, maybe."

Then Mrs. Ted, a tall vivacious brunette, followed by the Lansings and Carey Woodson, cried,

"Free, darling, why didn't you let us know? But it doesn't make a bit of difference. We've a room that isn't occupied. Francine Manners was coming with us, but she changed her mind at the last minute. Can't come for a few days. But I don't think Carey will be disappointed now."

"Mr. Woodson," said the owner of that name, "is struggling between a wish to be properly regretful at Francine's absence, and an impulse to clap his hands at sight of Free Molyneux. May I help the porter bring your luggage to the Burton car?"

Free shook her head.

"I'm all settled, and my maid is a creature of routine. If we start in a stateroom, it would take her two weeks to overcome her shock at being shunted to a private car. Or vice versa. But I'll be with you every minute, friends and countrymen."

"See to it that you are," growled young Woodson.

Bert turned to Free and held out his hand. Trainmen were calling the last "All-aboards." Free took his hand. Then she swayed slightly toward him, and their lips met in a kiss. A moment later he was alone on the station platform. His mind was filled with gloomy thoughts as he made his way to the street. Did Free really know her own mind? Did she really want to marry him? These were the questions that troubled him. After all, she was very young. Could a woman in her early twenties know herself? Could she distinguish a permanent from a transient emotion?

He shook the doubting mood from him. He was jealous—jealous of Carey Woodson's stalwart youth, his good looks, his air of assurance. Bert tried to put that thought out of his mind. All he could do was to hope that Free's heart would not become entangled again. He went to his office and learned that he was required instantly at court.

He remained there until three o'clock, and on his return found a telegram from Free. She had sent it from Philadelphia. It read.

[*Turn to page 142*]

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

"This is the very spot in which the devil settled to learn Basque"

Illustrated by GEORGE HOWE

PIGS IN CLOVER

The land of the Basques lends Frances Noyes Hart a setting for the third of her wandering adventures in enchantment

SUPPOSE the person whom you found most diverting in the world said to you, "Let's take a motor car and go gypsying through France." Would you say anything less than, "Thanks—and let's take the ship with the Punch and Judy show and the steward with the nice smile and the shower-baths in the enormous staterooms!"? And would you vow to look long at the things you wanted to see and turn a deliberate back on the things you didn't want to see—and never, never say, "Don't let's do that; it's too expensive" or, "don't let's do it, it's too cheap"? This wonderful thing actually happened to Frances Noyes Hart, and Mr. Hart (who is to be known in this story as "Mr. Hart", although, as the author observes, he might have been called "Himself", since he is Irish, or "The Big One", being tall). And on a day especially invented for gods and angels and lucky mortals, they landed in picturesque Havre, straight off the ship with the Punch and Judy show.

From Havre then, to Paris, by way of Rouen and Duclair and Caudebec-en-Caux along a winding road that smelled of hay and clover and lilies, through bewitching little towns gleaming in the moonlight and straight into the incredibly lovely city that is Paris. Paris mothering that tiny jeweled hall of heaven, Sainte Chapelle, which still holds so piercing a beauty that it is hard to see save through tears; Notre Dame, burying deep in its grandeur dark secrets of the centuries; the Carnavalet, that most haunting of all museums—so many treasures, so much of pure loveliness! Saying farewell is like saying goodbye to a cherished dream.

But out of Paris a lazy road winds through the wheat fields and at its end lies Chartres with its cathedral lifting amethyst and sapphire spires into a golden sky. And beyond a country rippling with the silver-green of grain Touraine and Tours invite. There is Châteaudun, too, which must be seen, and a visit to the château at Blois where all the great brilliant rooms, and all the little dark ones, are filled with blood and gold and the terrible magic of memory.

Poitiers, some sixty miles away, is a town to linger in—especially on a feast day. But Bordeaux and Arcachon, a few miles beyond, are not to be postponed too long, for good, intelligent pigs are wary of the amount of clover they consume.

Part III

ARCACHON would have been a highly agreeable spot in which to spend more than one peaceful night, if we had had it to spend—such a comfortable, middle-class French paradise, with a long strip of silver beach, villas as neat and bright as new toys, and a few surprised looking palm-trees along its promenade. The beach itself was pleasantly decorated with gay tents and parasols, and brown, long-legged infants, and extremely bouncey little dogs, and behind the town the pine trees, straight and orderly as soldiers, went marching valiantly up the small, steep hills. But it would have taken stronger spells than pleasant Arcachon could cast to hold us longer that clear June morning.

An old Basque spinning in the sun

Far away, across the dunes and plains of the Landes, soared the blue enchantment of the Pyrénées, and I, who had never seen them, was homesick for them already. Our road plunged abruptly into the young forests of cork and pine. Within the memory of man, all this vast sweep of plain was a desolate marsh, and where the road runs now, straight as a silver arrow, shepherds once moved laboriously on stilts, picking their way sullenly behind their forlorn flocks. It is still hardly a substitute for the garden of Eden, but under the pines the ferns grow bravely, and the wind sings high in their branches, and that day the sun shone down on the russet carpet beneath them until all the air was sweet with dry, heady incense. As far back as the eye could reach, we could see the inexhaustible troops of green soldiers standing at attention, wearing their glittering little cups like medals under the long red scars—for these new forests are the center of France's turpentine industry, and they, too, have deserved well of their country, giving her wealth [*Turn to page 41*]

Four strictly vegetable soups

which give added zest and healthfulness to Lenten meals~ Favored family selections for Friday ~for any day throughout the year!

The meatless meal often puzzles the planner and disappoints the diner. Real helps in the problem are these four delicious and invigorating Campbell's Soups! Although they contain no meat in any form whatsoever, they never fail to tempt the appetite with their fresh garden flavors and their wholesome nourishment . . . There's nothing like good hot soup to give new life and sparkle and enjoyment to a meal. How you appreciate this when your choice of foods is somewhat restricted on special days or at special seasons! All four of the Campbell's Soups on this page are made from the finest vegetables that grow. They are further enriched with golden creamery butter and seasoned with the sure touch of our famous French chefs. And often you'll cream these soups according to the easy directions on the labels . . . 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

ASPARAGUS SOUP

Renew at your pleasure the thrill to your taste that comes with the first young asparagus shoots of spring! All their tenderness, all their succulence in a soup that delights and benefits the whole family—especially the children.

TOMATO SOUP

Puree of sunshine! A brilliant color, a lively flavor, an exhilaration that only good soup can give. Red-ripe luscious tomatoes are in it—the kind that fairly burst with tempting juices and plump "meat". Strained to a smooth puree that wins you at the very first taste. The world's favorite!

PEA SOUP

Good pea soup is one of the most nourishing of foods—in some countries one of the principal foods. In Campbell's, you enjoy it at its best. Sugar-sweet peas give their delicate flavor and body-building nutriment. For the children—for your guests for you!

CELERY SOUP

Taste it as Campbell's skilled French chefs blend it—with all the aroma and tonic refreshment of crisp, snow-white celery. The more you like celery, the better you'll like this ingratiating soup. Serve it often—for its flavor—for its healthfulness.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

"Wunderfitsig!" Yes, that's what I was when I feasted in Dutch-Pennsylvania!

A few days ago, I visited my Aunt Bertha in Lancaster. She is 71 but as spry as 17—as I soon discovered when she took me to market to see Pennsylvania-Dutch cakes and pies and "plain" people. Mennonites hooked up in sober black because buttons are "worldly" . . . Amish women in poke bonnets and brilliant dresses. And solemn little young editions of their "poppas" and "mommas."

Goodness, the things spread out there! Round yellow cheeses straight from the farm! Plump chickens, cleaned of every pin-feather. Fat, juicy sausages. Home-made molasses crumb pies and jam cakes with *currant* icing. I stared until Aunt Bertha said I looked "wunderfitsig!" In plain English, I was all agog!

Like all good Lancaster people, we filled our big market basket. I chose a crumbly molasses pie and a jam cake. "You can taste them," said Aunt Bertha, "and if you like them, I'll give you my recipes."

Well, when I tasted, I grabbed for a pencil and paper, just the way I hope you do when I broadcast my recipes over the radio!

Another name for that delicious molassesy, runny pie is "shoo fly" pie. Aunt Bertha uses her grandmother's recipe except for the shortening. *That's* modern, sweet, pure Crisco. Aunt Bertha uses this fine vegetable fat for all her pie-crust now—she swears by Crisco's *creamery* flavor!

And the jam cake? After pursuing the *last* crumb, I asked how an English cake happened to flourish in *Dutch*-Pennsylvania. Aunt Bertha was shocked. Where was my history? Lancaster *was* an English town—that's why Americans walk down King and Queen Streets today.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the old-fashioned recipe. That jam cake called for *half* a pound of butter! Now that it's made with Crisco that's as sweet and fresh as new-churned, unsalted butter—it's far more practical!

Don't cream Crisco—it is as fluffy as whipped cream. Don't dribble in the sugar. Crisco blends perfectly with the sugar and eggs in a few brisk stirs. And Crisco's sweet delicacy permits you to taste the *real* jam flavor—as no heavy, greasy-tasting shortening would.

Good bakers know these cake-making secrets, too. Isn't it fine that they use fine ingredients—like pure, sweet Crisco?

Have you written for my book called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes?" Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-41, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

JAM CAKE

½ cup Crisco
1½ cups brown sugar
2 eggs
⅔ cup strawberry or blackberry jam
½ cup chopped nuts
½ cup seedless raisins
2¾ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup milk

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs in *one* stirring. (This quicker method is possible because Crisco comes to you already creamed.) Add jam, nuts and raisins. Sift together dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk. Pour into Criscoed tube pan. Bake in moderate (350° F.) oven about one hour. Cover with following icing:

2 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups granulated sugar
½ cup red currant jelly
2 tablespoons cold water

Mix jelly, sugar, water. Cook slowly until syrup forms a *soft* ball in cold water (238° F.). Pour slowly over stiffly beaten salted egg whites, beating until of consistency to spread.

JAM CAKE

MOLASSES CRUMB PIE

LIQUID
½ cup molasses
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in
¾ cup boiling water

CRUMBS
¾ cup flour
2 tablespoons Crisco
½ cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon each nutmeg, ginger, cloves

To make crumbs, combine flour, sugar, salt, spices—work in Crisco. *To make liquid*, beat molasses, egg yolk, soda and hot water.

Line pan with Crisco pastry, the flakiest you ever ate! Make alternate layers of crumbs and liquid. Top with crumbs. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) until crust edges start to brown. Reduce heat (375° F.). Bake until firm (about 20 min.). Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

CRISCO PASTRY—Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco with knives or fork (to make the flaky layers as sweet as Crisco itself). Add only enough cold water (4 to 6 tablespoons) to hold ingredients together. Roll out on a lightly floured board.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

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Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

The play's the thing in Moscow, too

THE SMITHS STEP OUT

The last of a series of colorful articles revealing the life of women and children under the Soviet régime.

Check babies here—the Children's Village

By Helen Christine Bennett

WE STOOD in one of the railway stations in Leningrad, waiting for our train. About us were throngs of people; there was scarcely standing room. Families, laden with baskets, blankets and bags; three studious youths, all in horn-rimmed spectacles, oblivious to the confusion, reading text-books. A company of thirty Red Army soldiers; beyond them twenty chattering girls. Near the gates a large group of middle-aged women in dark cotton dresses and white headcloths. Any railway station in a great city might show crowds, but so many large groups seemed unusual.

"Where are they all going?" I asked the woman who accompanied me. "It is always like this at your stations. You Smiths of Russia certainly do step out."

"We what?" she asked in surprise. "We step—out—out where?"

"Apparently out everywhere," I replied. "That is some of our American slang. Stepping out means going on a pleasure trip, long or short. We American Smiths rather pride ourselves on our stepping, but from what I have seen, you Ivanoffs of Russia step oftener and farther than we do."

The Smiths of Russia are good steppers. All over their great union, a territory two and one-tenth times the size of our United States, one finds them going on excursions in groups. It is a definite policy of the Soviet rule to get the members of the various republics acquainted. That is one motive behind group travel. The second is education, which begins with the Infant Smith stepping out in his mother's arms to the day nursery, and ends only when life ends. Travel, excursions, theater-going, concerts are, at the present time, largely group activities in Russia, mobilized for a definite purpose.

YOU have but three rooms to take care of," I said to one Russian housewife. "What do you do all day?"

"I keep busy," she assured me. "Twice a week I teach a class in needlework. The pupils are women who are prisoners. I spend a good deal of time in buying necessities. You American women who can sit at a phone and order have no notion of the time it takes here to 'step out' as you say, and shop. This year marketing is a harder task than ever, because goods are scarce and at times practically unobtainable. A short time ago shoes were hard to get. You might go to ten shops before you could find a pair your size. Suddenly there were shoes in abundance, and stockings were hardly to be found. The shortage has something to do with stock-taking, but as we never know when it will come, it complicates buying. Sometimes I must stand in line to buy meats or candy. You have visited our big department stores; you know how crowded they are. The purchasing power of our people may not seem big to you, but it has increased incredibly. Everything offered is sold, especially now that goods are limited. If you want to know how prosperous we are, go to the hair-dressing parlors. You can hardly get waited upon. It takes a long time to get even a haircut. And our girls and women may wear cotton prints and no jewels, but they will have their waves. I get them myself," she added. "And then I go on many excursions. Everybody goes on excursions, but housewives, having more time than other people, go often."

IF BUT one-third of the workers in industry are women, and women are more numerous than men in Russia, where are the more than sixty-six per cent of the city women? Exactly where they are in other countries—at home. The peasant woman, who with her husband numbers almost eighty-five per cent of the total population, always works. How many housewives who are nothing but housewives are in the cities of Russia? No one could tell me. But, no matter how many, they cannot escape that command of Lenin:

"Learn and learn and learn."

Not only the government but the industries, the institutions, and particularly the Trade Unions, hunt up the housewives, get them into groups and pilot them on excursion after excursion.

When you travel in Russia, you meet these groups everywhere—on trains, street-cars, in museums, art galleries. Indeed, to see a cross-section of Russia, one need only take his stand in one of the big galleries, or in one of the innumerable palaces of the czars, and watch the groups passing through. One day we journeyed some two hours out of Leningrad to what is now called The Children's Village. We stopped at a home for pre-tubercular children, a wonderful building where once the nurses for the children of royalty were trained. Then we came to a perfect phalanx of palaces that were formerly the main summer palaces of the czars. I wish you would join me there and watch the Stepping Smiths. Let us get into the line of men and women who are coming for the first time to see the homes where for eight hundred years, their former rulers lived. Just ahead of us is a group of [*Turn to page 139*]

"The Armoured Train," a new Russian tragedy, packs the house

OWEN D. YOUNG

[*Continued from page 4*]

committee, a storm center surrounded by antagonisms, the butt of petty political heckling, facing his inquisitors with a tolerant, bland suavity, looking at them indulgently over the rims of his glasses and trying with infinite patience to answer their witless questions. The attention of his interrogator diverted for a moment, there was a characteristic droop of his shoulders, an unconscious slouching lower into his chair, and a nerveless flexibility in the lean, leisurely hands that moved automatically up and down the narrow black ribbon from which his glasses were suspended.

When the session was finally over, a noticeably wilted collection of senators left the Capitol while the coolly complacent chairman of the General Electric Company boarded the train for the less turbulent atmosphere of Van Hornesville. And never since he put down his plow in its fields and left for St. Lawrence University with money Dr. Hervey, president of the college, advanced, has he once come back with an attitude other than that of the traveler returning to his hearth. He is not brought back alone because his mother still makes her home there, but because this spot in particular, and villages the world over in general, occupy a considerable niche in his heart. He may tell you, if he knows you well, that he is sorry for people who live all their lives in cities, and he may even say, "It is a handicap not to have been born in the country."

TO HIS neighbors, who know him only as Jacob Young's boy, Owen, his periods of absence merely mean that he is away on business, and, when he comes back, it is never to perch on a mental soapbox and exhibit to them the culture and the learning he has acquired abroad, but to wander noiselessly around to the kitchen where the tea-kettle sings on the stove, to sit on the wood-box as though he had left it only yesterday, and to look at the raisin-can through the half-open pantry door. "It may not be the same old wood-box," he will tell you, "and it is hoped they are not the same old raisins, but still it's home."

He is as much a part of the community as if his New York home on upper Park Avenue had no existence, and, although it is the repository of some of the finest book collector's items in the country, he refers to his town apartment, even on his stationery, merely as his "city address."

One has the feeling that on the day Owen Young retires from active business, if that day ever should come, the city residence would be dismantled and the few possessions that have taken on any significance for him—for he is not an acquisitive man—sent along the Mud Lake Road in the direction of Van Hornesville, where an evening at the movies with the Parent Group of the school he financed but which does not bear his name, holds more magic for him than a season at the opera, and where the sale of a cow to his eighty-year-old neighbor, Abe Tilyou, gives him an infinitely greater kick than conceiving the Young Plan or guiding the destinies of the several great industrial organizations of which he is a part.

It was while these two good friends were dickering over the price that the Jersey prize-winner should bring that Abe Tilyou confirmed his purchase by saying, "She's most too dear to take, and most too cheap to leave."

"And this," Owen Young is fond of saying, "is how we had to handle the Reparation question."

After spending sixteen grueling weeks in Paris on this same matter of Reparations, much to the disappointment of his admirers who were bound they would give him a rousing reception, he radioed, "Please let me come in quietly." All the conventional reasons that a man may have for shunning public plaudits were advanced in an effort to account for his insistence upon the divine right of privacy—shyness, modesty, political policy, even the natural desire of a big man to avoid publicity—but I think that his hunger for simplicity and quiet has a more far-reaching significance than any of these would indicate. He has too keen a sense of humor to think that a police boat steaming up the harbor in one's honor is synonymous with success, or to believe that freedom of port is anything but a catch-phrase. He is too genuinely important a figure in the conduct of the world's business to need a reminder of his importance and so much of a sophisticate that he knows that "happiness lies in simple things," a conclusion he has reached even though, or perhaps because, he has known most of the honors that can come to a man.

Leaving the boat, he interrupted his up-state journey only long enough to attend the wedding of his son, C. J., who makes his home in Ardmore, Pa., where, as a member of the engineer's staff of the Radio Corporation of America, he has played a distinguished part in the development of Radio Photography.

C. J., like his father, has married early enough to share his climb to success and recognition, but he can never quite know such anxieties as were his father's when he discovered that the fourteen hundred dollars he earned in a law-office from nine until six would not see him through, and to make the financial grade that first year delivered lectures on Common Pleas at the Boston Law School three evenings a week.

But if the degree of deprivation his father knew, an agony that we are led to believe is character building, is denied him, so also is the necessity for abandoning a career for which he is eminently suited simply because of financial pressure. Few people know that Owen Young might have been Dean of the Boston Law School, had he been able to afford it, and that years later, when he was asked whether in retrospect he still felt it was the thing he had wanted to do with his life, he replied without a moment's hesitation, "Oh, unquestionably."

By Mr. Young's turning his back upon this coveted opportunity, the General Electric Company eventually acquired the shrewdest corporation counsel in the east, industry a new and enterprising captain, and the United States, perhaps, a potential political giant—but the world has lost one of its few natural-born teachers.

IT IS difficult to find anyone occupying an academic chair today who has the unique equipment Owen Young would have brought to such a job. His is a virile scholarliness abiding in a mind that is as young as progress. He has more than an understanding of young people—he has an unshakable faith in them and in their ability to find themselves. He is entirely out of patience with the stodgy conservative who harps on his experience and advises that everyone take a leaf out of his book. He recommends filling your own page, whether it be with mistakes or achievements.

"If you are inclined to take anyone's advice," he has said, "don't take it. The man whom you ask may have very much more experience than you, but you have a thousand and one intuitions in you which will tell you more about you than anyone else in the world, and you yourself must decide what you want to do. Don't let your father, mother, teachers, friends, or sweetheart persuade you."

He has the fullest confidence in the motives of others, and the popular idea that every adolescent is trying to get away with something never occurs to him. "Law has taught me one thing," he says with conviction—"to be suspicious of facts and unsuspicious of people." Which does not mean that he is either gullible or easy to impose upon. At times, when he believes people are trying to take undue advantage, he can administer a disciplining so rich in humor and gentleness that it is twice as effective as the most drastic rebuke.

Not long ago a man of his acquaintance asked a favor that he had no right to ask, and, upon being told that he had exceeded himself, he wrote Mr. Young a letter of apology. Owen Young hastened to reply, making no further reference to the matter but asking the man instead whether he knew the story of the two Irishmen, one of whom asked the other whether he knew the difference between the cherubim and the seraphim. "I can't say as I know the difference," Mike admitted, "but, whatever it is, they've made it up."

He is entirely tolerant of ideas that may be quite contrary to his own and has a wholesome respect for the man who has the courage to stand by them in the face of criticism. During his own Freshman days at college an interclass dispute arose which was brought to the attention of the president in none too favorable a light. Owen Young, speaking on behalf of his classmates, met the suggestion that they apologize to the Sophomores by saying, "We'll do anything you tell us to do, even apologize if you want us to lie about it, but we're not sorry." Needless to say, there was no apology. Nor are the children who attend the school Mr. Young has built in Van Hornesville to replace the one that burned down recently urged to sacrifice principle to expediency.

This schoolhouse conceived by Owen Young and built by a board on which Mr. Young sits only in the capacity of "rocking-chair consultant," has been erected with stones found in their own fields, and is dedicated to the idea of bringing the best features of a city education to the country.

IT IS as modern a school as you will find anywhere, although Mr. Young does not subscribe to the current innovation of conducting classes without required subjects, fixed hours, or discipline. "This school has been enough of an adventure as it is," he will tell you reflectively, "and I am not too sanguine over the outcome of education without guidance."

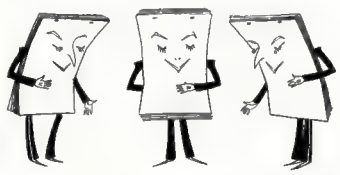
In addition to the school, furnished with contemporary examples of period pieces, the most interesting of which is a reproduction of the Washington settee in Independence Hall, Mr. Young is building a Faculty House where each teacher will have an apartment of her own. This completed, he will turn his attention to the laboratory he is equipping at the suggestion of Madame Curie, who visited Van Hornesville last year, and he feels that, "if only one boy in the school shows a real flair for the work, it will have been worth the doing."

So in the spring, when the ground is beginning to thaw out, it is not unlikely that you will find him in high rubber boots, shovel in hand, forming the most interested, if unobtrusive, part of the construction gang. To your query, as to whether he is trying to keep fit, he may tell you, "more fit in mind and spirit than in body." When a man is involved on a large scale in world-wide activities and problems, he has to fight losing his balance.

Van Hornesville is Owen Young's balance wheel, in his own words, although no one who knows him will admit that he needs one. Certainly it is his touchstone, his sanctuary, and the panacea for all his worldly ills. It is the yardstick by which he measures the needs of the universe, and even if he is thinking of electrical service, it is invariably in terms of what it can mean to Van Hornesville and the Van Hornesvilles of the world.

Most men of means translate their success into popular symbols—steam yachts, shooting-boxes, private cars and race-horses. Owen Young luxuriates in the opportunity Van Hornesville gives him to be himself; and Owen Young himself is a man who, finding it necessary to attend a formal dinner in honor of a foreign peer, stopped at the dining-room door on his way to the function and confided to his children, " 'a fine morning,' said Sir Joseph Warren, as he walked away to be shot."

And I have no doubt that he was just that reluctant about going, this man who knows that "happiness lies in simple things."



WE NOMINATE
FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

Fannie Kilbourne

for her short story: "Love Won't Pay the Rent," in which, for one glamorous summer evening, very young Mrs. James Greenway elevated herself from her flat in the Bronx to a pent house just off Park Avenue, and presided at a dinner, of formal perfection, opposite a man (not young Mr. Greenway) with a romantic turn of mind—And

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

for Martha in "Love Story"—a beautiful woman, grown from the girl Jim Stuart married twenty-five years ago (because an up-and-coming young man with a thriving business should have a wife and family. That's the way it was done in Clayton). And for Jim, too, who came to know in an hour of need that his greatest need was Martha. And

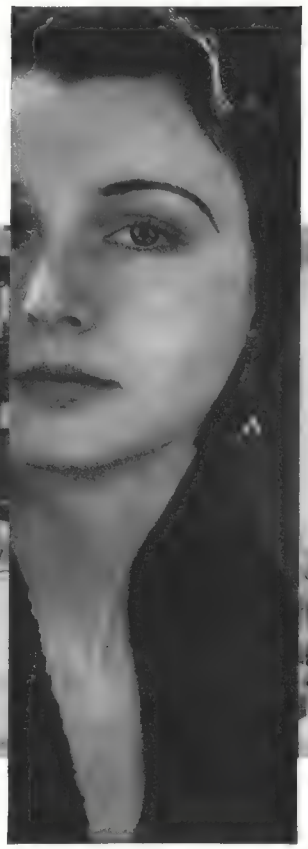
Reita Lambert

for her diverting discovery of an old fact: that the heart of the most capricious coquette (being at the same time a woman) is compounded of love and hope and faith. This she reveals in the delightful story of Carol Leigh, debutante, captor of the romantically invulnerable, who for all her charms was found to be—"Shopworn"

IN THE MAY McCALL'S

Perhaps LIKE CASE #91 *Coarse Pores* are *Your* problem

PROOF!
"The statements made in this advertisement are in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists who conducted the tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as specialists of the highest standing."
(Signed) Walter J. Kaufman M.D.
(ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING DERMATOLOGISTS)



Once each week and at the end of the test, careful skin examinations were made by the supervising Dermatologist in each of the 14 cities.

Here's thrilling proof that there IS a remedy! Here's a conclusive Case History from the Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic, conducted by America's leading Dermatologists.

On the morning of August 19th, Miss Mary M—— appeared at the office of a noted Philadelphia physician.

"Case No. 91" . . . so he designated her in his case-book.

"I'm afraid you'll find me a very difficult subject for your experiment," she warned the physician. "My enlarged pores have been the despair of beauticians."

Undeterred, he proceeded with his scientific test. He instructed her to follow a prescribed daily beauty ritual for 30 days . . . washing the right side of her face each night with the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Using any other preparation of her choice on the left side of her face. Reporting daily for examination to graduate nurse.

Simultaneously, in this and 13 other cities, 611 other women followed this same interesting daily beauty procedure . . . under the direct supervision of 15 of the nation's leading dermatologists.

The results of this Nation-Wide Beauty Clinic, as recorded in the case-books of the physicians, form the most thrilling chapters in the whole history of beauty culture.

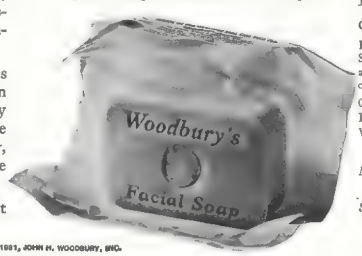
In Miss M——'s case, as in 82 out of a total of 113 cases of enlarged pores, Woodbury's seemed, literally, to transform the texture; pores became less conspicuous; skin finer and silkier.

Woodbury's benefited Acne in 106 cases and restored normal skin lubrication in 196 cases of excessively dry or oily skin. And even in many instances where the skin was already clear and lovely, Woodbury's brought still lovelier tone and texture.

In case after case the evidence was built up—that no other cleansing method equals Woodbury's for the care of the complexion.

Conclusively . . . Science has confirmed what millions of women already know —that Woodbury's is more than a mere toilet soap . . . That it is a complete and incomparable beauty treatment in *cake form.*

For your complexion's sake, won't you follow the findings of Science . . . and at least try Woodbury's? Start this proven beauty treatment tonight. Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . at but 25¢ a cake . . . may be had at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or send coupon for generous samples.



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MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
504 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

Oily skin ☐	Flabby skin ☐	Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐	Coarse pores ☐	Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐	Blackheads ☐	

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

©1931, JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.

FANCY DRESS FOR PLAIN FOODS

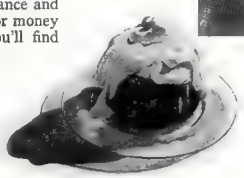
Throw this Bombe-shell into your family—and watch results

By Sarah Field Splint
Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

FANCY cooking in its grandest forms is not for us ordinary homemakers. Only a cook with no responsibility for chubby, barked knees, hungry washing machines, fortnightly hair cuts, and a first party dress is qualified to grapple with landscaped aspics and boned stuffed squab.

Yet all of us practice the art in its lower branches and I dare anyone to say that it's not a greater achievement for a Jill-of-all-trades to flute a cucumber with her own hands than for an expert chef to supervise his assistants in the preparation of a diamond-back terrapin.

The recipes I am giving here are for *our* kind of fancy cooking. They have been tested in McCall's kitchen, and our whole staff was delighted with their appearance and flavor. You'll see that not a great deal of time or money is needed to prepare them. Among them you'll find some suggestions, I hope, for making the old "stand-bys" newly attractive.



Meat Loaf Au Gratin

Bake a meat loaf. When done, remove from oven and partially cool. Mix 2 cups bread crumbs with ½ cup grated cheese, 3 tablespoons melted fat, ⅛ teaspoon salt, and 2 well-beaten eggs. Cover the loaf with this mixture and brown in a hot oven (400° F.). Serve on a platter with parsley potatoes and baked carrots.

Sponge Cake Bombe

5 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
5 egg whites
1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Beat in the sugar, adding it gradually. Add lemon juice and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Mix and sift flour and salt, and fold into the egg mixture. Bake in an ungreased mold or pan in a moderate oven (325° F.) for 1 hour. Invert on cake cooler until cake drops from pan.

Remove inside of cake carefully with a fork, leaving a shell ½ inch thick. (Save pieces for use in making pudding.) Cover shell, inside and out, with chocolate or any preferred icing. Fill with vanilla ice cream or mousse and garnish with whipped cream.

These implements make fancy cooking easy for the amateur

Cold Supper de Luxe

Cut cold ham and tongue, or other meat, in thin, delicate slices. Use a very sharp knife. Arrange in rows at either end of a large platter with slices overlapping. In the center put cups of crisp lettuce filled with marinated asparagus tips, or with highly-seasoned potato and olive salad. Garnish with celery curls, radish flowers, and wedge-shaped pieces of cheese sprinkled with paprika. Serve with thin sandwiches of rye bread spread with sweet butter; for a relish use spiced pears or pineapple.

Cabbage Farci

1 cabbage
4 tablespoons fat
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
¼ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups bread crumbs
1½ cups chopped cooked liver (or left-over meat)
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon sage

Cut stem end off cabbage and remove the inside carefully. (Save for cole slaw.) Cook shell and end in boiling salted water until tender, but not soft. Heat fat, add onion and pepper and cook until slightly browned. Add crumbs, meat, and seasonings and mix well. Fill cabbage shell with crumb mixture and replace end. Lay strips of bacon over cabbage. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F) long enough to heat thoroughly, and for bacon to brown.

Lemon Baskets

Cut 2 pieces from each lemon, so that what remains will be in the shape of a basket with a handle (see illustration). Remove all the pulp and put shells in cold water until ready to use. Wipe carefully and fill with currant jelly, cranberry sauce, pepper relish or chopped sweet pickles. Serve with meat, allowing one basket for each person. Or they may be filled with Tartar sauce as an accompaniment to fish.

Eggs in Croustades

6 hard-cooked eggs
2 tablespoons fat
1 slice onion
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Bread

Cut stale bread in slices 2 inches thick. Cut in diamonds or squares. Take out centers carefully, leaving shells. Brush with melted fat and brown in moderate oven (350° F.); or fry in deep fat or oil (390° F.) until a delicate brown. Keep hot.

Cut eggs in quarters. Heat the fat and cook onion in it until it is slightly browned. Remove onion, add flour, and mix well. Add milk gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. When mixture thickens, add eggs and heat thoroughly. Fill the croustades and serve very hot. To vary this recipe, add ½ box sardines from which the skin, tails, and bones have been removed; or add ½ cup sautéd mushrooms.

Creamed oysters, shrimps, salmon, chicken, or carrots and peas can be served in croustades instead of on toast or in patty shells. [*Turn to page 36*]

Vanderbilt..

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT, who lives in Paris, says: "Not even the beauty-wise French can make anything to compare with Pond's Two Creams. The new Tissues and Skin Freshener are charming!"

Morgan...

MISS ANNE MORGAN, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, and president of the American Woman's Association, has dark eyes, silvery hair and a clear complexion. She says: "I have used Pond's for years."

Astor...

LADY VIOLET ASTOR, daughter of an Earl, is charming, a brilliant hostess. She has hair like spun gold, eyes violet-blue and a rose-leaf skin. She calls Pond's four preparations "delightful, practical, effectual."

Belmont..

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT has Titian hair and ivory skin. She says: "Pond's Method will keep your skin clear and fresh in much less time, at much less cost, than dozens of complicated beauty preparations."

Drexel..

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL JR. is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. She always follows Pond's Method for the care of her lovely tea-rose skin and says: "Pond's is simply wonderful!"

du Pont....

MRS. ALFRED VICTOR DU PONT is a charming blonde with exquisite fair skin. She uses Pond's because they are "pure and good, easy to use, readily obtainable and keep one's skin always at its best."

Aristocratic women owe the beauty of their skin to this safe, gentle care

THINK how significant it is that these six aristocratic women, to whom no luxury is ever denied, agree in their choice of Pond's in preference to all other beauty aids!

Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent position a perfectly groomed complexion is the first social requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest to be had, despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it always exquisite.

Pond's Method—Four swift, simple steps to keep your skin radiantly fine, smooth, fresh and clear:

1—During the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, which are so much softer, more absorbent. Parisian peach color or white.

3—Pat with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone, firm, promote natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face, but wherever you powder. Marvelous to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped.

At bedtime: Cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream; remove with Tissues.

TO KEEP YOUR SKIN EXQUISITE . . . POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

Tune in on Pond's every Tuesday 5 P. M., E. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra, Leading Society Women. N. B. C. Red Network

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
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The "Teen Age"

© 1931 M. L. I. Co.

LOOK at that fine boy of yours, brought safely through childhood ailments. Now, as he enters his "teens", while he is still growing, he must build his health to guard against tuberculosis — a mortal enemy of those in run-down condition.

Adolescence is a critical age in physical development. It is a period of special strain — when growth and change are rapid — and when health and strength must be kept at the highest possible point.

Your boy may be tempted to over-tax his strength and undermine his vitality by striving to compete with older and stronger boys. Or your daughter may risk her health by too much social activity added to her school work, or by dieting in an effort to keep slender in emulation of some screen celebrity. Low vitality and under-nourishment make boys and girls especially susceptible to tuberculosis.

During the early "teens" the development of tuberculosis of the lungs is usually so slight as to cause none of those familiar symptoms of the advanced stages of the disease—loss of weight, lack of appetite, indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough. The first symptoms in adolescence may be listlessness, over-tiredness, failure to gain weight, night sweats.

But in the late "teens" or early twenties, in event of low vitality, tuberculosis germs — especially in case of re-infection or heavy infection—gain headway. The tuberculosis deathrate reaches its peak among women at about age 22 and among men at about 42. Many of these deaths can be prevented.

Perhaps during no age in life are annual physical check-ups more important and valuable than during adolescence. And should you have any reason to suspect the presence of tuberculosis, consult your doctor as to the advisability of having the tuberculin or x-ray tests to find out whether or not your boy or girl is threatened.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, to anyone who requests it, a copy of its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis." Ask for booklet 431-M.

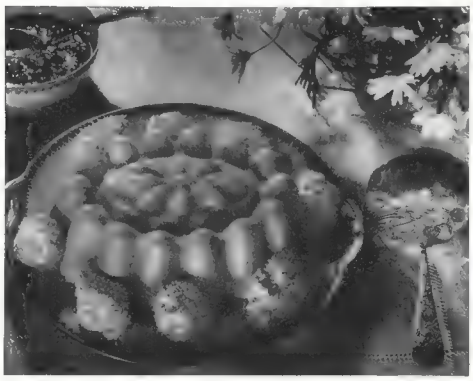
The Metropolitan prints this message to aid in the intensive April campaign of the National, State and local Tuberculosis Organizations to safeguard boys and girls in the "teen age" against tuberculosis.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

FANCY DRESS FOR PLAIN FOODS

[*Continued from page 34*]



A mold of Blanc Mange surrounded with coconut snowballs

Grapefruit Dessert

Chill grapefruit and cut in halves. Decorate edges with a fruit decorating knife. Take out core and loosen pulp from skin and membrane with a sharp knife. Put a rose of fluffy hard sauce in the center with a pastry tube and garnish with crystallized mint leaves or candied cherries.

Late-Supper Salad

2½ cups flaked tuna fish
1 cup celery, cut in pieces
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon capers
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
Rounds of bread
Grated cheese

Mix the fish, egg, celery, and seasonings together. Marinate in French dressing and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, moisten with mayonnaise. Make a border of crisp lettuce leaves on a platter and mound the salad in the center. Cover with a stiff mayonnaise and decorate mound with slices of hard-cooked egg, capers, and thin rings of red pepper.

Toast the rounds of bread on one side, butter the other side, and spread with grated cheese. Put under the flame until cheese melts. Serve very hot with the salad.

Parisian Pears

Cover halves of pears (canned or fresh) with orange juice. Put in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Make a thin boiled custard (see below). Chill thoroughly. Drain pears and arrange on dessert plates. Pour the custard sauce over them. Garnish with grated orange rind and wafer-thin slices of orange.

Custard Sauce

Scald 1 cup milk in double boiler. Mix 1 beaten egg with 2 tablespoons sugar and a few grains salt. Add slowly to hot milk, and cook until mixture coats spoon, stirring constantly. Add few drops vanilla.

Snowballs

Cut a loaf or sheet cake into cubes measuring about 1½ inches. Round off the corners and edges until nearly ball-shape. Dip each ball in white boiled icing and roll in shredded coconut; repeat the process (see illustration above). Serve with ice cream, blanc mange, or a gelatine dessert.

Blanc Mange with Chocolate Sauce

3 cups milk
4½ tablespoons cornstarch
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon vanilla

Scald 2½ cups milk in top of double boiler. Mix cornstarch, sugar, and salt with the remaining ½ cup cold milk. Stir until smooth. Pour a little of the scalded milk on this mixture while stirring. Add gradually to the hot milk, stirring constantly. When smooth, remove the spoon, cover and cook 25 minutes. Stir occasionally to prevent lumping. Keep the water in the bottom of the double boiler boiling constantly. Add vanilla and pour into a fancy mold which has been dipped in cold water. Cool, then place in refrigerator to chill. Unmold on large plate and garnish with Snowballs. Serve with cream, preserved raspberries, or with

Hot Chocolate Sauce

1⅓ cups milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt

Put milk, chocolate (grated), and butter in a saucepan. Cook over a low fire until mixture is smooth and thick. Add sugar and cook until it thickens again, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and salt. Serve hot.

French Pastries

Small "open-faced" tarts, known as pastries by the French, can be made of rich or even plain pastry. Use individual pastry pans in round or fancy shapes for baking the shells. Fill with custard and fruit, or fruit alone. Cover fruit with thick syrup or melted jelly. If canned fruit is used, add sugar to the juice and cook to thick syrup: cooking the fruit for a few minutes in the syrup will make it richer.

Cherry Tarts:—Arrange red and white cherries in alternate rows and pour the thick fruit syrup over them.

Peach Tarts:—Arrange sliced peaches so that they overlap each other. Put currant jelly in the center and cover with fruit syrup.

Apricot Tarts:—Fill shells with cooked apricots rubbed through a sieve. When cold, cover with pink icing.

You'll like the recipes in our new free leaflet "Company Dress for 10 Plain Foods." We have a copy waiting for you. Send a two-cent stamp for postage to The Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.

Rancid Oil in Stale Coffee

exacts these penalties . . . *indigestion* . . . *headaches* . . . *sleeplessness* . . .

Only perfectly fresh coffee is free from dangers of Rancid Oil

WHAT other drink is as delicious and refreshing as coffee? And yet many people . . . perhaps you yourself . . . think that coffee is harmful.

Now science steps forward and reassures coffee lovers . . . makes the startling announcement that most of the troubles usually blamed on coffee itself can be traced directly to rancid oil *found only in stale* coffee!

Perhaps you didn't know coffee contains oil . . . but it does! Approximately a half cup to every pound of coffee. When the coffee is fresh, this oil is as sweet as fresh butter . . . and in this oil are the delicious flavor, the marvelous aroma, provided by nature to make coffee the delightful, reviving drink we all love so much.

But when coffee gets stale . . . when it is stored too long *after roasting* (either ground or in the bean) . . . this oil turns rancid . . . *actually spoils*, just as butter does. And science now blames this rancid, toxic oil for indigestion, headaches, sleeplessness . . . the very troubles you have always blamed on coffee itself.

Using the refractometer to determine the refractive index of rancid oil extracted from stale coffee.

(LEFT) High price is no guarantee of freshness, for even the most expensive coffees are often stored for months, even years. As evidence of this, see the photograph at the left. In this Pennsylvania grocery store the photographer purchased a high-priced coffee more than eleven months old. His affidavit is on file.

Remember, please, it is only in stale coffee that the oil is rancid and dangerous. In *fresh coffee the oil is never rancid!*

What is the answer? Science warns you to be sure the coffee you drink is fresh . . . says to watch out for stale coffee!

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has solved this problem for you. It is guaranteed fresh when you get it!

This coffee is rushed to your grocer straight from our roasting ovens . . . absolutely fresh . . . *every can plainly marked with the date your grocer receives it.*

And we watch those dates. Regularly a Chase & Sanborn representative visits your grocer and inspects the cans. If he finds any unsold whose date is more than ten days old, he takes it back . . . leaves a fresh can in its place.

As a matter of fact, there is very little to take back, because we leave with your grocer only as much as we think he will sell in the few days before the next delivery.

You will find this delicious quality blend reasonably priced . . . no higher than ordinary packaged coffees. You pay nothing extra for the important guarantee of freshness.

Try Chase & Sanborn's today . . . See what a difference freshness makes . . . Once you have tasted the rich, reviving flavor of this delicious coffee you will never use any other!

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is guaranteed fresh . . . look for the date on every can!

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VAIN LITTLE TABLES

By Mary Davis Gillies

ISN'T it interesting the way decorating styles come and go? For years we have been turning a cold shoulder to all things feminine. Then right in the midst of the masculine angularity of modernism, along comes a perfect rage for draped dressing tables.

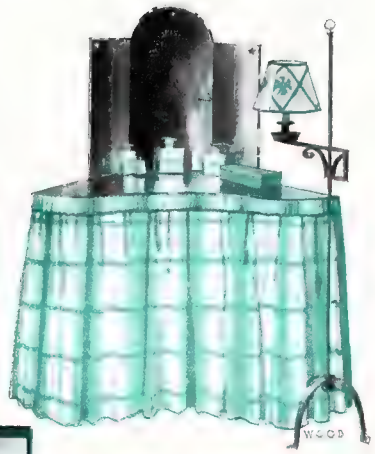
And why shouldn't they be popular? Any clever woman can contrive one out of almost nothing. On this page are four types for inspiration—a corner table skirted in gingham, with a touch of modernism; an elaborate French one, flounced in silk moiré; and two that are quaint and Colonial in detail. The undraped tables (shown in the small sketches) range in price from eight to twenty-five dollars. Three and one-half to four yards of material are needed for the flounces; and, of course, you must figure on the cost of a mirror and glass top.

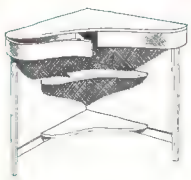
The kidney-shaped table at the right has a charming gilded French Provincial mirror and a top of mirror glass. The festooned wings, caught with roses, open out to show generous drawers. Of course, the table must be either painted or given a natural wood finish. A tape, too, is used to finish the edge of the table and the top of the wings.

For the festoon, take a straight piece of material about 12 inches wide, line with a contrasting color, then at intervals which will divide each half of the table into four or five equal parts, run in two up-and-down rows of shirring. Tack in place over the flounce, adjusting the folds of the festoon carefully. To make the roses, fold a long strip of cloth in the middle, then roll it loosely, flatten, and catch the ends at the back with a needle and thread. Sew in place over the shirring.

An entirely different effect is achieved by the little table below. Its scalloped wooden top is finished in a soft molasses-colored maple and the gingham skirt is appliquéd with a quaint rose-wreath design. If you are really ambitious, the flounce may be quilted. Plan out the color scheme carefully. The background may be green, pink, yellow, or orchid, the leaves and binding green, and the flowers a contrasting color, or a small patterned chintz or calico. It would be rather clever to make a matching bedspread.

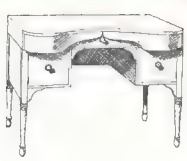
Since the table is small, the bracket lamps, which hang on the wall, are an inspiration. They supply the needed light without taking up table space.





Here (above) is a dainty dressing table planned to flatter corners. It is shaped like a triangle and fits right in. The plaid flounce is finished with cartridge pleats, and there is storage space beneath

The charm of this little table has nothing to do with its price



Even a kitchen table takes on airs when it's flounced in crisp chintz. The pleated ruffle is hung on a muslin drop; the drawer covering is backed with buckram and held in place by the drawer knobs and glue

The largest selling ham in the world

For your breakfast Easter morning—broiled Premium Ham and Swift's Premium Quality Brookfield Eggs, baked in mashed potato nests.

To produce one good ham is one thing. To achieve perfect uniformity, so that the millionth ham is as fine as the first, is quite another. If Swift's Premium were not invariably pleasing, it could not hold its enviable position as the largest selling ham in all the world.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

More people ask for Premium than for any other ham! Why do so many people choose it? Because Premium's exquisite mild savor, its tender succulence can be depended on always. Premium Ham is a real food, rich in energy-supplying protein and in the essential Vitamin B.

Swift & Company
Purveyors of Fine Foods

Four days' desserts from one mixing job!

That's what Calumet's Double-Action can do for you

Bake this one MONDAY

Apricot Upside Down Cake

¼ recipe Miracle Cake (*See basic recipe below*)
¾ tablespoon butter
¾ cup sugar
18 apricot halves, canned or fresh

Melt butter in loaf pan (9 x 5 inches) or in an 8-inch iron skillet. Add sugar. Stir until melted. On this arrange apricot halves. Pour cake batter over contents of pan. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.); then increase heat slightly (375° F.) and bake 25 minutes longer. Cool 5 minutes; then loosen cake from sides of pan. Turn upside down on dish with apricots on top. Add whipped cream, if desired, and serve at once.

Bake this one TUESDAY

Pineapple Torte

¼ recipe Miracle Cake (*See basic recipe below*)
½ cup sugar
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
4 slices pineapple, diced, or 1¾ cups grated

Turn batter at once into greased 9-inch layer pan. Store in refrigerator, keeping pan closely covered with damp cloth and waxed paper. When cake is to be baked, beat sugar thoroughly into egg whites, pile lightly on cake batter, and bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 45 minutes. Just before serving, cover with diced or grated pineapple, and with whipped cream, if desired.

Bake this one WEDNESDAY

Hot Spiced Cottage Pudding

½ recipe Miracle Cake (*See basic recipe below*)
2½ tablespoons molasses
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Add molasses and spices to cake batter and beat well. Turn at once into greased loaf pan (9 x 5 inches) and store in refrigerator, keeping pan closely covered with damp cloth and waxed paper until pudding is to be baked. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Serve at once with raisin sauce.

Bake this one THURSDAY

Mocha Cake

¼ recipe Miracle Cake (*See basic recipe below*)
Mocha frosting

Turn batter at once into greased 9-inch layer pan. Store in refrigerator, keeping pan closely covered with damp cloth and waxed paper until cake is to be baked. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 minutes, or until done. When cold, cut cake into halves and put together with Mocha frosting.

HERE'S THE BASIC RECIPE!

Miracle Cake

4½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or other shortening
2 cups sugar
4 eggs, well beaten
1¾ cups milk
2 teaspoons vanilla
(*All measurements are level*)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and mix well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. The batter is now ready to divide into four equal parts. With one fourth, make the Apricot Upside Down Cake to be served that day. Then turn the remaining batter into three pans as directed in each of the above recipes. Cover each pan closely with a damp cloth and waxed paper and store in refrigerator until ready to bake.

CALUMET

The Double-Acting Baking Powder

© 1931, G. F. CORP.

IMAGINE the convenience! The time-saving! In one mixing job, you can prepare batter for as much as four days' baking. Each day you bake a different dessert and *know* that last or first—every one will be a masterpiece!

Why can you do this with Calumet Baking Powder and get such unfailing perfection? Such delicious, fine results—even after batter has stood four days?

Sure success! Here's why!

Because Calumet acts *twice*. It acts first in the mixing bowl. But the second action waits—it stays in reserve until you put the batter into the oven. Then the second action begins and continues the leavening. Up! . . . up! . . . it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light. Your cake bakes beautifully—*perfectly*—even though you may not be able to regulate your oven temperature with utmost accuracy.

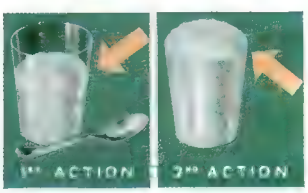
At the left are four fascinating desserts that use this new baking idea. Mix the basic recipe—Miracle Cake. Then follow the easy directions. Divide the batter equally into four pans—bake the first at once—cover each of the other three with damp cloths and waxed paper—store in the refrigerator—bake them as described—one triumph a day!

Pure! Economical!

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action nor in the amount that should be used. And not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action—Double-Action!

To-day, get Calumet. Try it. See for yourself why Calumet is the world's largest-selling baking powder. Remember, use no more than *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of sifted flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion and should be followed for best results—a splendid economy which the perfect efficiency of Calumet's leavening action makes possible! . . . Mail coupon for the new Calumet Baking Book—full of delightful easy recipes. Calumet is a product of General Foods Corporation.

LOOK! LOOK!
SEE CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION



Make this test—See for yourself how Calumet Baking Powder acts *twice* to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's *first* action—the action that Calumet specially provides to take place in the mixing bowl.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's *second* action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of your oven. Make this test. See Calumet's *Double-Action* which protects your baking from failure.

FREE! THIS NEW BAKING BOOK

McC. 4-31

MARION JANE PARKER, c/o General Foods, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, free, a copy of the new Calumet Baking Book.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

PIGS IN CLOVER

[*Continued from page 28*]

for poverty, peace for peril, and an unbroken line of defense against their ancient enemy, the sea.

The minute settlements—you could hardly flatter them into being villages—were far and few between, and just where they were farthest and fewest, Mr. Hart glanced casually down at the gasoline gauge—only to lift from it a countenance so stricken with guilt and apprehension that we had no need of further communication. It was all too obvious that within the next few minutes we would be faced with the pleasing alternatives of getting out and walking until we fell flat on our faces, or staying where we were until we expired from hunger and exposure. We hadn't seen a car that morning, and as for a gas station—we yielded to despairing mirth at the very thought.

We hadn't the remotest idea as to how far we were from the nearest hamlet, either, nor had we formed our usual elaborate plans as to luncheon; this was virgin soil for us, and none of the gastronomic authorities that it was our wont to consult cast any light whatever on its resources. A picnic lunch had been clearly indicated; we talked it all over as we prowled exultantly along the beach at Arachon, full of salt air and arrogance and a recklessly unwarranted confidence in our luck. After all we weren't striking into Arabia Deserta, were we? The life of the country was what we were after, and we certainly couldn't be expected to get much local color out of a ham sandwich and a chocolate eclair! So we didn't take the picnic lunch . . . And it looked now as though we were going to get enough local color to enable us to write a highly scientific monograph on home life in the Landes.

We were both brooding palely over those lost ham sandwiches when Mr. Hart suddenly emerged from his stupor, jumped on the saucerful of gas that remained to us, and shot through the pine trees with such a light of pure madness in his eyes that I promptly abandoned the two or three highly pertinent questions I had been about to put to him as to the desolate condition of the gas gauge. . . A little town leapt up at us suddenly, apparently more surprised than we were, and its cobbles were under our wheels before my chauffeur slacked down to spare the life of what was apparently its sole inhabitant—a large, comatose, yellow cat. And just beyond stood something so miraculous, so soul-satisfying, so utterly and devastatingly beautiful, that I let out a little howl of rapture.

IT WAS a gasoline tank—and at the sight of it, lacquer-red, gleaming and competent, Mr. Hart looked positively ill with relief. He executed an imperious summons on his horn, flung himself out of the car, and beat an even more imperious tatoo in the door of the house behind it. Seconds passed—minutes—it began to look as though it might well be hours, when the door opened with magnificent leisure and a small, elderly gentleman with a saturnine countenance emerged, followed by a tall girl holding a bald baby in her arms. All three regarded Mr. Hart's congested countenance with unconcealed amusement.

It took twenty minutes of intensive community work to fill the aching void of our gasoline tank, and there wasn't a single second that wasn't frantically enjoyed by every soul present, including the goat. While the members of the household trickled the precious fluid from their various containers into the capacious maw of the car, they took turns explaining the utter unreliability of the pump. We sat there and adored them all, from the baby, whose name was Gambetta, to the old gentleman, whose name was M'sieu R-r-raoul. We were hungry. Where could we find something to eat—please, for the love of Brillat Savarin, *where could we find something to eat?*

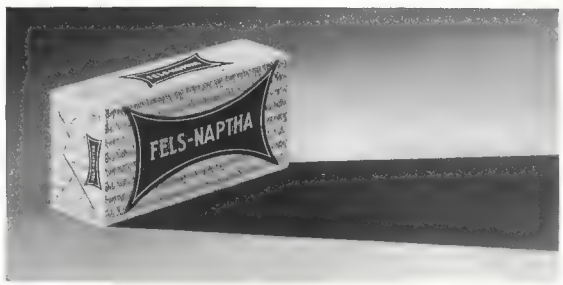
AND within five seconds the sun was bright again, and the bird was on the wing, and we wouldn't have traded the marshes of the Landes for the Gates of Paradise. But certainly there was a most admirable place to eat, not twenty minutes away. Madame, the Patronne, was a warm personal friend of our warm personal friend, M'sieu R-r-raoul; a mere hint that we had come from him, and we would fare as well as the President of the Republic and his good lady. The town was Laboulieres, and the hostelry was the Hotel de France. Good appetite to the two of us!

The Hotel de France stood well back from Labouliere's main street; in front of it were great trees, and a small terrace, and a plump lady in black welcomed us. But surely, surely, lunch in five minutes at the most, even though it was past the usual hour; and would we have the serious lunch at seventy cents or the minor one at fifty? We voted unanimously for the serious one, and sank contentedly to rest at the nearest table.

No meal that we had ever eaten tasted better than the country fare that they spread before us on that red checked tablecloth under the arbor of green trees. *Hors d'oeuvre* first—a far call from the sophistry of their Parisian sisters, and none the worse for it. Crisp radishes, onions no larger than many a dowager's pearls, rosy slices of sausage, with bread still warm from the oven, and a brown bowl of sweet butter for its perfect accompaniment. Bowls of excellent cabbage soup followed promptly, and hard on their heels came a *daube de boeuf*—a fine, lusty beef stew, with red wine, and what I suspect was a dash of vinegar in its savory brown sauce. We drew a long breath at the sight of the roast chicken and salad, but we had our second wind, and we dispatched them with no inconsiderable gusto. New string beans as a separate course we simply took in our stride, and the strawberries and rich little pastries never gave us a second's pause. If there had been more to eat, we would have eaten it gladly—we had the unimpaired appetite of shipwrecked sailors who have given themselves up for lost and suddenly find themselves confronted by a clambake. Very reluctantly we disposed of the last crumb of the agreeable little pastries, tipped up the last drop of the good Bordeaux—a Volnay 1919—ordered two black coffees, and relapsed into an ecstatic torpor.

The waitress hovered over us solicitously when we finally emerged sufficiently to attack the coffee—she was

[*Continued on page 42*]



THE YEAR OF THE WISE PENNIES

Every now and then the world passes through a period when sensible economy is the watchword—when sensible buying is the rule. It is in times like that—in these years of the wise pennies—that people learn most about values.

And it is then more than ever that wise soap pennies turn to Fels-Naptha. For buying soap is buying washing help—and Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help which makes it the thriftiest sort of bargain.

Fels-Naptha brings you two brisk, busy helpers instead of one. Plenty of dirt-loosening naptha (you can smell it for yourself!), and unusually good soap combined in each big, generous golden bar. So when Fels-Naptha goes into your wash you get the *extra* help of naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working together to make your clothes clean and clover-sweet *without hard rubbing.*

Fels-Naptha does a thorough job whether you use it in hot, lukewarm or cool water. You can soak or boil with it, if you wish. You can use it in machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha, though an earnest, helpful worker is gentle. It contains glycerine and helps keep your hands nice.

Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha (or a 10 bar carton) from your grocer today. Use it—and discover the *extra* help that makes your soap pennies *wise* pennies.

Special Offer—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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MC C. 4-31

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and sample bar offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name_____

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Please print name and address completely

FELS-NAPTHA THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR ★★★

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

"Lock your door on Birthdays!"

SAYS HUGH TREVOR

famous screen star

HUGH TREVOR

"The woman who wants to win and hold adoration should keep *youth,*" Hugh Trevor says.

"Stage and screen stars hold the admiration they have won year after year. Birthdays don't matter at all. And nowadays other women are learning their complexion secret!"

"To keep youthful charm, guard complexion beauty," the lovely actresses will tell you. "Use soothing Lux Toilet Soap, *regularly!*"

Important actresses throughout the world do remain young, lovely, alluring, year after year!

In Hollywood . . . on Broadway . . . in Europe, they guard complexion beauty—KEEP youthful charm—with Lux Toilet Soap. This fragrant, very white soap is official in all the great film studios . . . is found in theatres everywhere!

Guard complexion beauty as 605 out of the 613 important Hollywood screen actresses do

Some of these stars have the skin that is inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. You, too, will find Lux Toilet Soap perfect!

LUX TOILET SOAP..10¢

The caress of dollar-a-cake French toilet soap

PIGS IN CLOVER

[*Continued from page 41*]

obviously expecting us to burst any minute. From the hotel itself intriguing bursts of laughter and snatches of song had been issuing for some time past, and I hazarded the suggestion that it was probably another wedding. But our handmaid put us right.

"But no, but no, Madame! Those in there, they are artists."

"Great Heavens, you aren't going to tell me that this is an artists' colony? What do they paint?"

BUT they do not paint at all—*voyons,* these are serious artists—comedians, tragedians, actors, *enfin.* They arrived last night, and naturally, the principals establish themselves at the Hotel de France."

I inquired feebly, "Are they on a vacation?"

"Ah, certes, non! They gave last night a magnificent performance—tonight they give another, thirty miles further away."

Mr. Hart said avidly, "Ask her what they acted."

I repeated her reply twice to make sure.

"Yes, yes, Madame is quite correct—*'Chicago en folie'.*"

Chicago in—well, not in a delirium exactly—nor yet madness, nor yet folly . . . . *"Chicago en folie."* You couldn't possibly translate it.

"Something about the gangsters—*les apaches de Chicago?*"

"Oh, on the contrary!" Her eyes were luminous at the memory. "There was music, dancing, a few guns, possibly—lovers, a buffon—a little black dog of an extreme talent—ah, Madame, *c'était bien jolie!*"

Mr. Hart, who saw, from my ravished expression at this description of life in Chicago, that I was perfectly capable of trailing the *Chicago en Folie* company the entire thirty-four miles that lay between them and their destination that very night, hastily demanded the bill and cocked an apprehensive ear in the direction of the distant sounds of merriment that were clearly becoming less distant every second. And even before the little maid was back with the change, the strolling players were in our midst. There were eight of them—the men in colored shirt sleeves, the women bare headed and bare armed—all as completely at home under the green trees of the Hotel de France as though it were their ancestral lawn. As they went past us, not troubling to lower the clear gayety of their voices or the cool indifference of their eyes—a beautiful young man in a lavender shirt, with a dimple in his thin, dark cheek, caught up a tin table, as he passed, dragging it clattering behind him to the deeper shade of some chestnut trees nearer the road, where several of the others were already establishing themselves. A small, elderly black poodle pattered behind them, and hard on his heels came the stout landlady herself, bearing a tray of short, thick glasses containing steaming coffee, a half-emptied bottle of anonymous brandy, a caraffe of rosy sirop and a siphon of seltzer. She was greeted by tumultous applause by the entire gathering, but departed beaming, in spite of frenzied exhortations to join them.

They looked far, far too good to be true, that group under the trees. We sat watching them, fascinated and covetous as children barred from the charmed circle of an alien game. The woman sitting behind the coffee table might have been a charming bourgeoise out of one of Chekov's plays; her loose white, swiss dress with little black dots flowed easily about her slim feet, and her dark hair swept straight back from her forehead into a smoothly-woven design of shining braids. She made no gesture toward the coffee—the tall brown girl with close-cropped hair was attending to that. She simply sat there tranquilly busy with a basket of mending that lay beside her on the bench; glancing up occasionally with an indulgent smile at some unusually ribald outbreak. She might have been forty—or fifty—or thirty; her slim flying hands looked very strong.

Just behind her, two of the youngest creatures in the world were sharing a glass of sirop with the grave, concentrated enchantment of very small children. The boy had circled the girl's shoulder with one protective arm; she had a face round and ingenuous as a kitten's, and, absurdly, there was a blue taffeta bow right under her chin.

Next to them a young man with a pleasant, ugly face was sprawling luxuriously at the feet of a quiet girl in a strawberry-colored blouse; his nose was buried in a shabby book, and she had tilted a head like a Greek coin against the rough bark of the tree. Her lips were curved, as though she saw something lovely and mysterious in the green leaves above her . . .

On the roadway the beautiful young man and a black-headed minx in an emerald-green smock were scuffling like puppies over the rusty bicycle, and on the bench next to the mending lady, a man with a deeply seamed face was tossing cherries to the little dog until the woman lifted a protesting hand.

"Enough, enough, *mon cher:* That poor Toto—he is not then to be permitted to die of old age?"

AT THE sound of the deep, soft voice, the man smiled, and turned to the boy with the book.

"Dis-donc, Pierre—your solo in that Neapolitan air last night—you burlesqued it expressly, perhaps?"

The boy grinned appreciatively.

"Not so good, *hein?* At that top note I said to myself, 'If this gets to Papa Jacques, there will be a new tenor in the ranks!' Show us once more—from 'Ah—ah—Marietta—' "

"Ah, ah-h!"

"Marietta!" The ruins of the magnificent voice seared easily, carelessly, higher and higher, and the fresh young tenor followed gayly.

"Marietta, *Non e ver'*—"

And suddenly, idiotically, senselessly—I felt tears stinging in my eyes; for the first time in my life I had felt the wind from the lost sea coast of Bohemia blowing across my heart, and its wild, salty sweetness made me feel old . . . and civilized . . . and dull. . . We were almost in Bayonne before I could forget that wind.

Bayonne is a delightful town, Spanish, Basque, and French, but that late afternoon we did not stop to explore her treasures. Biarritz, with its emerald waters and silver sands and dark rocks, was a scant six miles away, we wanted to explore the strip of coast that ran for fifteen miles between her flowery

[*Continued on page 44*]

Quaker Oats gives children more to go on and grow on

The most nourishing of all hot breakfasts . . . yet the quickest to prepare. Boiling water . . . Quick Quaker . . . 2½ minutes of cooking . . . and breakfast's ready!

"IF mothers could only see their children in school as we do," say teachers, "poor breakfasts would soon be a thing of the past. Again and again we see naturally bright children dull, listless, unable to concentrate from lack of enough energy food. Again and again we see marks raised as much as 20%, when breakfasts are improved."

No mother would knowingly deny her child a good breakfast. But what *is* a good breakfast? And how does it differ from a poor one? "A good breakfast," say authorities, "sticks to the ribs, stands by the child all morning long, is full of lasting energy! And the greatest energy breakfast of all," they say, "is oatmeal."

Quaker Oats gives children more to go on and grow on because it's made of better oats to start with. Only the choicest, most flavory oats are used. Then the Quaker process keeps every bit of the vital parts of the oat, where Nature stores her 3 great protective foods. So perfectly are growth and energy elements, vitamins and minerals balanced in Quaker Oats that it has long been known as "the most nutritious of all hot cereals."

Fastest of all hot breakfasts

But perhaps you say, "There's not time to cook oatmeal at our house." Here's the answer. Quick Quaker Oats actually takes less time to cook than toast or coffee. You don't need to get up early in the morning to start this cereal. Just whisk Quick Quaker into boiling water and in 2½ minutes it's deliciously done, ready to eat.

Every day protect child health by serving these steamy, creamy bowls of hot tasty nourishment. Serve it to the grown-ups, too. Start the whole family off with that lasting glow of energy that only Quaker Oats breakfasts give.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, CHICAGO

2½ Minutes . . . Quick Quaker Oats

That's all you need for this delicious hot breakfast

First Quaker roasts and toasts the plump whole oats through 14 different ovens to give that toasty nut flavor.

Then *you* cook them for 2½ minutes and they're deliciously, wholesomely done.

Bring water to a rolling boil. Sprinkle in Quick Quaker. Pop on the cover. And by the time the coffee's ready, there's your hot tasty Quaker oatmeal . . . deliciously, wholesomely done.

Why ever serve less nourishing breakfasts?

For delicious "Johnny Cake," try Quaker Cornmeal. It's richer . . . more flavory, like all Quaker Products.

Quaker Oats . . . ***and . . . Quick Quaker Oats***

Bright April Beauty *need never.. never fade*

For the Saline Method brings new youth to the body, new beauty to the skin

MAKERS of lotions and creams—how essential you are! Your delicate blends, your pure and lovely products are vital to the loveliness of women.

But in spite of all the good your products do, there is a radiance—a clarity of complexion, that can only come from within. For all the good of creams and lotions is undone unless the woman who uses them keeps herself internally clean.

She who would guard her complexion, who would retain her youth, her sparkle and her charm, should turn to salines to assist her creams and lotions. She should know Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica insures that internal cleanliness which is the source of health and fine complexions.

How well the women of Europe know the virtues of the saline method! Each season's end sees the beauty of Paris, of Vienna, of England turning to the famous continental spas—there to drink in new youth, new loveliness, from the health-springs of Vichy, of Wiesbaden, of Aix.

For saline waters sweep away impurities from the blood. Headaches, rheumatism, colds—acidity, digestive troubles—yield to this new cleanliness within. Sallowness and blemishes disappear. Youthful sparkle and loveliness come back again.

Physicians, both here and abroad, have long recommended the saline way of cleansing the system. And Sal Hepatica is the *American* version of the saline method.

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. For one whole week, keep perfectly clean *internally*. Feel youth come singing into your veins—watch radiance reappear in your face. See how your skin clears.

Send for our free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the saline path to beauty and health.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢ and $1.20*

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-41
71 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

PIGS IN CLOVER

[*Continued from page 42*]

villas and Spain before we decided where to pitch our tents. We knew that "the Season" would not be under way for a good two weeks. We suspected that all the "palace hotels" would be beautifully empty and eager to welcome us—and we decided that we could afford to be outrageously fastidious.

AND we were! We streaked through Biarritz which might have been any agreeable, luxurious small city in the world, if it were not for the melodramatic beauty of her beach, and the golden showers of broom clinging to her cliffs. But there were too many diamonds in far too many plate-glass windows, and we turned our noses up and our thumbs down. Biarritz would have to wait a bit for the Hart family.

St. Jean-de-Luz, ten miles on toward Spain, was a city, too—but with a difference. There was a picturesque square with plane trees, and narrow streets crowded with strange, beautiful old houses, and a harbor full of fishing boats gay as tropical butterflies, and a superb pelota court, and a very chic modern casino—and almost everything in the world that we wanted, except the perfect peace of a great hotel with only the sea for a front lawn and the mountains for a back porch.

We promised St. Jean to come back and play with it often, and stole regretfully away. Just a mile or so this side of Spain, we found our hotel and our beach—a silver curve, gracious and friendly. The name of the place was Hendaye-Plage, and at the Eskualduna Hotel they produced for us an immense and exquisitely appointed bedroom, a great balcony that made the sea below it our very own, a bathroom so resplendently modern and elaborate that it frightened us a little, and as many glitteringly uniformed servitors as we could possibly cope with.

All of this magnificence was ours for the sum of five dollars a day; the food was perfect, and not too expensive, and peace and quiet rocked us to sleep every night. We discovered later that we could have obtained correspondingly luxurious quarters in either Biarritz or San Sebastian for about the same amount, and I imagine for even less in San Jean. If you want the gayety that goes with Chanel frocks and Nowitsky beach pajamas and "fif-o'cloq" cocktails and high laughter over the gaming-tables, you will be lonely on the Silver Coast in May or June—but if you want to explore the endless strangeness, beauty, and enchantment that lies all about you in the Basque country, come before the gay world descends upon it.

That first night we sat on our balcony, over coffee and cigarettes, watching the golden fireworks soaring up to the silver stars from the little village far below us on the Spanish frontier, and listening to the beat of a music new to us, a wild and lovely music in which the flute sang high above the drum, a music old as the hills from whence it came, and young as the light feet that had followed it down from them . . .

This book is meant to be an Odyssey, or I should drop the tale of our wanderings and stir no further from that balcony than our car took us in the gray and golden days that we spent in the Pyrénées that circled us to the right and left. I like the Basque people and their green hills and golden valleys better than any people or any country that I have ever found, with the possible exception of fleeting glimpses that I have had of our own far West. I like them so much that I am afraid to talk about them, because I don't believe that it's possible that they are as admirable as they seem to me. I found them grave and courteous and beautiful, with an exquisite sense of nonsense and a still more exquisite sense of decorum—capable of immense reserve and of utter and amazing abandon. They are, I am sure, as noble and fearless as they look, and as ruthless; they move lightly and leisurely, holding their dark heads high until, suddenly and incredibly, all that controlled energy is unleashed, and incarnate lightning flashes across the pelota court or leaps high in the torch light to the wild music of the airin-airin. They are, like most aristocrats, entirely friendly and unself-conscious; so sure of themselves that it does not enter their heads to be suspicious of you.

I liked every single mortal thing about them—their villages, and the lovely, sturdy old houses, with the carvings over the door that say simply and proudly,

"We, Pierre and Louise Urruty, built this house 1672."

"I, Pedro Grangabatia, built this that you see in the year of 1712."

I like their churches, which stand staunch and four-square, offering tranquilly one bare wall to form the backbone of the pelota court, and I like their interiors, with the dark, polished galleries, the austere white walls and the startling sumptuousness of the altars, glittering in jewels and candle-flame and brocades. I like their graveyards, walled and cypress-ringed, with the gray, intricately carved stones that look more Romanesque than the Romans, more Pagan than the Druids.

I like their farmhouses, white-washed and chestnut-timbered, with doors and shutters painted in colors vivid and strong and deep as the life that they shut in, blue intense as sapphires, a dark, rich green, a brave wine red. I like their balconies, with the carved, dark spindles, delicate and strong, over which trail garlands of flaming peppers and mottled gourds, and behind which geraniums burn in earthen pots. I like the furniture in those houses, deep-toned, austere and noble—the immense carved chests and cupboards, the brass-bound pitchers, the fireside settles with the panel that falls to make a table for cards or coffee, the hot glitter of copper and the cool gleam of pewter, the little cradles for the bread and the great cradles for wood.

I LIKE the nonchalant elegance of their costumes—the girded sash, the rope-soled espadrille, the leather-braided walking stick, the close, dark béret. See it above those clear, ironic faces, and you will forget the begoggled countenances that have turned it into an alien mockery from Palm Beach to Bar Harbor.

[*Continued on page 47*]

For Easter

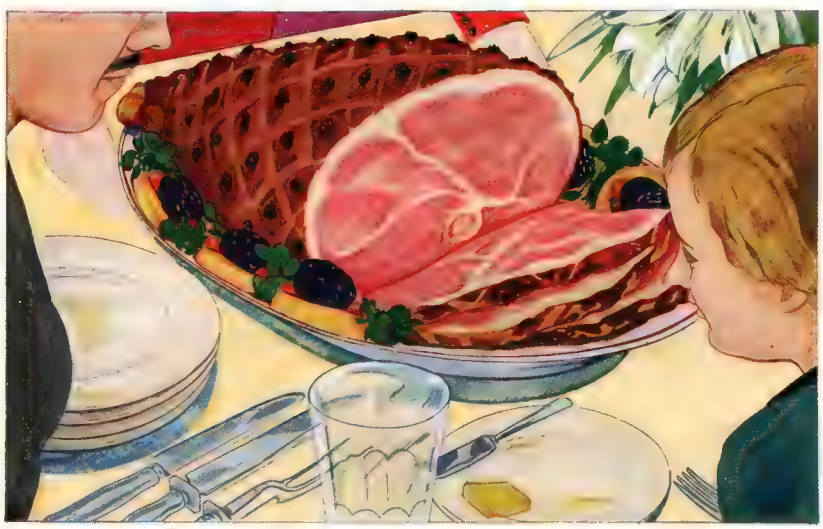
The *New* Armour's Fixed Flavor Star Ham . . . baked

A NEW FLAVOR enticement is added to the traditional Easter ham dinner. It's Fixed Flavor, the taste that won thousands—yes, millions—to Armour's Fixed-Flavor Star Ham.

Serve it baked as shown by the tested recipe at the right, which makes the most of the famous Fixed Flavor . . . the new, improved ham-flavor that you've probably heard so much about. (Nearly everyone has!)

People everywhere are saying they never tasted ham like the new Armour's Star before. And, in fact, they hadn't. Because no other had been prepared by Armour and Company's exclusive, new process. No other hams had been selected, cured, and smoked by such rigorous, scientific methods. No one had ever before succeeded in so perfectly controlling the flavor of ham—in giving it such uniform tenderness, texture and taste. And Star Ham leftovers retain the Fixed Flavor. They're as fine as the ham when it's first on the table!

Are you interested in making your "food-money" go further? There's great economy in purchasing a whole or half Fixed-Flavor Star Ham. Send for the famous recipe-book, "60 Ways to Serve Ham." It will give you many suggestions for preparing appetizing and economical dishes of the leftovers. Look for the bright new Fixed-Flavor wrapper when you ask your dealer for Armour's Fixed-Flavor Star Ham. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of the book.



See recipe at the right for this savory ham dish

SPICED BAKED FIXED FLAVOR STAR HAM

12-lb. Fixed-Flavor Star Ham
1 teaspoon mustard
½ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon paprika
½ cup vinegar
½ cup water (in which ham was cooked)
6 slices of canned pineapple
Whole cloves
6 prunes
6 maraschino cherries

Plunge ham into water, boil ten minutes, reduce heat, and simmer two hours. Remove rind. Sprinkle the fat surface with the mustard and paprika. Pour over the vinegar and water mixed and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) for 1½ hours. Baste frequently. Sprinkle fat surface with the brown sugar, dot with whole cloves. Continue baking without basting for 1 hour. Place slices of pineapple around ham and continue baking ½ hour. Garnish with pineapple rings, prunes and cherries. Serves 16 to 18.

The Fixed-Flavor label and U. S. Inspection are twin guarantees of Star Ham perfection.

ARMOUR'S STAR HAM

FIXED FLAVOR

TUNE IN THE ARMOUR HOUR EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT OVER ANY OF 36 STATIONS ASSOCIATED WITH THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY—9:30 P.M. EASTERN STANDARD TIME; 8:30 P.M. CENTRAL STANDARD TIME; 7:30 P.M. MOUNTAIN TIME AND 6:30 P.M. PACIFIC TIME. ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Dept. EE-*A, Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Please send me a free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

For light dainty pancakes just add milk to ready-mixed AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

easy as toast!

Have these tender, wholesome pancakes as often as you like! With Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, they're as easy to make as toast. • Just measure out a cupful of Aunt Jemima Flour and stir into it a cupful of milk (or water) . . . pour on a hot griddle and bake! • The whole family loves these super-light pancakes, made from the same old plantation recipe used by Aunt Jemima when her master was alive. Corn, rye, rice flours added to wheat. It's these four flours that give Aunt Jemima Pancakes the fluffiness . . . the healthful delicacy for which they're famous. • Stir up a stack of these fragrant cakes for breakfast tomorrow. See how easy it is! Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, in the red package. Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat comes in the yellow package. If they're not satisfactory, your grocer will refund the purchase price. The Quaker Oats Company.

How to make French pancakes with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—*Mix 2 cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour with 2¼ cups of milk, thoroughly. Add 2 beaten eggs and 2 tbsps. melted butter, and beat for one minute. Cover hot griddle with batter and bake until bubbles appear on surface of cake. Turn and bake to golden brown. Spread with jam and roll. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve at once. Makes 2 large pancakes serving 6 people*

PIGS IN CLOVER

[*Continued from page 44*]

I like better still the scarlet and gold and silver and vivid nosegays with which they calmly bedeck themselves when they ascend the improvised stages mounted on wine barrels in the village squares, and proceed quietly mad for hours and days on end in incredible Pastorales and Masquerades, while the villagers from miles around laugh and dance and sing and applaud, passing tirelessly from hand to hand the communal loving-cup of good red wine. I like their resourceful and inexhaustible musicians, perched proudly beneath their tent of flowers and green boughs, fiddling and drumming and playing mightily on that strangest of all strange instruments, the bisauflute, which looks something like a harp, and something like a drum, and something like a bass-viol, and sounds like nothing else on earth. You and I and the sun and moon in the sky will weary before they do; when we have all four fallen in our tracks, they will be thinking of old tunes and new steps to welcome in the dawn.

I like—oh, better than football or polo or baseball or tennis—their own great game of pelota, whether it is played with bare hand or leather or wicker gauntlet. I would rather be sitting on the burned grass of some village fronton, watching the flaming rhythm of that game, listening to the flying jests and laughter, to the chant of the umpire, who is also a ballad singer, to the rap and clang of the winged ball, and to the startling, hoarse war-cry of triumph that is the Basque *irrintzina*, than be throned in any stadium or casino to watch any champions in the world.

And I would rather be dancing the airin-airin by torchlight in a shaded square, to the fiddles and the drums and the deeper music of those low-pitched voices, than waltz with any prince in any ballroom in the world.

Yes, I like the Basques. I like them quite a good deal.

DAY after day, we discovered new ways of getting to those old towns in the hills behind the Eskualduna. Nearly all the roads are excellent; the hills are round and green and friendly, and clean, fat sheep wander contentedly between the yellow broom and furze; in the valleys the chestnuts and the oaks have spread their great branches for hundreds of years, and trout streams have run clear as jade and crystal under the high gray arches of the bridges. Oxen, with scarlet harnesses and yellow sheep-skins on their heads, watch us pass with eyes that are dark pools of wonder, and old men move aside with a courteous smile at the regretful sound of our horn.

So in the mornings we would take the car, put in a basket with a bottle of wine, and some interestingly stuffed rolls, and a handful of cherries or strawberries or green almonds, and start out to find Ainhoa or Ustarritz, Ixtassou or Souraide, Sare or Espelettes. Or further afield still, in quest of Maulleon and St. Etienne de Baigorry and St. Jean-Pied-du-Port. Or across the Spanish frontier to Tolosa, to Pamplona, to Elizondo. Since I can't share all our wanderings in the Basque country, I'll take just one day.

It started earlier than some of them, because though Cambo, where we were to lunch, is only twenty-five miles away, we were discounting at the outset our passion for side roads and the village that was always just around the corner. Briefly, we were going to draw a triangle; St. Jean-Pied-du-Port via Cambo, Biarritz for dinner, and St. Jean-de-Luz for the feast of St. Jean himself.

IN THE St. Catherine district, Basque farms that are too good to be true climb up the fragrant hillsides, and if you turn down the road to Echalar, you will see the great nets spread to catch the pigeons, southbound over the mountains to Spain, or higher still, you may go vulture shooting, if such is your pleasure. We did neither, but wandered leisurely across to the village of Ainhoa, to which Mr. Hart had lost his heart on one of our picnics. It is a ravishing village, all the houses have shutters of different, vivid, autumnal colors; there are seventeenth-century galleries and a fine altar screen in the church, and there is every reason to believe that this is the very spot in which the devil settled down to learn Basque, so that he might better tempt the proud and contemptuous Catholics of the surrounding country. At the end of the seven-year struggle, he had learned sufficient Basque to say "*Baï*" for "Yes," and "*Ez*" for "No," but we were relieved to hear he quite promptly forgot both on his way out across the bridge of the Holy Spirit in Bayonne.

Suddenly we realized that we had taken several hours to come twenty miles or so, and that Cambo, a few miles further still, was supposed to boast a most excellent Réserve by the riverside, where trout that would reduce all other trout to the flaccid insipidity of polly-wogs might be procured fresh from the river Nive.

Cambo, circled by the mountains, watered by the Nive, is as gentle and engaging a spot as any human being could seek out to rest weary bodies and wearier souls.

The Hotel de l'Basis de Bas Cambo needs a bit of looking for, but never was oasis more worth the seeking. It hangs directly over the silver ribbon of the Nive, so close that a brief time before, when the ribbon had whipped itself into a torrent, the supporting walls had been destroyed. Today it murmured by peacefully enough, and the lovely terrace was tropical under its burden of green, and our charming hostess was both prodigal and resourceful. *Hors d'oeuvre*, perhaps? A good little roast chicken? No? At the rebellious expressions of Monsieur and Madame, who had consumed enough good little roast chickens in the past month to construct an Eiffel Tower of their bones, she gracefully consigned every variety of poultry to Limbo. Something entirely different for Monsieur and Madame was distinctly indicated; something far from banal. Might she then suggest

Trout from the Nive belle Meunieres
Noodles baked in cheese
Sweet green peas with little onions
Fresh garden salad
French pancakes with burnt almonds and apricot marmalade
Assorted fruits and cheeses
Black coffee
One half bottle of Chablis Clos 1911
One half bottle of Evian water.

All of which, I can assure you, proved a truly lyric meal in a more than lyric setting. Afterwards we made a thorough tour of the delightful little hotel, admired of the ancestral furniture that should have been adorning

[*Continued on page 68*]

His supper club bill was . . $38

Her gown, spoiled by carelessness . . $79

At the blue-and-silver supper club where *he* was entertaining *her*, they chatted and danced with verve. At least they began that way—but what a horrid ending! And it cost *her* $79.

The club got closer and warmer as the evening wore on. *She* perspired under the arms, and presently her little jade satin gown grew damp. She knew that the dress was ruined—that the perspiration stains were sure to fade its color. And she was in terror of underarm odor—so fatal to charm. So *she* turned gloomy and silent.

There went the evening, utterly spoiled. *He* thought *her* very difficult indeed. *How* Odorono would save *her* both men and money!

THERE ARE 2 KINDS OF

ODO·RO·NO

ODORONO REGULAR (ruby colored)

—provides the most lasting protection of all preparations for use in preventing underarm odor and perspiration—3 to 7 days. It is for application at night, before retiring.

ODORONO COLORLESS

—instantly effective and quick-drying, is for those who like to use Odorono quickly. Apply it any time you like . . . after the bath, or as you begin to dress . . . day or night. Odorono Colorless gives you complete protection against perspiration from 1 to 3 days.

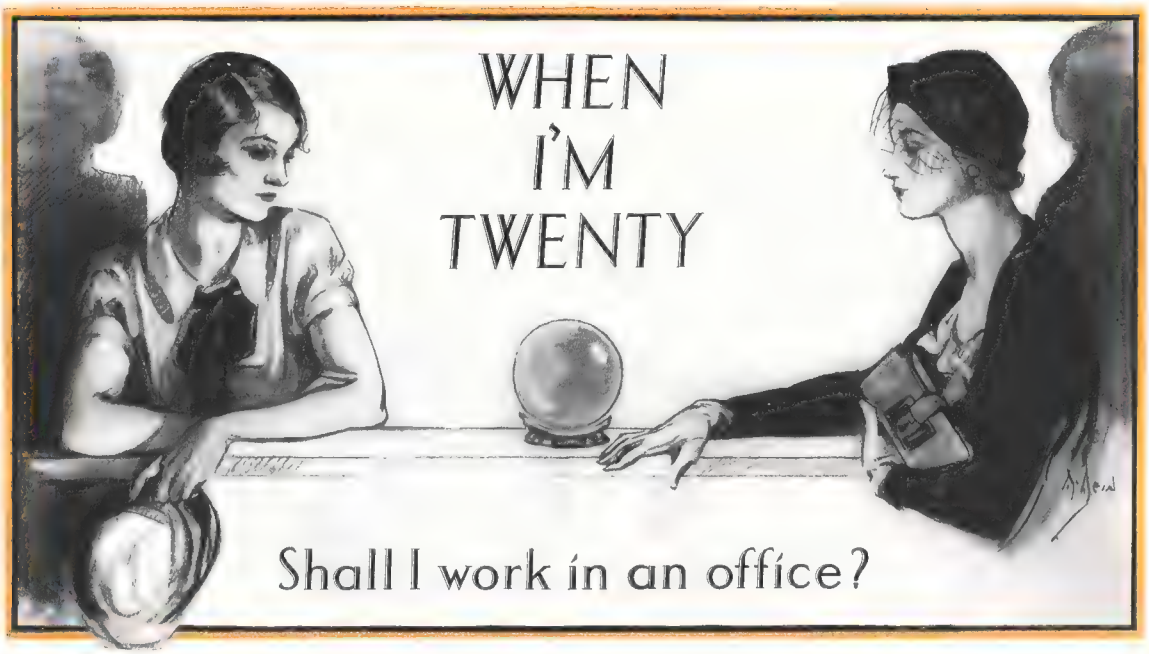
RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.
Dept. 4M1, 191 Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Odorono Colorless, and Odorono Cream Depilatory. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....



By Frances Buente

Decoration by NEYSA McMEIN

This article represents the fruit of the experience of seventeen women who have won success in their respective fields.

Here, on this page, is a composite photograph made from the photographs of these women. This composite business woman of the present is 40 years old, has been in business 18 years and is earning a salary of $6,658 a year, according to an average established from information furnished (anonymously, of course) by twelve out of the seventeen women interviewed. Some of the individual women are much younger than this, some are older. The incomes range from $2100 to $16,000 a year. The length of time in business, from five to twenty-five years.

Here also is an imaginary portrait of you—the woman of the future. Neysa McMein has done a bit of crystal-gazing to produce this vision of the way you will look after you have been in business fifteen years.

This business woman of the future, you will note, is even better looking and more youthful than the business woman of the present. She will be even more capable, even better disciplined—because of the infinitely greater advantages for education, training, and self-development available to her. And, we predict, she will be earning a salary of at least $9,000 a year. The Editors.

DESPITE the new machines and new methods that now take care of business correspondence and other office work, the typewriter still opens more doors to women than anything else. Every business—whether it is a lumber yard or beauty shop, bank or department store, law office or factory—has to have a stenographer or stenographers.

The average salary for a stenographer, equipped with the training that is to be had from any qualified business school, is $15 to $30 a week, according to the experience, ability and the general salary levels of the community; and from $30 to $50 a week for those of exceptional training and ability. A course in a secretarial school will put you in line for a job as a secretary.

A few secretaries to the officers or other high executives of important corporations hold positions of great responsibility implying a confidential knowledge of the business and considerable executive power. These carry with them salaries ranging from $3,000 a year—with a few notable exceptions ranging up to $10,000 a year.

Furthermore, a secretary's job often leads to other profitable fields. There are a number of high-type jobs toward which you might aim. The position of office manager or executive secretary is now held by a woman in many offices. It carries with it a gratifying amount of prestige and pays a salary that puts you definitely in the executive class.

The position of personnel director is another which suits women particularly well, as it requires that quick, intuitive understanding of people and that ability to handle personal quirks and crochets that are so eminently a woman's specialty. Miss Gladys Chase Gilmore, head of the Gilmore Training Service for Retail Stores sums it up in this way: "In stores," she says, "it includes three types of work—selecting, hiring, following up, and promoting employees; seeing that each employee receives the proper training for his job; welfare work and all employee activities. Salaries range from $1,300 to $10,000 a year, and, in stores there are now more women personnel directors than men."

Today's business woman—a composite photograph

Next to stenography and typewriting, bookkeeping offers the easiest and quickest way into the office field—for the simple reason that every business has to keep books and also because a knowledge of bookkeeping forms the basis for a wide variety of clerical jobs.

For the girl with a good head for figures, the work of the Certified Public Accountant, until recently done entirely by men, now holds out excellent opportunities. To qualify, you must have a high school education or its equivalent, and three years experience in public accounting. Miss Anna D. Stare of Newark, Ohio, is one of the very few women Certified Public Accountants conducting an office of her own. She was the first woman in Ohio to receive the degree of Certified Public Accountant, and she has recently been appointed on a Committee of Accountancy Education by the President of the Ohio Society of Certified Public Accountants. She has been successful herself, and believes that other women can also succeed as accountants—providing they have a natural bent for figures, the right training and a real interest in what she calls "the fascinating world of financial statements, profit and loss reports, and income tax returns."

If you can't take a business course, or if you have no head for figures, there are various other things you might do to create a more cordial reception for yourself when you apply for a job. You could learn to operate a switchboard, an adding machine, an addressograph, or a comptometer.

THE telephone companies offer admirable courses of training from which it is possible to pass on to work either in the telephone company itself or in one of the innumerable business organizations it serves. In many towns and cities there are agencies for the big companies which manufacture the various kinds of office machines such as the calculator, the addressograph, the multigraph, and the comptometer. Some of the companies take on young people as apprentices and pay them small salaries while giving them all the necessary training in the use of the machines. There are a great many women who owe their very pleasant and well-paid positions to some kind of office machine.

Miss Gay S. Walton, Advertising Manager and Stylist of Julius Kayser & Company started at the bottom, first as telephone operator, then private secretary, then assistant advertising manager of a department store, then editorial writer of a magazine. Now, for more than seven years she has directed Kayser's advertising in [*Turn to page 50*]

YOUTH, *glamour, the charm that attracts! How much they depend upon true cleanliness with a mild but effective soap. No wonder experts insist that there's nothing like Palmolive.*

World-Famous beauty experts

tell why they recommend Palmolive Soap

GOOD looks may be yours to begin with. You may have had to acquire beauty. In either case, you know that one can't just take natural loveliness for granted. Beauty must be cared for, regularly and thoroughly, if one wants to hold it through the years.

Olive and palm oil beauty cleansing is advised by more than 20,000 specialists as the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Thousands of the world's professional beauty culturists realize that fact. They have adopted a definite practice which helps clients to keep that schoolgirl complexion. More than 20,000 of them advise, together with their own products and their own salon treatments, the regular use of Palmolive Soap.

What Palmolive is

There are excellent reasons why beauty specialists recommend Palmolive Soap. Into its blending, into its making, have gone the efforts of great scientists, students of chemistry, students of beauty. It is a pure soap . . . a vegetable oil soap. Into Palmolive go the oils of olive and palm—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring matter. Here is an undeniably wholesome soap to use on your face!

Your particular problem

Six of the world's more prominent specialists are quoted on this page. Thousands of others have told us why they advise Palmolive. Their reasons will interest you, whatever your special problem.

Read the advice of Carsten, Seiler, Jacobson and their colleagues. Take it seriously, for this is a serious matter. The soap which touches your face can do *so* much to make or mar your loveliness. It should be pure. It should be made of vegetable oils. In other words, it should be Palmolive!

CARSTEN, of Berlin (the famous "Figaro")
"Is your skin uninviting? The fault is probably in the soap you use. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils . . . oils of olive and palm. Palmolive Soap is safe for the most sensitive complexion."

NIRAUS, of Madrid
"Don't use 'just any soap' . . . particularly if your skin happens to be rough. Use Palmolive. It is made of cosmetic oils of olive and palm. Substitutes may be harmful. Don't experiment with them."

SEILER, of Geneva
"Oily, unattractive complexions—the fault may be in the soap you use. Begin to use Palmolive Soap regularly, night and morning. You will notice the difference at once."

SCHAANNING of Copenhagen
"Pimples and other similar outbreaks on the surface of the skin too often are encouraged because care is not taken to use the right kind of soap. That is why I lay so much stress on the use of Palmolive."

PESSL, of Vienna and Budapest
"I warn my clients against the irritation produced by ordinary soaps. Palmolive is made of pure vegetable oils. That is why I recommend only this one soap."

JACOBSON, of London
"Some soaps may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive, on the other hand, leaves the skin delightfully smooth. It is refreshing, pure, safe. Your skin needs its gentle lather, for true cleanliness, twice daily."

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

6322 A

Retail Price 10c

Complexions take a change for the better

with the use of this

Balanced Cream

A MEDIUM good complexion won't do with the new Spring styles. For those pretty pastels and gay-colored prints, skin must be fresh as a morning in May.

"But beauty comes high," you protest. "I can't afford an expensive course of facials." And you don't need them. One minute a day, at home, does the trick, when you use this balanced cream. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream combines all the requisite beauty aids in one. So carefully balanced are its ingredients that it cleanses, nourishes, beautifies—takes the place of a whole array of special purpose creams.

Moreover, Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream performs each task with particular effectiveness. Let us demonstrate by following through with the several stages of a home facial. First, apply Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally to the face and work it in gently. Use tissues to remove all soil and skin excretions, then apply more cream for nourishing. Knead in plenty of cream around the mouth where those little laughing lines are apt to gather. And remember to thoroughly massage the throat against the appearance of untimely creases. This routine, performed daily, will soon improve the texture of your skin, stimulate circulation, give you a youthful, well-kept look.

It is only to be expected that a cream as pure and bland as Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream should be a staple of nearly every household. Ever since the days of the "mauve decade," more than forty years ago, when Daggett & Ramsdell had its first small shop in New York across from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the products of this famous house have been an American favorite.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is scientifically made of the finest and best ingredients obtainable, following a formula that has been found to agree with the greatest number of skins. You can buy no *better* product at any price.

And by the way, if your skin requires a powder base, apply a whisk of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream before your regular make-up. It leaves a fine, velvety surface on which the powder lies smoothly and evenly.

regular 10 cent size tube free

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me FREE *one of your regular-size tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.*

Name ..... (PRINT)

Street ..... (PRINT)

City ..... M-4 State .....

WHEN I'M TWENTY

[*Continued from page 48*]

over twenty foreign countries as well as that of the United States and Canada.

Ask your friends who are employed about various other clerical positions, such as filing, mail, information, orders, payroll, stockroom, records, application, complaint, and credit. This will help you to decide whether you can fit yourself into any one of them, and enable you to make your application with a definite position in view—which is always an advantage.

Miss Margaret Talbott Stevens began as a record clerk in the office of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Now she is associate editor of the Baltimore & Ohio Magazine—and she is enthusiastic about the possibilities of railroading as a career for women. In some offices there are research departments employing people to do research, investigating, and statistical work. Mabel Taylor Gragg of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration is one woman who is specializing in this line.

Many large business corporations have extensive technical libraries requiring the services of trained library workers. This is a large field with many interesting ramifications. Miss Helen Wright, assistant in the Fine Arts Department of the Library of Congress in Washington, calls it an important and growing field for women. "Library work," she says, "combines business, education, scholarship, and social service of the highest quality. Preparation for such a position is now possible through self-education, through apprenticeship training in a library or attendance at one of the many Library Schools or summer schools which are now conducted in most of the large universities in the country."

To get an idea of the variety of careers which office work opens up to ambitious young women, consider the women mentioned in this article. Here are women in banking, real estate, manufacturing, advertising, engineering, railroading and other public service, wholesaling, radio, mining—besides the fields already mentioned.

As a young girl just starting out, Miss Reva Clair Hoff went into her father's real estate and farm loan office, and made good so completely that he took her into partnership and changed the name of the firm to George S. Hoff & Daughter. She is Secretary and Treasurer of the Danville National Farm Loan Association now, and past President of the Danville Real Estate Board. Miss Hoff regards the real estate and farm loan business as especially suitable for women because it is so intimately bound up with the chief interest of most women—the home.

Most of the women who have built the biggest business successes, began wherever they happened to find themselves—many of them in small towns and cities. Many of them have stayed there. Some have been called to the great cities by their work—but none have had to go there to get a start. My advice is—start where you are. Don't feel that you must rush off to the largest city near you to get your job. You have actually a *better* chance to win in your own home town. In your city there are, no doubt, real estate and insurance agencies, law offices, banks, building and loan associations, architects' offices, dealers in fuel, lumber, grain, and groceries. There are factories and department stores, and the local agencies of the big companies selling carpets, refrigerators, office equipment, automobiles, cast iron pipe, radios, furniture.

There are the public service corporations—the gas, electric, water and telephone companies. There are the municipal offices always—and, in state capitals, the state and federal offices.

Don't be ashamed to start at the bottom. In every line, in every place — wherever you begin—you will have to serve an apprenticeship anyway.

There are, as we have seen, successful women everywhere who rose to their present positions by taking small jobs and working up. Numbers of other energetic and capable young women are following—and will follow—this same course. There is a growing tendency among employers, however, to demand definite preliminary training and also the cultural background and academic knowledge that come from high school and college education. The more education and specific training you can get, the easier it will be to get placed.

When you apply for a position, have some experience to offer—*any* experience, even if it is nothing more than keeping household accounts.

If you have no experience or specialized training, be prepared to state your other qualifications—such as education and special talents—in a modestly informative way, if possible in relation to some one particular job which—you have found out in advance—is to be had in that particular organization. It makes no hit with a business man to tell him blithely that you'll "do anything." If you can tell him that you know how to run a switchboard or an adding machine, he will be much more favorably impressed.

Remember you are asking him to make an investment in you. You are proposing that he shall pay you so-and-so much money per week in exchange for—what? He would like to feel that you had some rather definite ideas on this point. He is a busy man—and he cannot take the time to find out what you are good for. He expects you to know and to tell *him*.

As he sits talking or watching you talk, he is thinking of you—not as a bright, pretty, promising girl—but as a certain financial risk he is proposing to take on. It costs money to train a green girl. For the first few weeks a new employee rarely earns her salary. And she takes the time of other

[*Continued on page 134*]

A RAINY DAY STOCKING SHOWER

This is just one of the many shower and announcement parties in "Parties for the Bride" (20c). There's a chapter on games, too. The Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, O.

the last thing at night . . .
first thing in the morning

gargle with Listerine as a precaution against colds . . .

and as a treatment—

WHO can doubt the value of the regular morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with its amazing power to kill germs in 15 seconds? What a remarkable precautionary measure it is!

Most of the diseases of children and adults, including the common cold, start in the mouth. They are caused by germs breeding there by the millions.

Repeated tests, employing the methods used at great universities show that the Listerine gargle actually reduces germs on the surfaces of the mouth 98%; kills them in 15 seconds—fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.

Included are the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Streptococcus, Bacillus Influenzae and Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh)—the dangerous organisms associated with colds and inflamed throats.

In time of normal health, gargle Listerine night and morning. It keeps the mouth healthy and clean, the breath sweet and agreeable. But when your throat is sore, or you have a cold or feel one coming on, call your physician and repeat the gargle every two hours. Millions say it is an effective treatment.

By frequent gargling you give nature an extra attacking force she needs to keep swiftly growing disease germs under control.

Don't be afraid to use Listerine full strength. Only in this way will you get full germicidal effect. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*

the safe antiseptic . . . reduces mouth bacteria 98%

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN FIFTEEN SECONDS

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

Maxwell House Coffee is today's expression of the good living of the Old South

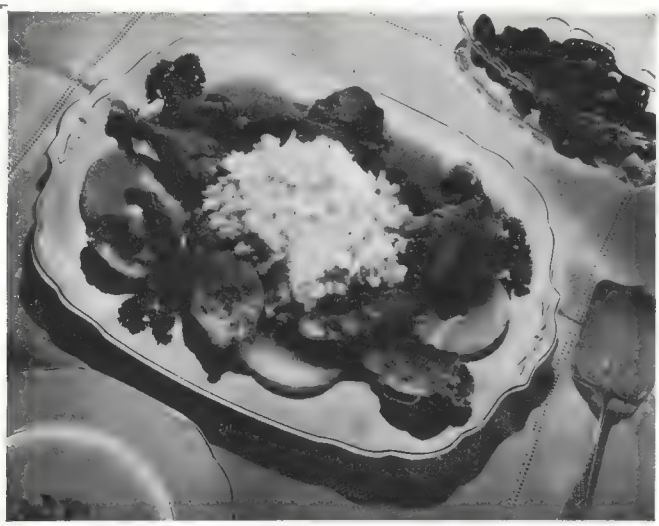
Never a morning dawned but was the brighter for a cup of good coffee! They knew that in the glamorous days of the Old South, as we know it today. They had the leisure and the taste then, to perfect a finer coffee blend than the world had known. It was a triumph of a young Tennessee gentleman, who had combed the earth in his quest. He named his coffee Maxwell House, after the courtly old hotel in Nashville which first served it publicly. So do we know his coffee today. Time and science and modern invention have been able to add nothing to the rich and mellow blend the young Tennessean contrived. But they have made it possible for you to get this coffee at its very best at your grocer's, with its inimitably smooth and satisfying goodness unimpaired.

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

HOSTESS RECIPES

from our readers' kitchens



Chicken Hawaiian celebrates the union of two old favorites—chicken and pineapple

Cream of Mushroom Soup

½ pound fresh mushrooms
1 slice onion
Sprig parsley
1 teaspoon salt
4 cups water
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
Few grains cayenne
Few grains paprika
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup cream

Peel and chop mushrooms, saving a few caps to use later. Cook chopped mushrooms, onion, parsley, and salt in water about 30 minutes. Strain, pressing through as much mushroom pulp as possible. Set aside this liquor. Melt butter in top of double boiler, add uncooked mushrooms, peeled and chopped, and cook about 3 minutes. Add flour, mix until smooth, then add milk gradually, stirring until thick and smooth. Add mushroom liquor, cayenne, paprika, and pepper; heat thoroughly and add cream just before serving. Serve at once.

—Mrs. H. C. P. *New York*

Pecan Cakes

2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
⅝ cup flour
⅓ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup chopped pecans

Mix unbeaten eggs with sugar. Blend thoroughly. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Add this, a little at a time, to sugar and egg mixture. When this is smooth, add the chopped pecans. Pour into very small greased muffin pans and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes. If desired, cover with Boiled Frosting.

—Miss R. B. *Florida*

Planked Ham and Eggs

Broil good-sized slice of ham for about 10 minutes, turning frequently. Place on a plank and put a fancy border of mashed potatoes around the edge, using a pastry tube. Put plank in oven until potatoes brown slightly. Fry eggs in muffin rings so that they will be uniformly round in shape. Peel and core apples and cut in quarters. Cook until tender, but not too soft, in a syrup made by boiling together 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water. Arrange eggs and apples on the plank with the ham and potatoes and serve very hot.

—Mrs. P. E. B. *Wisconsin*

Chicken Hawaiian

1 can sliced pineapple
4 tablespoons salad oil
3 slices onion
Flour
1 4-pound chicken
Salt
Pepper
Boiled rice

Open can of pineapple and reserve the juice. Sauté pineapple slices in hot oil until a light brown; remove and cook onion in same fat for 5 minutes. Clean chicken, cut in pieces as for fricassee, and wipe thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Place in pan with onion and cook until delicately browned. Lay the slices of pineapple on top of the chicken, then add the pineapple juice to which enough water has been added to make 2 cups. Cover tightly and cook very slowly for 1 hour. Serve chicken and pineapple on a platter around a mound of steamed or boiled rice. Garnish with parsley.

—Mrs. W. R. B. *Louisiana*

St. James Pudding

3 tablespoons butter, melted
½ cup molasses
½ cup diluted evaporated milk
1⅓ cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon clove
¾ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup raisins or dates

Combine melted butter, molasses, and milk. Add flour, soda, salt, and spices, sifted together. Add raisins or dates sprinkled with a little flour. Mix well and turn into a greased mold, or tin, with cover—such as a coffee can. Steam for 1 hour. Serve hot with sauce made as follows:

1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons hot water
1 unbeaten egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
Confectioners' sugar

Melt butter in hot water. Add egg and vanilla. Beat slightly and add sugar gradually, until of the right consistency to serve as "hard sauce."

—Mrs. D. N. T. *New Jersey*

Jellied Apple Sauce

2 cups strained apple sauce
¾ cup sugar
2 tablespoons red cinnamon candies
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon gelatine
2 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Heat apple sauce to boiling point. Add sugar, cinnamon candies, nutmeg, and gelatine which has been soaked for 5 minutes in cold water. Stir until gelatine and candies are dissolved. Cool, add lemon juice and turn into molds. Chill until firm. This is excellent to serve with roast pork, roast chicken, or duck.

—Mrs. S. M. T. *Michigan*

Cottage Cheese Patties

1 lb. cottage cheese
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Few grains cayenne
4 tablespoons cream
1 egg
1 cup fine bread crumbs

Mash cheese with a fork; add salt, pepper, cayenne, and cream. Mix to a smooth paste. Mold into round, flat cakes about the size of a tea biscuit. Let stand until slightly dry; dip in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs. Fry in deep or shallow fat until brown and crisp. These are delicious to serve with crackers for tea.

—Mrs. H. L. *Arkansas*

● Margaret King, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. King, Jr., Albany, N. Y.*

They thought they couldn't raise her...

but look at her now!

Think of the proud joy of being the mother of this lovely baby! Beautiful, clear-eyed Margaret King of Albany. Upon seeing her, your first thought is, "A perfect picture of health." Yet, Mrs. King writes us, she thought she could not raise her baby daughter!

"Food would not stay in her stomach two minutes. After trying everything, we decided to try Borden's Eagle Brand and now have a wonderfully healthy child. She is now 3½ years old, weighs 35 pounds and is 37 inches tall. A photographer asked me to let her pose and this is the picture. I hope people will see what Eagle Brand did for my little girl. I cannot say enough in its favor." *Signed*, Mrs. William B. King, Jr., North Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

A word to other mothers

If *your* baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Seventy years of practical tests such as this have proved that Eagle Brand is often effective even when all else has failed. Mail the coupon below for the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—a free booklet containing practical feeding directions and suggestions for supplementary foods. Also, "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book for recording baby's growth and accomplishments.

● *Every letter and picture published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful parent or other relative.*

The Borden Company, Dept. 1-J, Borden Bldg., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of the new *"Baby's Welfare"* and *"The Best Baby."*

My baby is_____months old.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Please print name and address plainly

PUT ON MUM ....

SLIP INTO YOUR DRESS

AND GO! .....

"WHY MAKE a problem of perspiration odor?" ask a million Mum users. "Take care of it the modern way . . not a minute wasted, not a bit of effort . . yet complete protection."

Protection is so easy these days—with Mum! No elaborate directions to follow. No time out, waiting.

Any time, during the day or evening, a fingertipful of this magic snowy cream to each underarm—and you're safe!

Safe from that odor of perspiration which brands a woman—or a man, for all that—as quite a little lacking in the niceties of life.

In these modern days women know that they cannot rely on soap and water and a dash of perfume to keep themselves free from unpleasant underarm odor.

A quick application of Mum—that's the modern way. Simple, speedy, and absolutely sure!

It protects you, it protects your clothing from that taint which fabrics so quickly absorb. And without harming the fabric!

There's nothing irritating to the skin in Mum. It has such a cool, soothing, refreshing feel. In fact, you can use Mum right after shaving!

And think of this—Mum rubbed on the hands after you have had to prepare onions or fish,or use gasoline or dry cleaner, will absolutely kill every lingering odor! It soothes and softens the hands, too.

Mum doesn't interfere with Nature's normal perspiration. It simply destroys objectionable odor.

Use Mum any time of day—before dressing or after! At toilet goods counters everywhere, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS
You will also be grateful for the relief Mum gives with another use. Mum on sanitary napkins is complete assurance of safety!

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY—"

By Mary Astor Bristed

FORMAL letters *are* difficult to write until one discovers a certain small device. You sit down quietly with pen and paper and begin to talk to yourself, silently, calmly!

"We *did* have a heavenly week-end," perhaps you begin. "How much better Jack looks for it. . . . . he's gone back to his office a new man. . . . . I shall never forget that drive over to the mountains. . . . . the garden"—oh, stop, you have more than you need for your letter which will run something like this:

My dear Mrs. Clark:

If it had not been for the week-end with you at Bright Acres I don't know how Jack and I could have endured these three days of terrific heat in the city. He says he has only to think of your swimming pool down in the pine woods to make the noise and discomfort completely disappear, and only this moment I have been sitting on your terrace again, looking across the garden to the last blue rows of larkspur against the stone wall.

Thank you both for the wonderful time you gave us, and for all the lovely pictures we have carried away in our minds.

Very sincerely yours,
Edith Gorham

But let us suppose that you are a girl who has just returned from a two-weeks' visit to a schoolmate. Her mother must have a letter from you, of course—haven't you spent all morning trying to write one? The floor around your desk is littered with attempts, discarded because they sounded childish and stilted. What you have really been thinking is this:

Dear Mrs. Jordan:

Happy as I am to be at home again with my family, I do miss all of you at Moosehead most dreadfully. I keep remembering that a week ago today Nancy and I were sitting on the end of your pier in our bathing suits while we watched the boys aqua-planing, and that just as we were about to start back to the house for luncheon *you* appeared with a picnic basket filled with the most marvelous food.

Mother asks me to tell you how grateful she is for the perfectly enormous appetite you have sent me home with. Dad calls everyone's attention to my thick coat of tan.

I can't begin to tell you what a happy visit I had at White Lodge, nor how good I think you were to me. Thank you a thousand times, and may I sign myself

Affectionately yours,
Ann

Perhaps the most difficult letter of all is the letter of condolence to someone whom you do not know well. It would be almost an impertinence to write a eulogy, or to tell of regrets you cannot feel. Yet you too have known a deep bereavement and you do most truly sympathize. Your thoughts, set down on paper, might be:

My dear Mrs. Williams:

Since yesterday you have been almost constantly in my thoughts. There is so little I can say except to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you, and to hope that as you take up again the threads of your busy and useful life you may find courage to go on.

Most sincerely yours,
Madge Smith Waring

There is no need for suggesting how letters of condolence to friends should be written: your heart tells you when the time comes. Each case is different, yet the purpose is always the same—to express love and sympathy and understanding to the living and, perhaps, tenderness and admiration for the dead. You must put yourself in the place of the person who is to receive the letter, and think only of what she (or he) will find comforting. The warm reality of your friendship will mean much to one who has just lost a beautiful relationship from her life.

[*Continued on page 134*]

"I use Kleenex and I know my complexion's *safe*"

Marian Nixon

Why cold cream should always be removed with Kleenex . . . a beauty talk with one of the loveliest actresses of the screen.

SUCCESSFUL beauty culture inevitably must start with super-cleanliness. Only when the skin is completely clean is it safe from skin troubles.

Yet many women fail in this—their first and greatest duty to their complexions—in the very cleansing process! They use cleansing cream to ensnare the finest particles of dirt—then attempt to remove both cleansing cream and dirt with a greasy, bacteria-laden "cold cream cloth" or a half-soiled, unabsorbent towel. And then wonder why blackheads threaten . . . why pores grow large and relaxed.

Kleenex—advised by famous beauties

This problem of thorough cleanliness has been solved by beautiful women of the stage and screen. They have discovered that nothing *cleans* like Kleenex. Kleenex . . . the delicate, powerfully absorbent tissues that attract dirt like a magnet. Tissues soft and snowy—and more sanitary than a freshly laundered towel.

One of the loveliest of famous Kleenex users is Marian Nixon, petite favorite of thousands of movie goers. Her fresh, clear skin might be envied by almost any woman.

Miss Nixon understands the importance of cleansing. "I shouldn't feel my face was clean unless I used Kleenex to remove the cleansing cream," she says.

"Occasionally I see girls actually invite skin trouble by ignoring the recognized methods of scientific care. This has always seemed absurd to me. When there's one *right* way, why take chances? I use Kleenex, and I know my complexion's safe."

MARIAN NIXON

"Why take chances with half-clean towels and cold cream cloths? These methods are inefficient and unsanitary, often leaving a residue of powder and fine dirt in the pores. Kleenex is so beautifully absorbent—so soft and pleasant to use."

Your complexion is worth this same conscientious care. Your complexion, too, is worth Kleenex.

Ask for Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store. It comes in exquisite tints as well as white, in three sizes—25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Prices are the same in Canada.

Use for Colds—in Place of Handkerchiefs

Kleenex users soon discovered what perfect handkerchiefs these gentle tissues make. Now, doctors are advising Kleenex to their patients! Many schools teach its use. Kleenex prevents self-infection, during a cold, from a germ-filled handkerchief.

May we send you Kleenex—free?

KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake Michigan Building, Chicago, Ill. Please send a free supply of Kleenex. McC 4

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada, address: 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

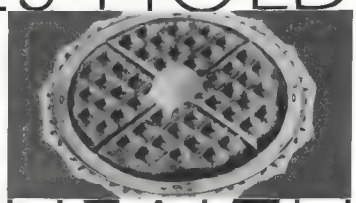
KLEENEX CLEANSING TISSUES

BOTH

—a delicious cereal or

DISHES HOLD

tempting, wholesome waffles



HEALTH

THE MODERN WIFE has a responsible position. As a home-maker she is the guardian of the health of the family.

The average American family diet contains too little roughage. Without this vital element, constipation clogs the body. Its poisons bring headaches, dizziness, loss of appetite and energy. Complexions fade. Pimples appear. Husbands become irritable. Wives lose their charm.

Constipation can be overcome so easily, so pleasantly by eating a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two tablespoonfuls daily are guaranteed to supply the "bulk" needed to give natural relief. How much better than taking pills and drugs!

The same package serves two purposes: Pour out a tempting dish of ready-to-eat cereal. Or add to your cooking recipes. ALL-BRAN helps you make lighter, smoother-textured muffins, breads, etc.

Keep one of these double-duty packages handy in the kitchen. Be sure you get the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. It is Nature's prescription for health. Send for recipes. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

• • •

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E. S. T. Also KFI Los Angeles, KOMO Seattle at 10.00, and KOA Denver at 10.30.

JEALOUSY

[*Continued from page 15*]

"Yes, why not?" There was a complete absence of cordiality in Leila's voice. "I hope you will," she added, addressing Jane directly, with a bland emptiness in her manner.

"Of course she will." Charlie Bethune proceeded to settle the matter. "We'll meet here in the lounge, then, at half-past nine, shall we?"

Jane declined to commit herself to any definite promise.

"May I leave it open?" she said pleasantly. "I'm going for a long ride, and I may be too tired for a late evening afterward. So if I'm not here at half-past nine, don't wait for me. You'll know that means I've gone to bed."

"Probably the wisest thing you could do," returned Mrs. Bethune, with a distinct accession of graciousness. "A long ride always leaves one lazy and inclined for bed, doesn't it?"

A glimmer of amusement flickered in Jane's eyes; the other woman's relief was so obvious. Colonel Bethune, catching that flash of mirth attributed it to a totally different reason.

"The little baggage has some other scheme up her sleeve," he thought. "I wonder whether she *is* a minx?"

MEANWHILE, Jane unconscious of the impression she had conveyed, went off to put on her riding kit, and soon she was making her way toward the forest. The straight white road that bordered its base seemed broilingly hot in the midday sunshine, and she was thankful when at last she could turn off into the shadowy coolness of the trees and let her mount out into a gallop along one of the straight, grassy paths.

Her mind went back to the conversation she had had with Bren that morning. In a way she regretted having impulsively given voice to her fears—fears of which she had hardly been definitely conscious until Bren had spoken of her marriage. It had been unfair to Kenneth—might almost have suggested that she didn't really care for him. Whereas she did. And if the day should ever come when she found her love wavering—as it unquestionably did with some married people—at least she hoped she would have the decency to keep the fact to herself. One could always play the game, be straight and loyal. There was no need to . . . .

Her thoughts changed abruptly. The green dusk between the trees was suddenly shot with a flicker of light. Then a low, threatening growl of thunder followed, and Susette threw up her head, trembling and snorting. Immersed in her thoughts, Jane had failed to notice the deepening twilight. She looked up now, and between the branches overhead she could discern that the sky was no longer blue, but darkening with gathering clouds.

Hastily glancing around, Jane recognized that this was a part of the forest she and Bren had traversed once before, and with a quick sense of relief recalled the fact that not far away there lay a stretch of land which had been swept bare by fire during the previous summer. She lost no time in heading Susette in that direction.

It was a difficult task to guide the nervous, flinching animal, but at length she emerged from the thick growth of trees and drew rein a moment while she reconnoitered the ground. A broad belt of scorched and barren land stretched in front of her. Here and there the blackened skeleton of a tree still stood, its limbs grotesquely twisted against the skyline.

The direction taken by the fire was easily distinguishable. For a mile or two it had run straight. Then, veering with the wind, it had swung round almost at right angles, cutting a path deep into the trees that climbed a distant hill. Onward from that point Jane could no longer trace its course. Probably the valley beyond lay as seared and ravaged as the stretch of ground in front of her.

The coppery gloom of the sky added the final touch to the utter desolation of the scene, and it was with an inward sense of recoil that Jane urged the mare forward on to the waste expanse over which the fire had once swept. Susette seemed afflicted with an even more definite distaste for it than her mistress, and attempted more than once to swerve back again to the mossy carpet of the forest.

The second time Jane brought her riding-crop smartly down on the mare's hindquarters. At the same moment a flash of forked lightning split the sky, followed by a reverberating crash of thunder. The three things combined were altogether too much for Susette's self-possession. She gave a leap into the air, almost unseating her rider, then bolted headlong, tearing over the burned and blackened ground like a mad thing.

Jane was conscious of a second's fleeting thought that she had emerged from the forest in just the nick of time. Then she settled down into the saddle, her will bent on sticking there and recovering control of the terrified animal.

But the mare had got beyond the stage when hand or voice meant anything to her. And to add to her panic, the clouds broke in a sharp spatter of rain—storm rain that beat blindingly down on horse and rider.

Jane's eyes were soon aching under the lash of it as it drove against her face, and she felt her hands growing numb and powerless as they strained at the bridle.

SUDDENLY she became conscious of a dark mass looming up a short distance in front of her. For a single bewildered instant she could not conceive what it might be. Then realization came. She was heading straight for the tall forest growth which had escaped the flames when the fire had veered to the right. Unless she could turn the maddened creature she rode, death waited for her only a few minutes away.

For an instant she felt stupefied and helpless. Then her faculties gathered themselves once more in one last desperate effort at self-preservation. Slackening her hold on the reins, she let Susette tear on unchecked until they had almost reached the spot where the treeless track turned in a broad right angle up the hill. Then, judging the exact moment, she gripped the off rein, jerking and straining at the mare's mouth, and at the same time hit her hard with the riding-crop on

[*Continued on page 59*]

MAKE CAKE LIKE THIS? OF COURSE YOU CAN!

but not with ordinary flour—

MONARCH WHITE CAKE! . . . makes you want to run for your mixing-bowl, doesn't it? Well—go right ahead! Follow the recipe exactly—using Swans Down Cake Flour—and you'll have as grand a white cake as you've ever seen or tasted! A light, fluffy, fine-textured cake. A delicious masterpiece!

But don't forget—we said Swans Down Cake Flour. If you think that's unimportant—if you use ordinary flour, instead—you'll get a very different cake. It won't be so light and fine, and it won't be as delicious, as this Swans Down Monarch White Cake. In fact, in order to make anywhere near as fine a cake with ordinary flour, you'd have to use more eggs—more shortening!

How can Swans Down make better cakes—at less cost? Read this . . .

Swans Down is made especially for cakes and pastry, from soft winter wheat. This wheat contains a very delicate, tender gluten which responds perfectly to the quick rising action of baking powder, egg whites, and other cake leavens. And this soft winter wheat is specially selected for Swans Down. Only the choicest part of the wheat kernel is used. Besides that . . .

Swans Down is sifted and re-sifted through fine silken sieves—until it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!

Small wonder, is it, that Swans Down makes a world of difference in white cakes—chocolate cakes—Angel Foods—sponge cakes! Small wonder that experts call Swans Down the key to true economy . . . the perfect way to success in *all* cake-making!

SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods Corporation

NOW—for only 20¢—two wonderful bargains! "New Cake Secrets" and a convenient pastry brush

Here's a famous book all ready for you—in a brand-new edition! "New Cake Secrets" will tell you everything you want to know about cake-making. There are dozens of new cake recipes, and recipes, too, for wonderful frostings—pastries—cookies—quick breads. You need "New Cake Secrets" for *all* your fine baking!

With the booklet we will send a useful and sanitary pastry brush. It greases pans evenly, without the usual waste of material—and because of its movable cap, *it can be washed*. Mail the coupon to-day, for these two Swans Down bargains!

Monarch White Cake (4 egg whites)

2⅔ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 egg whites, unbeaten
⅔ cup cold water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Add egg whites, one at a time, and beat until thoroughly blended. Add flour, alternately with water, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Turn into two deep, greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 10 minutes; then increase heat slightly (375° F.) and bake 20 minutes longer, or until done. Put layers together and cover top and sides of cake with White Mountain Cream, or with boiled frosting. (Recipe for White Mountain Cream is in "New Cake Secrets.") *All measurements are level.*

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GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. McC. 4-31

Enclosed is 20c (stamps or coin) for a copy of "New Cake Secrets," and a convenient pastry brush.

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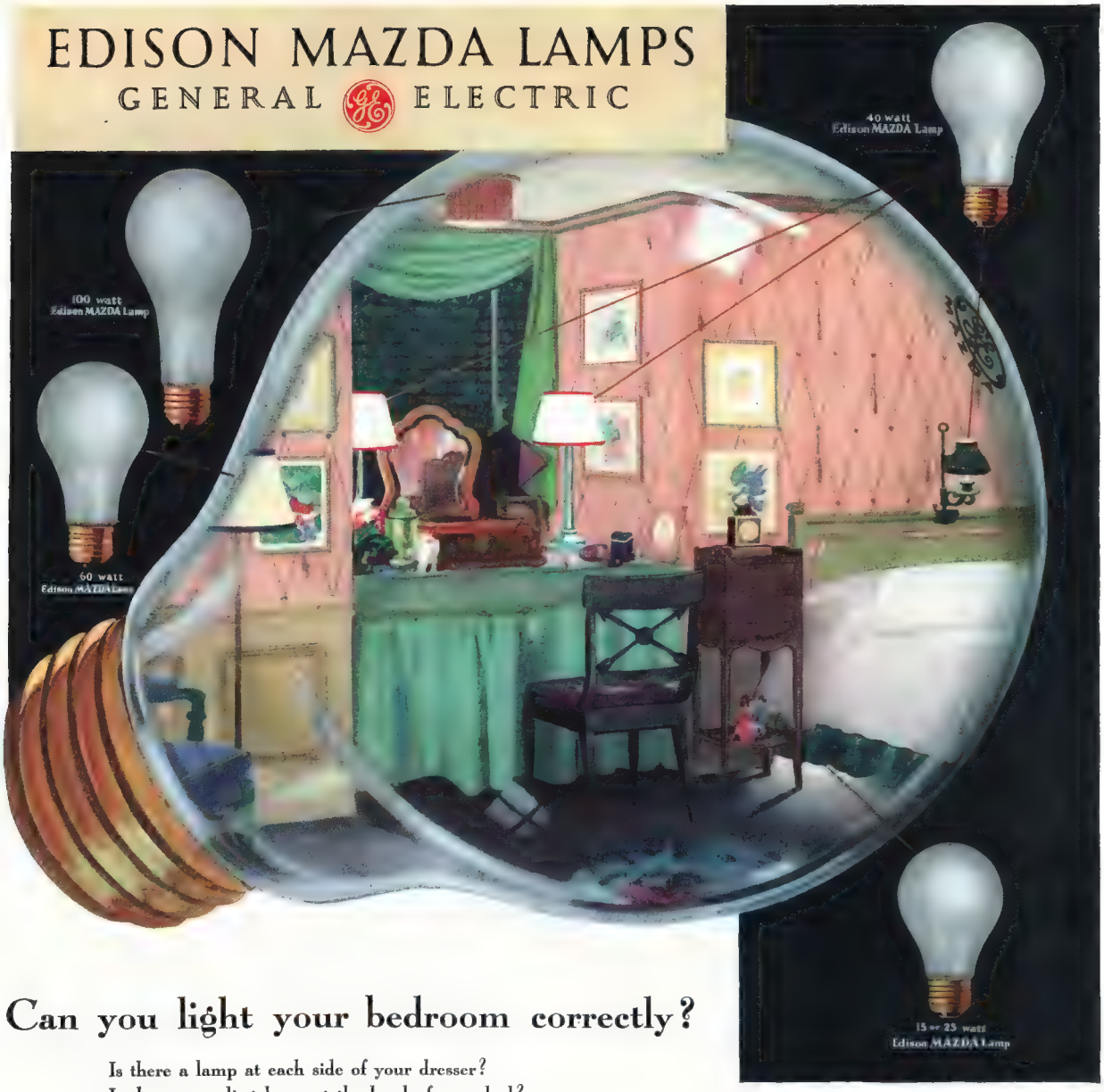

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Is there a lamp at each side of your dresser?
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Is there a lamp in the closet, and one under the bed?
Are there portable and overhead lamps in your bedroom?

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With a lamp attached to the head of your bed, you can read comfortably after retiring . . . For convenience and the protection of your clothes, there should be a lamp in the closet; and a portable lamp for use when you are sewing or mending will add much to your comfort . . . There should be an overhead lamp for general illumination.

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JEALOUSY

[*Continued from page 56*]

the near side of her head. Instinctively the mare swerved from the blow—swerved round the corner and fled on.

Almost reeling in the saddle, Jane realized with a gasp of thankfulness that the worst danger was past. For at least a mile ahead the ground sloped uphill, rough and uneven, but unobstructed. An uphill mile, added to the pace at which she had been traveling, would surely exhaust even Susette's staying powers.

It would certainly exhaust her own, Jane reflected grimly. But the long ascent was definitely telling on the runaway. Gradually her pace diminished, the thud of her hoofs grew less and less frenzied, and at last, with a final effort, Jane was able to bring her to a standstill.

SHE just managed to slide to the ground, found herself unable to stand, and collapsed in a crumpled heap, still clinging to the reins, while the mare stood beside her, her sides heaving convulsively.

It was a minute or two before Jane made any attempt to move. But at length, still feeling shaken and unstrung, she struggled stiffly to her feet. The rain had ceased as suddenly as it began, and it was evident the storm was passing over. A faint rumble of distant thunder was all that came to her ears. The mare started and shivered, jerking her head against the bridle. But a word and a quick shortening of the reins sufficed to steady her.

"No more run left in you, old girl, is there?" said Jane. "You'll go home quietly enough, I think."

She glanced back over the way they had come and shook her head. She and her mount were both tired out, and she decided that if she turned straight into the forest on her left and bore south, she would cut off a considerable distance on the return journey.

Accordingly she led Susette forward a few steps toward the stump of a tree whence she could mount, only to find that the mare limped badly. In that mad gallop over rough ground she had lamed herself. There was nothing to do but to walk—all the more reason now for taking the shortest way home. Slipping her arm through the reins, Jane plunged into the forest, Susette hobbling beside her.

The trees grew so densely in this part of the forest that Jane frequently found herself driven out of her direct course and compelled to take some more roundabout route. Finally, after about half an hour's turning and twisting, she was obliged to face the fact that she had completely lost her way in the woods.

And then, all at once, she caught the flicker of a light between the tree-trunks—a light that rose and fell, but yet remained stationary in position. She turned in its direction with renewed hope.

The trees thinned rapidly as she advanced, and a few minutes later she stepped out from among them into a wide, grassy glade. There was no cottage in sight as she had anticipated, but, instead, what seemed to be part of a railway-coach which had evidently been adapted as a dwelling-place. Gayly-colored casement curtains hung at the windows, and the vent-pipe of a stove projected out from under the roof. A little to one side of the coach a rough wooden shed had been erected, and from this came the restless stamping of a horse's hoofs, while a few yards in front of it became apparent the source of the light that had attracted Jane's attention—a crackling fire of sticks under a black pot that hung from an iron tripod.

She halted, staring at the unexpected scene, and before she had made up her mind what to do next, the door of the shed swung open and a man came out, carrying a bucket. At the sight of the girl standing there with her horse beside her, he paused abruptly and for a moment surveyed her without speaking. He was hatless and coatless, and the shirt and riding-breeches he was wearing revealed the long lines of his body. His hair was black, and his blue eyes, with their half-humorous, half-defiant expression, suggested that their owner might be the type of man who would dare anything and let the consequences go hang.

"I *thought* I heard someone!" he said. "And I hoped it might be a visitor for me."

For an instant Jane was taken aback. Then, because there was something irresistibly infectious about his smile, she let the tired muscles of her face relax into an answering smile.

"But I'm not a visitor," she explained. "At least, I didn't mean to be. I—I've lost my way."

HER voice failed. She took a step toward him, and then, overcome by a sudden deadly faintness, swayed helplessly and fell forward on to her knees.

In a couple of strides he was beside her.

"Great Scott! She's dead-beat!" he ejaculated.

Very vaguely the sound of his voice murmured against her ears. It appeared to come from a great distance. Then a soft darkness folded round her, immensely soothing and restful. She felt herself sinking quietly down into it. The last thing of which she was conscious was of a pair of concerned blue eyes gazing down at her through the gathering darkness.

The same blue eyes that had furnished Jane's last definite impression before blank insensibility descended upon her provided her with her first recognition of things material when she recovered consciouness.

As her mind began to clear, she struggled into a sitting position and shook her head.

"Did I—did I faint?"

The man who was bending over her nodded smilingly.

"Something of the sort. You were pretty well all in, I think."

Still feeling bewildered and confused, Jane glanced round her with a puzzled inquiry in her eyes. She was sitting on a very narrow bed, in the smallest bedroom she had ever seen.

"Where am I?" she asked at last.

"You're in a sleeping-berth compartment. *Wagon-lit*, you know. An early period example."

As the man spoke, memory came flooding back on Jane.

"Where's Susette?" she demanded, with instant anxiety.

"Susette?" Her companion looked startled. "Good Heavens! Is there

[*Continued on page 60*]

In learning to feed our CHILDREN

WE LEARN TO FEED OURSELVES

WHAT next from these children of ours? Nowadays, we learn "out of the mouths of babes" just what to eat and how to eat it.

Take the case of bananas. It's only a few years since their health value was discovered. But school authorities were quick to encourage children to eat them—and what child didn't want to! Leading physicians, too, began telling us to consider bananas a valuable source of nourishment in the feeding of young children.

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Thanks to all this, we know that bananas rate a place of first importance in our own diet! We've taken a page from the children's notebooks. We've encouraged our families to eat bananas. And now that there are so many ways of preparing them, we rely on bananas just as we rely on any other true and tried staple.

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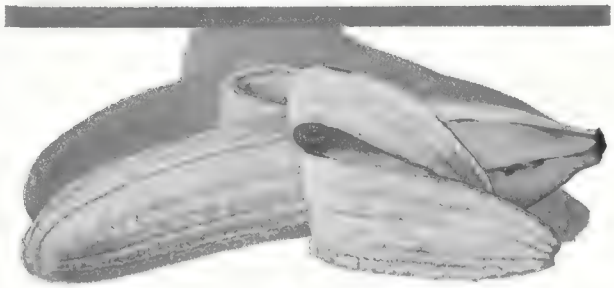

AGE STEALS INTO A LOVELY FACE BY THREE UNGUARDED PATHS

EXACTLY what has happened when a woman begins to "look old"? With no change in her features, apparently without any tangible change, she may look youthful one year . . . and middle-aged the next.

Dorothy Gray discovered that this tragic transformation can arise from any one of three causes—from three significant conditions too often overlooked. These are:

A faint drooping of the underchin—a crêpiness of the throat texture—a deepening of the little lines around the eyes and mouth.

Guard your youthful appearance by following the treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved, simple scientific treatments especially planned to ward off the three tell-tale signs of age.

You can easily give yourself these successful treatments at home, using the same preparations which have been tried and tested in the Dorothy Gray salons. You will find these Dorothy Gray preparations at leading shops everywhere. Write or ask for the Dorothy Gray booklet on home care of the skin.

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DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Paris Chicago Los Angeles San Francisco Washington Atlantic City

JEALOUSY

[*Continued from page 59*]

another girl somewhere about? Where did you leave her?"

His dismay brought a faint smile to Jane's face.

"No, no," she reassured him hastily. "Susette was the mare I was riding."

"Oh!" His tone expressed relief. "She's all right. I've shoved her in alongside my own nag. The shed's partitioned—stabling for two," he added. "If you're feeling well enough to be left, I'll just go and attend to her leg. You know she's lamed herself?"

Jane nodded. Her faintness had worn off and she felt herself again.

"Yes, I know. I remember everything now. And I'm quite well enough to go with you and help."

"I shan't want any help," the man answered briefly. "Besides, you're hardly fit to give it at present . . . . What had happened before you got here?" he asked curiously, after a pause.

"Susette bolted—the thunder frightened her," said Jane. "And then I lost my way. I was trying to get back to Aurayon. I suppose you can direct me there now?"

"You can't go back there tonight," he said.

"Oh, but I must!" she exclaimed.

"I'm afraid it's out of the question," he replied, speaking with the gentleness one might use toward an impetuous child. "It's getting dark, and you've a lame horse."

"The mare could carry me all right, if I led her till I reached level ground," began Jane eagerly.

"No, that's quite impossible." There was a definite decision in his voice, that began to bring conviction.

"Do you mean I really can't get back tonight?"

"I do mean that. I mean it so strongly that I shouldn't allow you to attempt it. There's every likelihood of that storm coming round again," he added, glancing up at the sky.

The thought passed through her mind that he might have offered to see her safely home. Evidently no such chivalrous idea had presented itself to him.

"My own horse is dead-beat," he observed mildly. "He's done about forty miles today, and I rode him hard, too."

"Oh!" Jane flushed scarlet. She felt as though he had divined her thoughts.

"So you see," he continued placidly, exactly as though he had not heard her, "you'll have to give up all idea of returning to Aurayon tonight."

A SUDDEN spasm of exasperation shot through her, accompanied by a secret sense of trepidation.

"But what am I to *do?*" she exclaimed impatiently. "I can't stay here!"

The man's glance came back to her face. There was a veiled flicker of amusement in his quiet regard.

"Why not?" he inquired tranquilly.

"Why not? You must know perfectly well why not."

"You mean that it wouldn't be quite proper? Well, when your horse has bolted and lamed itself, and you've fetched up in a forest late in the evening, you can't consider the proprieties too minutely."

"Oh, yes, I can," she retorted quickly. "I can *walk* home. And I'm going to start at once."

Facing her, an open doorway led into the additional compartments of the railway-carriage that had been thrown into one to make a sitting room. With a swift movement she slipped through it and, almost running in her haste to be gone, reached the further end of the coach, where another door gave onto the forest clearing.

In a moment she was outside and hurrying past the fire over which the black pot still hung. And in another moment two strong hands had descended on her shoulders and she found herself face to face once more with her recent host.

"Don't be a fool!" he said, with more force than politeness. "Look here, my name's Dallas Petrie. I'm a perfectly respectable person, and the whole of my establishment"—he waved one hand toward the railway-coach—"is at your service. You'll be as safe here as you would be in your own hotel—though perhaps not quite so comfortable. Now will you stay?"

In the half-light of the clearing his eyes were imperiously insistent and demanding. A breathless desire rushed over her to defy him—this man who still held her in his grip and who was so obstinately bent upon having his own way.

"And if I won't stay?"

"If you won't," he replied quietly, "I shall feel exactly as I should if a man had struck me across the face when I wasn't in a position to retaliate."

HE RELEASED her and stepped back, deliberately leaving her complete freedom of action. She wavered.

"But you? Where would you go?" she asked uncertainly. "I—I can't drive you out of your own place."

"That needn't worry you. There's a room at the back of the shed where I can turn in for the night."

"You'd be horribly uncomfortable," she suggested.

"Not half as uncomfortable as on many a night during the war. A rug and a bundle of hay make a good enough bed."

At that moment the black pot hanging above the fire created a diversion by suddenly bubbling up furiously, and the man left Jane standing where she was and strode across to give its contents a stir with a long-handled spoon.

"Smells good, doesn't it?" observed Petrie, glancing at her with an audacious smile. "Aren't you hungry?"

She suddenly realized that she was. "I'm simply famished!" she confessed.

Petrie gave a whoop of triumph. "Then you'll stay?" he demanded.

The look in his gay, imperious blue eyes brought a faint color into her cheeks.

"I don't seem to have much choice," she returned.

"Not much," he agreed joyfully. Then he went on with a sudden gravity: "But you shall never regret it. No woman has ever yet regretted trusting me. And some of them have trusted me pretty far—farther than you'll have any need to do."

As he spoke, it seemed to Jane that the look in his eyes altered. The daredevil gayety went out of them, leaving something bitter in their depths.

She held out her hand to him impulsively.

"I'm not afraid to trust you," she said.

He took her hand and held it in his for a moment.

"Thank you," he answered simply.

[*Continued on page 62*]

Clean inside-well outside!

THEY LOOK IT

and so can you!

★

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THEIR Golden Wedding is coming fast, and here they are, having the time of their young lives, these two, as romance and love and adventure flash by them on the silver screen.

Health! Being glad to be alive, every day! Taking the years in their stride, with a smile!

This business of being *well*, which is the thing that makes life worth living, is not as difficult as most people make it. According to the doctors, the rules for most of us are few and simple: eat, exercise, and sleep right; keep yourself internally clean.

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of human disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it. And it costs so little!

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well—and therefore happy—all the time? Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One: Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

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Guthy Böske, well-known beauty editor in cosmopolitan Budapest, writes, "Every woman of fascination recognizes in this gleaming new nail makeup a way to make her hands more fascinating, surer of their effect.

"Cutex Liquid Polish never fails you," she says. "It is the result of 16 years of specializing in manicure preparations only. Its brilliant lustre is unmatched and lasts for days. It never makes your fingers unsightly by cracking or peeling or discoloring. It goes on so simply, so smoothly, and dries in a moment!"

This polish contains no unnecessary perfume to make it more expensive, to conflict with your own favorite scent or to dim its exquisite lustre . . . and there is a range of six smart shades.

Just as fastidious women all over the world do—in glamorous Budapest and Vienna, in smart Paris, London and New York, romantic Rome and Madrid and beautiful Buenos Aires—you too can keep your nails flawless, appealing.

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Cutex Liquid Polish ONLY 35¢

Tips the fingers with romance

JEALOUSY

[*Continued from page 60*]

When he released it, she drew it away nervously. The atmosphere seemed to have become all at once charged with an indefinable significance. Petrie turned abruptly from her.

"Just keep your eye on that, will you?" he said, jerking his head toward the simmering pot. "I'll take a look at your mare's leg."

He was gone before she could reply, striding away in the direction of the shed. When he returned, he said that Susette's injury was not serious.

"She'll be quite sound again in a day or so," he said. "Now I'll get our supper."

"Do you live here throughout the year?" Jane asked, when they were seated at the table.

"No. This is my summer retreat. I thought it would be more amusing than camping out. Much drier, anyway."

"You must be very fond of your own company to bury yourself here for the whole summer," she observed.

"I am. But there are occasions when I much prefer—other company."

A gay, impudent smile danced in his eyes, but Jane refused to notice it.

BEFORE they had finished their coffee, Petrie's prediction that the storm might return was fulfilled.

"Rather a good thing you decided not to walk home, isn't it?" he said, as they listened to the crashing thunder.

"Yes, it is," she acknowledged.

"I hope your people won't be worried about you?" he said after a pause.

"Oh, no," Jane assured him cheerfully. "I've no people at the hotel to be worried, fortunately."

"Do you mean you're staying there quite alone?"

"I'm there with my brother. We've been at Aurayon for some weeks. But he's gone over to Bordemer for the night and won't be back at the Bellevue until tomorrow afternoon."

"Still," he persisted, "the hotel people may raise a hue and cry. They'll know you've gone out riding and will probably imagine you've had an accident and send out a search party."

"No," she answered. "Even that won't happen. Bren—my brother—and I are rather fond of exploring, and now and then we suddenly decide to ride over to some place we haven't seen and stay the night there. We have an understanding with the stables that if we're not back by eight o'clock they needn't expect us till the next day. So nobody will be the least bit disturbed by my non-appearance."

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Because there are always gossips who are inclined to make mountains out of molehills. And"—looking at her very directly—"I should hate anybody to be able to make mischief about your being here."

She met his glance quite simply and frankly.

"I don't see how they could—do you, under the circumstances?"

"Do you suppose mischief-makers ever bother about the actual circumstances?" he said, his voice suddenly hard. "Appearances alone are what they go by. And if appearances are against you, that's all that counts."

The bitterness of his tone was such that Jane felt instinctively that it bore no relation to the immediate moment. It was the outcome of some past happening that concerned the man himself.

"Have you—have you found that?" she said rather shyly. "I'm so sorry."

He seemed to regret his outburst, for a moment later he said coolly, "Are you? You've no need to be. I was merely—generalizing."

SHE was perfectly sure that he had *not* been "merely generalizing," but she realized that he had no intention of taking her into his confidence, and she felt snubbed and uncomfortable. The pleasant sense of comradeship that had prevailed during supper had vanished all at once.

As if he divined her discomfiture, he said repentantly: "I'm afraid that I sounded rather curt. I didn't mean to be. Only some things don't quite bear talking about. . . . Am I forgiven?"

"Of course you are."

"Thanks!" he said cheerfully. "Having settled that, you won't suspect me of being deliberately rude if I suggest that you retire now? You must feel pretty tired after the doing Susette gave you this afternoon."

"But we must wash up the supper things," she objected.

"I think I can tackle that unaided," he replied obstinately. He moved across to the sleeping-compartment and opened the door for her to pass through, as though the matter were settled, and Jane felt that any remonstrance would be entirely useless. In the doorway she paused.

"I feel a pig for turning you out of your quarters like this," she said.

"You needn't. I only hope you'll be fairly comfortable. It's not exactly a bedroom *de luxe*, I'm afraid." He hesitated. "By the way, won't you tell me which particular angel unawares I'm entertaining? Or perhaps"—he shot a sharp glance at her—"perhaps you don't trust me enough for that?"

"How stupid of me!" She colored with embarrassment. "My name's Jane—Jane Farrant. . . . And I told you before that I trusted you."

An expression of unmistakable astonishment flashed into his eyes. But it was gone as quickly as it came, and nothing beyond a kind of mild amusement showed in them as he answered:

"So you did. Good-night, then, trusting Jane Farrant. Sleep well."

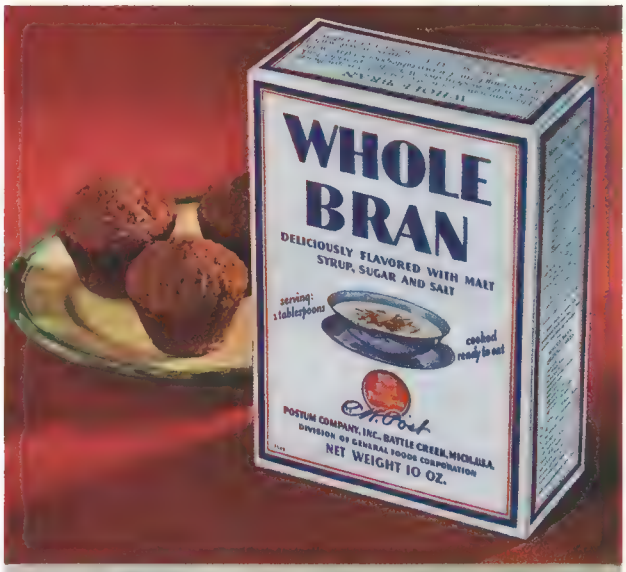
He raised her hand to his lips and was gone. For a little time she could hear him moving about as he cleared the table. Presently came the sound of his footsteps outside the railway-coach. Then silence, except for the patter of rain on the roof and the occasional rumble of thunder.

Jane undressed quickly, extinguished the lamp, and tumbled thankfully into bed. Tired though she was, the happenings of the evening occupied her thoughts, and for some time she lay awake listening to the rain and thinking about Petrie. His good humor seemed so at variance with those flashes of harsh cynicism to which he now and then gave utterance. She wondered what in his past had prompted them and the sudden distrust of her that had momentarily flared up between them. She realized that she didn't want him

[*Continued on page 65*]

Beauty begins at breakfast when breakfast begins with bran... It's 9 to 1 you need it; which kind do you need?

THIS: Post's Bran Flakes—*a regulator, to balance the modern diet. It gives you bran with other parts of wheat. Eaten by more people than any other bran cereal. There are now* two *Post's bran cereals, both delicious*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BRAN
DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED WITH MALT SYRUP, SUGAR AND SALT
serving: 2 tablespoons
cooked ready to eat
POSTUM COMPANY, INC., BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
NET WEIGHT 10 OZ.

OR THIS: Whole Bran *is new. Full strength bran for stubborn or chronic cases of constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet. So effective that two tablespoons make an adequate serving. There are now* two *Post's bran cereals, both delicious*

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In these days when diets are watched for the sake of a youthful figure, protect the youthful face as well.

Many a sallow skin could be fresh and firm and clear—many a telltale wrinkle could be smoothed away—many an eye could sparkle with new vitality, if more women knew this rule *and followed it* as regularly as they care for "surface beauty."

Your system was designed to make use of cleansing bulk food. Unless you get this bulk, faulty elimination is almost sure to show its betraying presence in the face.

The easy way, the pleasant way to protect loveliness, is to start the day with bran.

Nature's food—in delicious form

Nearly everybody is handicapped by lack of bulk food. But, obviously not everyone in the same degree. That's why there are two Post's cereals prepared for this particular purpose. Each contains bran but in different measure.

And note this, especially: *these Post's cereals are delicious.* That is a significant contribution to American health—because one *wants* to eat them, daily, just for the flavor. Which is the way bulk food should be taken, not intermittently like medicine. These foods are temptingly appetizing—and generously good for you.

Both cereals are made from wheat, of which bran is the golden outer casing. Absorbent bran carries moisture through your system—keeps food moving rhythmically along the digestive tract—distends the intestines—gently clears the body of accumulating waste.

Which of these cereals do YOU need?

The average individual needs just a little regular help to overcome and prevent faulty elimination. Exceptional cases require very positive assistance. Hence there are these two distinct Post's laxative foods.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk which most of us need; even those who aren't aware of the fact. Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavory and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world. Try them and you'll know why. These delicious flakes are all ready to eat—simply add milk or cream.

WHOLE BRAN is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds "straight" from the package, with milk or cream. Or sprinkled over fruit or berries. So concentrated is Whole Bran that two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to eat it is in muffins—puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. Use the new recipe on the package.

So choose the one of these cereals that *you* need. Begin the pleasantest, healthiest habit of your life. Resolved: Let's start tomorrow!

Constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

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PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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Say Del Monte -for better Coffee, too!

Trust asparagus . . . . . to make any menu better

~and Del Monte, too . . . . to bring you the finest asparagus packed . . . . .

NATURALLY! Especially when you think of the wide resources, the unusual care and skill DEL MONTE centers on growing and canning this vegetable at its best! The vast DEL MONTE Asparagus farms—over 7500 acres of California's richest delta land. Harvesting begun before daybreak, to get young spears at their tenderest. DEL MONTE canneries built close by its farms—to save precious minutes between fields and canning tables. The most modern equipment, the best in human skill and experience, employed in every DEL MONTE operation!

Prove DEL MONTE's *finer* quality and goodness on your own table and learn for yourself what a difference it makes in your enjoyment of asparagus!

Get these delightful asparagus recipes—free! Just write us, today, for the attractive folder, "22 Ways to Serve DEL MONTE Asparagus." We'll gladly send it, *free*. With it, 8 other useful DEL MONTE recipe books and folders. Simply address Dept. 651, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

DEL MONTE Asparagus comes in 2 lengths—Long Spears in No. 2½ Square cans—Tips in No. 1 Square and "Picnic" size cans. Size of spear—Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium or Small—plainly marked on each DEL MONTE can. Salad Points, also, in the No. 1 Tall can.

Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

And don't forget these other Del Monte varieties

SPINACH

A splendid "balance" food for heavier meals. Always fresh—always clean and free from grit—under the DEL MONTE label.

PEAS

Tender young peas—the fresh-from-the-garden flavor that means so much in your enjoyment of this everyday vegetable.

CORN

Your choice of two styles, Cream or Whole Kernel, and four varieties, Country Gentleman, Crosby, Golden Bantam and Tiny Kernel.

Just be sure you get— **DEL MONTE**

JEALOUSY

[*Continued from page 62*]

to distrust her, for she *did* trust him. But for that she would not be where she was—in the most unconventional situation fate could well have devised.

MORNING broke beautifully over the forest, and Jane, aroused by a tap at her door, sat up to find that the sunlight was streaming in through the windows of the sleeping-compartment. The vague bewilderment that attends one's first awakening was cut through by the sound of a familiar voice outside the door.

"Your hot water, miss," it said respectfully.

Followed the sound of departing footsteps, and when Jane opened the door, it was to find a can of hot water. She took it in, smiling to herself, and proceeded to make her toilet as quickly as possible.

The sitting room was empty when she entered it, although the table had been laid in readiness for breakfast, so she made her way outdoors into the clearing. Before the fire crouched Petrie, intent upon frying eggs and bacon.

"You've appeared at the psychological moment," he said, smilingly. "The bacon's just done to a turn. Come along and feed."

Between them they transported the morning's rations to the living room.

"I never imagined you'd attempt such a sophisticated breakfast out here in the wilds," she observed when they were seated at the table. "I thought that coffee and rolls would be the limit."

He shook his head.

"No, thanks. No Continental *petit déjeuner* for me. I've an English predilection in favor of bacon and eggs."

As he spoke, a sudden question flashed into Jane's mind. At the moment the sunlight had invested his dark hair with the sleek sheen of black satin. Few Englishmen achieved that unequivocal blackness of hair.

"But are you English? Altogether English?" she asked impulsively. "Somehow you don't look it."

He laughed. "Shades of my forefathers! You're very observant, aren't you?" She colored a little under his amused scrutiny. "And you're quite right, too. I'm not altogether English. My grandmother was an Italian opera-singer—very beautiful, I believe. I'm sorry to say I never met her. She retired from this world shortly before I entered it. It seems a pity," he went on quizzically, "for, from all I've heard, we should have had a great deal in common."

"What sort of things?" asked Jane.

"Well, I gather that she believed in enjoying every minute as it came along, and that she didn't care what anybody said or thought about her."

Jane's eyebrows lifted a little.

"But yesterday you seemed to care a good deal what people might say about—about my being here," she reminded him.

"About you—yes, I did. But as far as I'm concerned, personally, when you've already got the reputation of a sinner, a few more dabs of mud thrown at you can't make much difference."

"And have you?"

"Have I what?"

"That reputation?"

He appeared to ponder the question, then flashed her a charming smile.

"Well, a trifle speckled, shall we say? Fond mothers regard me somewhat askance, I'm afraid."

"I believe you're making it all up," she declared contentedly. Somehow he didn't in the least give her the impression he was apparently trying to convey. She stood up, dismissing the matter from her mind.

"Take me to see Susette," she said. "Is she better this morning?"

"Yes, I ran her out while you were still asleep, and she's only a trifle lame. She'll carry you back to Aurayon all right."

As they crossed the clearing on the way to the shed, she saw a rough roadway that sloped downward between the trees, almost immediately behind the shed.

"So that's how you brought your railway-coach here—up this track?" she asked.

"Yes. They've carted a lot of timber away along there."

"Where does that road lead to?" she asked. Then, as he remained silent, she went on: "How far are we from Aurayon?"

Still he made no reply, and she swung round to find him regarding her with an expression half-reckless, half-deprecating, like that of a schoolboy caught out of bounds.

"Tell me," she repeated more insistently. "How far is it to Aurayon?"

For several seconds he did not reply. Then, "About two miles."

"Two miles!" Jane caught her breath. She made a hasty mental calculation of direction, and then said: "And this track? I suppose it cuts across into one of the ordinary paths, doesn't it?"

He nodded.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "A little further on."

"Then—then I could have got home all right last night!" she exclaimed, a sudden indignant accusation in her voice. "And you knew it—knew it all the time!"

He nodded, but made no answer.

"Will you be good enough to get my horse for me?" she said icily. "I'll go at once."

Petrie took an impetuous step forward.

"No!" he asserted stormily. "You won't go—like that. Thinking what you are thinking. You'll listen first to what I have to say!"

"I don't want to hear anything you have to say," she returned. "Will you please get my horse? If you won't, I will."

"I've already told you that you'll have to listen to me first," he began incisively.

INSTANTLY Jane turned her back on him and started swiftly down the path toward the shed where the horses were stabled. But before she could reach it, Petrie was in front of her, barring the way.

"Let me pass!" she said, her voice trembling with anger. When he made no motion to obey, she sprang past him and darted to the door of the shed. A heavy iron bolt secured it, and in an instant she was tearing at it frantically, trying to drag it back.

In the same instant he grasped both her wrists so hard that, struggle as she would, she was powerless to release herself.

[*Continued in* MAY MCCALL'S]

Whose fault when children are frail?

So easy now to put on weight

"WE THOUGHT we were giving Roger the best possible care. You can imagine how awful we felt when we discovered he was underweight, and couldn't gain an ounce. Were we to blame?

"At the suggestion of our family doctor we began giving Roger Cocomalt with his meals. He liked it so much, he asked for it several times a day. The extra nourishment began filling him out; and now he is eight pounds heavier, rosy-cheeked and sturdy."

This mother's story is not unusual. Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling its food value. Every glass a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk. Youngsters whose regular diet is supplemented by this delicious, chocolate flavor food drink *often put on six pounds in a month!* It's the *extra* proteins, carbohydrates and minerals supplied by Cocomalt that make children gain so wonderfully.

Vitamin D—important!

You know how valuable summer sunshine is for growing children. That's because it produces Vitamin D, so essential in preventing rickets, in building strong bones and sound teeth. The presence of Vitamin D in Cocomalt is one of the reasons why doctors recommend it.

Special trial offer—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. family size. At grocers, drugstores. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing) for trial can.

DELICIOUS HOT

Cocomalt

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. A-4, HOBOKEN, N. J.
I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

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Address..... State.....

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Adds Gloss, Lustre—*to lifeless, Dry, Dull Hair*

Leaves It Easy to Manage

IF your hair is dry, dull and difficult to manage, if it lacks natural gloss and lustre—all this is very easily overcome.

Just put a few drops of Glostora in the palm of your hand and pat it on your hair before you wave or comb it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

To Set or Wave Hair

TO set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use Glostora as follows:

Put it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on.

You can then press the wave in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

SOMETHING NEW TO DO

Selected by Vera Harrison

GUESTS come to parties expecting to be amused; and when bridge begins to bore and conversation lags, the clever hostess introduces something new. What sort of something? Well, directly above we have *Lindy*, a card game of timely interest; *Rook*, old, yet ever new; the famous *Fortune Telling Cards;* and *Bild-a-Word*, a fascinating game for young and old. Below is a *Rubber Horseshoe Game;* beneath it, a *Roulette Wheel*—not the gambling sort. With a spinning top, wooden balls are shot into numbered holes.

AT THE upper left is *Ping Pong*, an old favorite which is enjoying a new popularity; below it is *Varsity Football* with which fans can duplicate every play of the big games as they are broadcast over the radio . . . . and keep up the sport at home when the season is over. This game is excellent for school parties. To the right of that is *Pegity*, which is so simple it can be learned in two minutes; below it is *Camelot*, a combination of chess and checkers now being played all over the country. In the center is a set of *Obstacle Golf* for miniature golf addicts, to be used on the living room rug, in the cellar, or on the lawn.

Most shops have these games but if you'd like to know more about them send for the April Entertainment Letter, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address the Entertainment Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

New discovery! Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!

"THIS phenomenal discovery opens a new era in the fight against germs —also the social evil of bad breath."

That is the emphatic statement of the eminent university professor whose discovery led to Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash. His opinion is confirmed by several of America's leading bacteriological laboratories, who have made extensive tests. Likewise by independent scientists who have examined critically science's latest contribution.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in 10 seconds—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in 10 seconds germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's — today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in dilutions recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

"I haven't tasted such Gingerbread in years"

THREE hungry men —and one of them her husband's Chief.

How *could* Jim!

But when he got her aside for a minute and began explaining; how it was awfully cold out on the golf course and he thought he'd just ask them to come and have a cup of coffee before driving home—

Well, when Jim got that humble, pleading look in his eyes, there was no use trying to stay cross; she couldn't.

She flew to the kitchen, to see what she could get together.

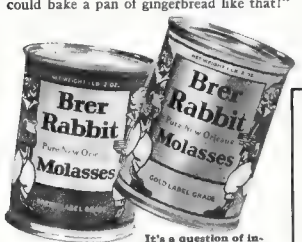
There was that Virginia ham she had cooked the day before . . . praise heaven for that! And there were cold potatoes . . . she could make a potato salad. And coffee with cream . . . and she would just stir up a pan of her wonderful Brer Rabbit gingerbread. Men always loved it, and it smelled so good, and tasted so good, and was delicious on a chilly night.

•

SHE could tell from the moment they sat down at the table, that the Chief liked her. Every time his eyes rested on her, they were wonderfully kind.

He took two big helpings of everything, but he took three of her gingerbread. He said it was just like the gingerbread he used to get in his mother's kitchen at home; he said he liked it better than the finest dessert the finest French chef ever made. And when he had finished the last crumb, he turned to Jim and almost shouted at him—

"You're lucky, young man. Can't help getting on, with a wife like yours. I didn't know there were any women left in the world who could bake a pan of gingerbread like that!"



It's a question of individual taste whether you prefer Gold Label Brer Rabbit—the highest quality light molasses, or Green Label Brer Rabbit—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

My Best Gingerbread

Cream together ½ cup butter and lard mixed, with ½ cup sugar. Add 1 egg beaten and 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift together 2½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture. Add 1 cup hot water and beat until smooth. The batter is soft, but it makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 minutes in a moderate oven (325° to 350° F.)

GIVE your men folks hot gingerbread for Sunday night supper! Make it with Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real, old-time, New Orleans molasses—and see what a perfectly delicious flavor it will have . . . pungent, spicy, full of golden goodness.

The reason Brer Rabbit gives you such matchless flavor is that it's made from the very cream of the fresh-crushed sugar-cane juice. It's rich in iron and lime—absolutely pure—and gives your gingerbread that luscious flavory quality that you get only with real New Orleans molasses.

There are two grades of Brer Rabbit Molasses: *Gold Label*—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery—delicious on pancakes, waffles and biscuits; and *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses. Get a can at your grocer's today—serve hot Brer Rabbit Gingerbread next Sunday night.

Send today for the recipe SHE used!
FREE—with 94 other Brer Rabbit recipes

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. M-4
New Orleans, La.

Please send me my free copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

PIGS IN CLOVER

[*Continued from page 47*]

some appreciative museum, and, took a mighty oath to return one of these days, bag, baggage, blue-eyed treasures and all, to remain for a stay that might be for years and might be forever.

IT IS idle to pretend that Ixtassou was directly on our way to St. Jean-Pied-du-Port, but the paltry extra miles were a small price to pay for her jealously guarded charms, hidden between her hills and her cherry orchards. The nicest thing that I can say about Ixtassou is that she is even more engaging than Sare and Ainhoa. The village is divided into three quarters, designated quite as firmly as Broadway or Park Avenue or Grammercy Square as "Around the Bridge," "Around the Church" and "Around the Town Hall." It is difficult to choose between them, but perhaps "Around the Church" is best of all. The church itself is one of the finest in the Basque country, with some superb Dutch and Spanish paintings, and treasures that many a cathedral might envy.

St. Jean-Pied-du-Port is larger than the villages that we have loitered through today, but somehow it manages to retain the casual witchery of any little hamlet dreaming beside a river. The red-tiled roofs of its houses smile back from the mirror of the waters, the old bridges span it in gracious curves, and all the town is alive with the green rustling of leaves. It has ramparts and walls fortified by the great Vauban, a pelota court deep in shade, a thirteenth-century church, a prison like a fortress, little shops full of hand-made copper and the richly braided and ringed sticks of the country, known as *makhilas*. It has everything including as fine salmon and trout fishing as Scotland itself can offer; it is headquarters for the Anglers Club of the Nive.

It was only the thought of the exultant crowds gathering in the squares of that other St. Jean that made it possible for us to wrench ourselves away, and we held the thought of them so firmly that we sped back towards Biarritz with hardly a glance for Ustarritz, where dwell many of the returned "Americans" as the Basques call their countrymen who go seeking their fortunes in the Americas of the North and South. Short of Bayonne we swung abruptly towards the sea and reached Biarritz through La Négresse. We were dining that night at the Grand Hotel de la Palais; it had been difficult to choose between a table in the great room over the water there, and the charms of the Pergola in St. Jean-de-Luz, and the incomparably exquisite setting of the Reserve at Cliboure; but that night we had a mind to have as hostess a certain slim Spanish girl, with braids bound like a crown about her small head, and flaming eyes above a cool mouth.

Mlle de Montijo came first to the insignificant little fishing village of Biarritz when she was hardly more than a haughty and penniless child; a few years later, trailing skirts filmy with a hundred yards of cobweb lace, with pearls worth two king ransoms falling from throat and wrist, with white violets clustered above her heart and a crown of diamonds above the crown of braids, Eugenie, Empress of the French, came back to build a castle on the cliffs above the castles that she had built on the sands—a castle more perilous than they, for all her smiling lips below the crown. So it was here that we chose to dine.

Over the apricot-colored melon, the icy salmon with its sauce of velvety green, the fairy chicken, tiny, plump, and boneless, sizzling beside a crisp and curled salad, the chilled sparkle of the champagne, we listened to the waltzes of Waldteufel to which her arched feet in their minute buckled slippers had glided, and breathed the fragrance of the imperial violets, stronger than the drenched salt of the air blowing through those open windows.

It was wicked to slip away so swiftly from the haunted memories, but over the silver and crystal and damask of our table our minds kept wandering to another table, bare and a trifle rusty, with liquers in small, thick glasses making round stains on its battered surface, and chairs pushed far back, so that it would be easier to swing away from into the dance. In the square of Louis XIV the *xülüla* were sounding, and girls with darker eyes than Eugenie's were moving lightly in the enchantment of the fandango.

It took us no more than twenty minutes to find that table and ensconce ourselves at it. From every mountain village the tall young men, the dark-eyed girls, the courtly elders, the imperious dames, the wide-eyed children had been pouring since early dawn, and now the square of Louis XIV was brimming over with them. High on their platforms above the crowd the musicians piped, drummed and fiddled—the terraces of every café were richly fringed with the less zealous of the participants, the star-strewn sky was starred again with gold and emerald, ruby, sapphire and silver from the fireworks that soared recklessly searching for less terrestrial playmates.

WE SAT long enough over our iced green mints to verify the authentic savor of this delight, and to eye superciliously the luckless wights at the next table, who had been in the Pyrénées for two meager days, while we were practically pioneers after two weeks.

We watched eight talented young men and a robust middle-aged lady execute the Muchicho, or Basque leap. This is not to be undertaken by any save the initiated; the spacious firmament on high seems to be the abode of the participants. There they twirl and click and soar, superbly unsuspecting of the laws of gravity. A minute after its outrageous rhythms had subsided, and before we had had time to catch our breath, the night was filled with the sound of castanets and a deep-pitched hum that was neither speech, song, nor laughter. St. Jean-de-Luz was dancing the fandango.

A handsbreadth from us two girls were dancing opposite each other—two ravishingly pretty girls, with slim ankles bound with ribbons, and scarlet flowers tucked behind small, close ears. They danced with a grave, charming concentration, wide eyes fastened on each other, brown hands high above their heads, deft, poised, and beautifully skillful. I said to Mr. Hart "There doesn't seem to be much demand for chaperones in the Basque country, does there?"

And Mr. Hart replied, with the modest pride of one expatiating on the merits of a favorite child "There doesn't seem to be much need of one!"

[*Continued on page 100*]

–AREN'T WASHING MACHINES MARVELOUS! THEY SAVE SO MUCH TIME
–YES. THIS ONE'S GREAT. BUT I DO WISH I KNEW HOW TO KEEP MY CLOTHES FROM GETTING THAT GRAYISH LOOK

–I'LL TELL YOU HOW. USE RINSO IT MAKES MY CLOTHES AS WHITE AS SNOW. SUCH SUDS, TOO!
–THAT'S RIGHT– I MEANT TO TRY RINSO! THE MAN WHO SOLD ME THIS WASHER TOLD ME ABOUT IT

NEXT WASHDAY
–MOTHER I'M OVERJOYED! SEE HOW WHITE MY WASH IS. I'M USING THAT WONDERFUL SOAP– RINSO
–I JUST BOUGHT A BOX OF RINSO MYSELF. MY GROCER TOLD ME IT'S GREAT FOR DISHES, TOO

AND

For tub washing, too, these suds work like magic!

ARE *you* among the few who have not tried the soap that the makers of 39 famous washing machines recommend? Women all over the country say *it's even more marvelous for tub washing!*

"Rinso's creamy suds loosen dirt like magic," says Mrs. J. R. Hill of Omaha, Neb.

"Without scrubbing or boiling it gets my clothes the whitest I've ever seen them," says a Minneapolis, Minn. housewife . . . Mrs. P. A. Canfield.

"It saves the clothes," writes Mrs. G. R. Carpenter whose home is in Wilmington, Del.

Thousands have written to tell us how economical Rinso is. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Lively, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Rinso is all you need—no bar soaps, chips, powders or softeners.

Wonderful suds for all cleaning

You'll never bother with ordinary soaps, once you begin using Rinso for clothes, dishes, floors, walls and *all cleaning*. Get the BIG handy household package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—*Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.*

SAFE for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors

Millions use Rinso for whiter washes in tub or machine

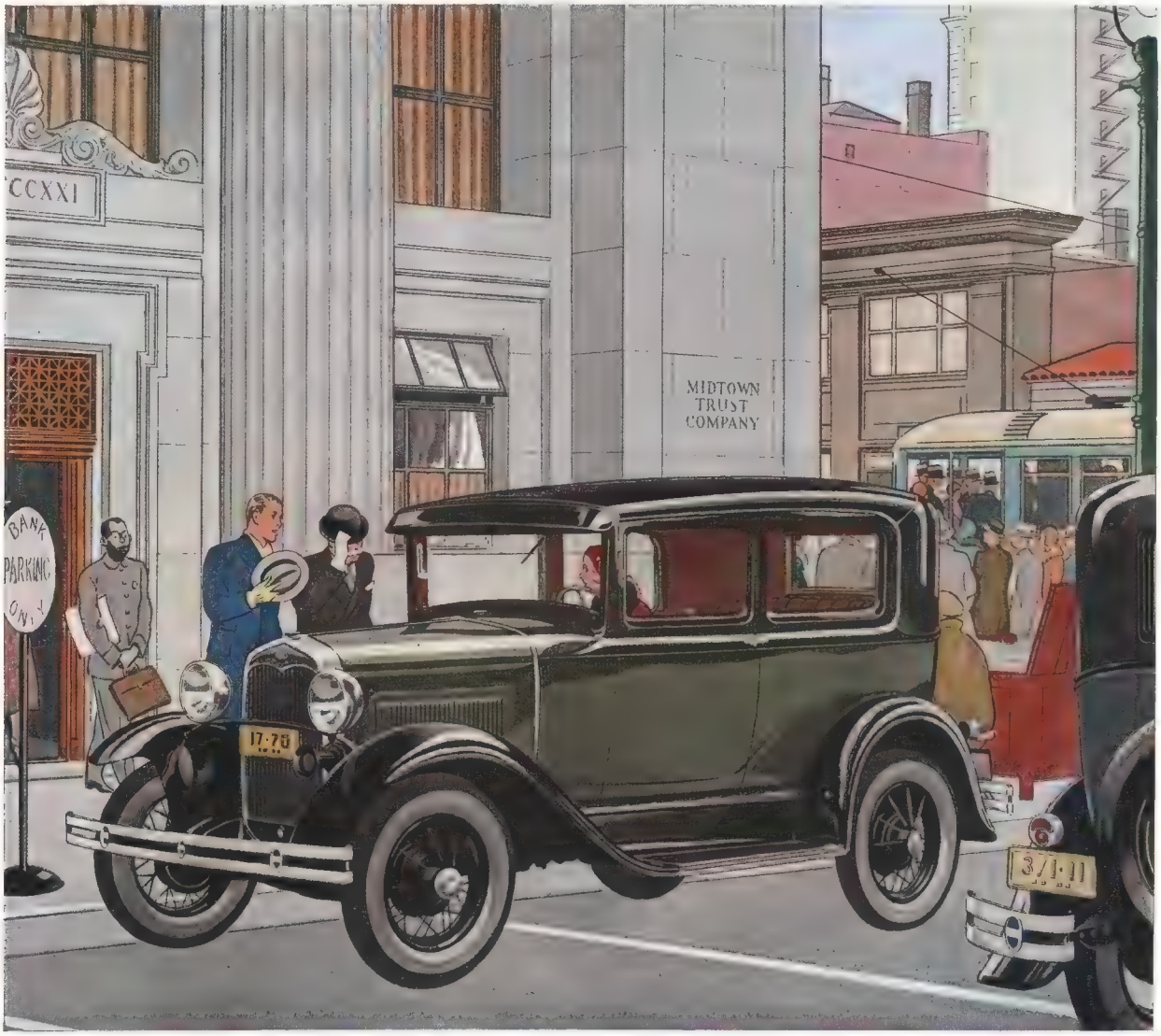
TUNE IN on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane". Tues. & Thurs. 5:30 p. m., E. S. T. over WEAF and associated stations.

Millions also use it for dishes, floors and all cleaning

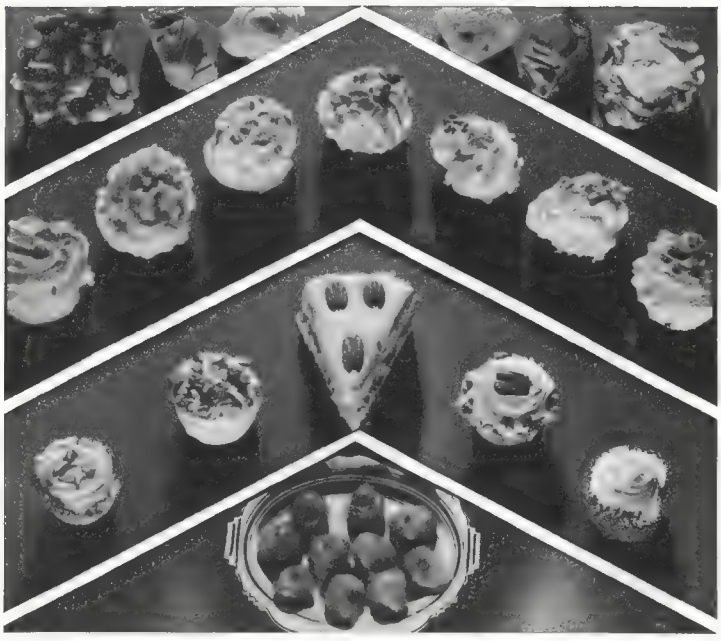
Well-Suited to a Woman's Needs

THE new Ford is a particularly good choice for the woman motorist because it is such an easy car to drive. Gears shift smoothly and silently. The steering wheel responds to a light touch. The fully enclosed four-wheel brakes take hold quickly and effectively. A space little longer than the car itself is all you need for parking.

Other factors contributing to your feeling of security and confidence in the new Ford are its quick acceleration and alert speed, substantial steel body construction, shatter-proof glass windshield and mechanical reliability. In every least little detail it is built to endure—to give you many thousands of miles of economical, care-free motoring.



The new Ford Tudor Sedan is a splendid family car at a low price. You may purchase it on convenient terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company



Preserves, cakes, meringues, candies—they all owe their goodness to Sugar, the hero of our tale

SUGAR

By Beulah V. Gillaspie

THOSE of us who were keeping house during the Great War made a discovery about sugar. We had not realized how often we used it in our cooking until we could no longer buy all we wanted. Dishes which had always been favorites with our families had to be eliminated from our menus—unless we could learn to make them with honey—and delicious sugar morsels like those illustrated were undreamed of.

Since sugar is one of the most important ingredients we use in cooking, I think you'll be interested in knowing s o m e t h i n g about its "life and habits."

The substance you and I call sugar is known to chemists as "sucrose." Whether sucrose is obtained from the stalk of the sugar cane, from the root of the sugar beet, or from the sap of a spreading maple tree is unimportant—it is all sucrose when it has been refined. The reason brown sugar and maple sugar *taste* different from white sugar is merely because they have not been put through the final stages of the refining process.

Most of the sugar we use on our tables in this country happens to be cane sugar. If the grocer sold you beet sugar, would you detect a difference? Absolutely not: not even a chemist would. In their refined state (sucrose) they have become identical.

Corn sugar (made from corn) is a good and wholesome food. It is not as sweet as sucrose, nor does it belong to the sucrose family. Chemists know it as "dextrose." So excellent has pure, refined corn syrup become that late in 1930 the Government gave food manufacturers permission to use it in their products without stating that fact on their labels.

I sat in the kitchen of a friend the other day while she mixed a cake. "Look at *that*," she said as she opened the door of her kitchen cabinet. "Five kinds of sugar to work with. I wonder if you younger housekeepers ever stop and count your blessings. When I began we had only granulated and brown sugar for everything!"

She was right. We *do* take our modern conveniences too much for granted. Five sugars! Let's see what we use them for.

POWDERED SUGAR—We like it for sliced fruits and berries; for beverages (unless we prefer a syrup, about which I'll say more farther on); we dust it over doughnuts and pastry and puddings for a decoration; some of us use it on cereals. And why not? It dissolves more quickly and blends more efficiently than granulated, hence it is a time-saver for us.

CONFECTIONERS' SUGAR—For uncooked cake icings and fillings, and for some candies, we now use confectioners' sugar because we have found it pays in improved results. Did you ever try to sweeten a cold drink with confectioners' sugar? You probably found that instead of dissolving readily, small white balls or lumps formed. This can easily be explained by considering just what confectioners' sugar is—it is granulated sugar (sucrose) which has been pulverized and to which about 3% of starch has been added. The starch has not been added as an adulterant but to keep it from packing.

BROWN SUGAR—When, in addition to sweetening, we want *flavor* what, I ask you, can take the place of brown sugar—for a baked ham, for instance, or Brown Betty, or candied sweet potatoes, or butterscotch pie?

CUT LOAF OR LUMP SUGAR for our tea and coffee. And, speaking of cut loaf sugar, have you seen the colored sugar tablets in orange and green and yellow, indicating that they are flavored with orange and lime and lemon? They give a delightfully gay and elegant touch to our tea tables. You probably are familiar with the "trump tablets" for bridge luncheons cut in the card suits—diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs, either white or in enchanting pastel shades.

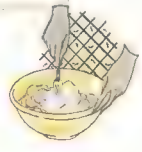
[*Continued on page 128*]

Do you know?

Why acids and corn syrup prevent candies from graining?

Why fine granulated sugar, rather than coarse, should be used in doughs and batters?

How to regulate the firmness of a meringue?



TANGEE

"Lips must look natural"

SAY AMERICA'S GREAT FASHION AUTHORITIES

VOGUE says: "All Paris is creating more natural appearing make-up. A vivid slash of red lips has no place in to-day's very *feminine, individual* mode. Avoid lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring."

HARPER'S BAZAAR says: "The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones, fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931. This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate the actual skin tones of the individual, and are becoming alike to the blonde, brunette or Titian."

TANGEE, the world's most famous lipstick is non-greasy, natural, non-drying and permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Tangee Lipstick, $1. The same marvelous color in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

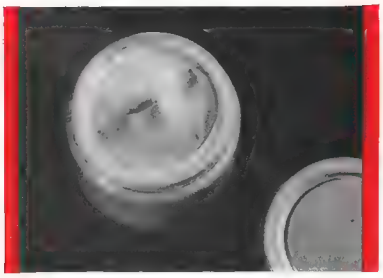
SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M 4
417 Fifth Avenue New York

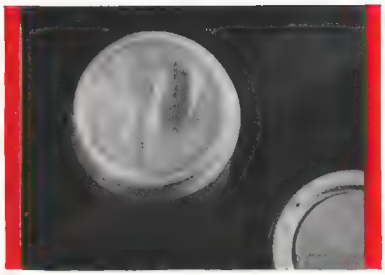
*Name*_____

*Address*_____



Cold cream—light, fluffy, melting

Nourishing cream—a rich lubricant



Cleansing cream—it liquefies

THE HOW AND WHY OF FACE CREAMS

By Hildegarde Fillmore

CREAM or oil as an aid in keeping the skin of the face and body soft and fine is about as old a cosmetic product as we know about. Women and men of the ancient world used unguents; we are told that Roman youths oiled their skins and removed the oil and dirt by means of a scraper! The use of creams for cleansing has developed with modern women chiefly because make-up is accepted today and we use types of make-up somewhat more lasting in their effect than those used by women of the past. With the invention of cleansing tissues which absorb creams quickly and hygienically, the last objection to cream for cleansing has been removed.

"What is the difference between cold cream and cleansing cream?" The chemical differences are not very important to the average cosmetic purchaser, but there is a slight difference in the external appearance of these two creams as well as in their action in contact with the skin. Your cold cream is opaque, white and bears resemblance to a solidified whipped cream. Apply a bit of cold cream lightly to your hand; it retains its whiteness and its "body" because of the harmless waxy substances it contains. As soon as it is smoothed around a bit, it melts and is absorbed by the top layers of the skin. It got its name because of its water content. Upon application to the skin, the water evaporates, cooling the skin slightly.

In the jar, cleansing cream is less opaque and almost transparent around the edges. Apply a bit of it to your hand; it turns into a liquid immediately because the oils of which it is composed have a low melting point. Since both creams have a similar action when they are rubbed lightly into the skin, either may be used for removing make-up.

The oils of cleansing creams are too "melty" to be satisfactory for softening the skin on a second application. If you use cleansing cream, then, and feel you need a cream for massage or to aid lubrication, choose one of the so-called "nourishing," "tissue," or "massage" creams, or "skin foods." These are richer and heavier than a cleansing cream and contain ingredients that encourage natural lubrication of the skin. Some of these creams are almost as light in texture as cold creams. As a rule, the dryer the skin, the richer the cream selected to apply to it.

In the past, cold cream was not used for cleansing but as a soothing, softening cream, particularly after the skin was exposed to wind and weather. It is as useful as it ever was for this purpose. Some women with very dry skins apply a bit of cold cream after washing with soap and water to provide a base for powder and a light protective coating.

There is some misunderstanding about vanishing creams. Certainly some skins are prettier when a "finishing preparation" is applied before make-up. Such a preparation, whether vanishing cream, soothing lotion, or liquid powder, is always to be recommended before unusual exposure to wind or sun. Most vanishing creams are light and fluffy with the faintest suggestion of iridescence on their surface. Objections to their use have arisen principally because many women have not yet learned how to apply them. Unless the directions say otherwise, apply a film of vanishing cream all over the face, then wipe off carefully with cleansing tissue so that only an invisible film is left to hold powder.

"Are vanishing creams drying to the skin?" When applied correctly, creams of this type should be beneficial to the average complexion. We should remember, however, that the greatest magician in the world could not make a cosmetic that would be equally effective on every skin. Some skins do seem to look better and thrive without a foundation preparation for make-up. Lotions as a make-up base I shall discuss in my next article.

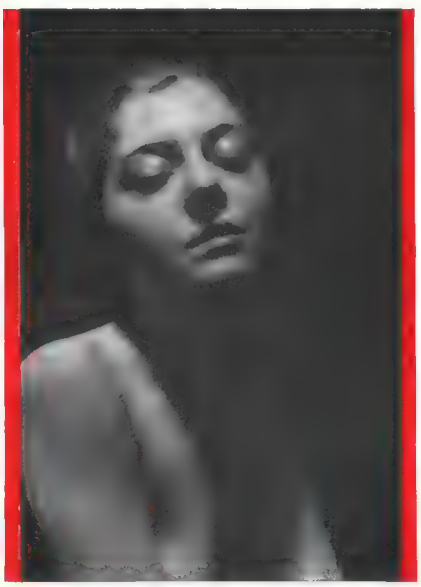
"How often should I cleanse with cream?" This question is as hard to answer as, "How often should I eat potatoes?" If your skin is very dry, it is well to remove make-up with cream before your soap and water wash. The only reason for using *cold* cream *after* washing with soap and water would be to add lubrication that is somewhat lacking on a dry skin. There is no reason at all for using *cleansing* cream after a soap and water wash. If you use it, apply it and remove *before* you wash.

"Should cream be used on an oily skin?" Since the oily skin already has more than enough lubrication it doesn't seem logical to add more. Sometimes, however, even oily skins show patches of dryness or flakiness; in such cases, cream should be applied to soothe and soften these areas. Keep the oily skin cleansed with frequent soap and water baths; if cream is used for massage or occasional softening, remove traces of it with a solvent lotion or by washing it off with soap and water. When the fat glands are over-active (a condition often linked with blackheads and acne) a thorough physical examination is the sensible procedure. After all, you cannot get a physical examination out of a jar or bottle.

When the skin is seriously marred by chronic pimples or blackheads, put yourself into a doctor's hands. The dermatologist of today does not argue about the use of creams but about their misuse. True facial cleanliness leaves the skin free of excess oil, free of clogging impurities, with a minimum of bacterial waste in the pores.

Modern living conditions are strenuous, but since we have *both* soap and cream on which to rely, we should be able to cleanse the skin with scientific thoroughness at least twice a day, and keep the oil glands working normally under extremes of temperature.

For a guide to creams for everyday use, write for our April Cosmetic Style Letter. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and address The Beauty Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City. Send your request before May 1st, please.



DO YOU get your money's worth—and your beauty's worth—from the cosmetics you buy? In a series of five articles, of which this is the first, Miss Fillmore discusses basic beauty preparations. The articles consider questions that women ask toilet goods salespeople as well as the ones they ask in their letters to the Beauty Editor. This information should make everyday complexion care simpler and more delightful. Next month: *Lotions for Beauty.*—The Editors

Members of the Committee of 17 in session at the Ritz Hotel. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Mrs. James J. Davis, Miss Antoinette Donnelly, Suzanne Pollard, Nellie Tayloe Ross and Mrs. Oliver Harriman compare Palmolive Beads with "flake" soaps.

New Discovery revolutionizes washing of fine fabrics

Distinguished group votes enthusiastic approval of instant-dissolving, speed-rinsing, cool-water cleansing no soap has ever given before.

A COMMITTEE of 17 of America's most distinguished women leaders was called recently to the Ritz Hotel to pass judgment on a new soap which, silk experts claim, will supersede the flakes and granules now used for washing silks and woolens.

Mrs. James J. Davis, wife of the U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, called the meeting to order. The new soap—tiny, hollow, instant dissolving beads made of olive and palm oils—was passed around for the different members to examine. Then the tests began.

Giant test tubes, flooded with powerful lights, revealed that the "beads" dissolve 30 *times faster than the thinnest flakes.* That they cleanse in water *20 degrees cooler* than tallow soaps require.

Rinsing tests proved that the new soap rinses away like magic *even in cool water.* Leaving not a trace of soap residue to spot and damage fabrics.

Committee of 17 approves new soap

So revolutionary did the tests reveal the new soap to be; so infinitely more protective to fine fabrics, that the Committee of 17 went on record as unanimously approving it as "the ideal soap for silks—for all fine fabrics."

Called Palmolive Beads

Start at once to give your lovely silks the protection of this finer, gentler soap. Note how much longer silk stockings and lingerie wear when washed with this instant-dissolving soap of olive and palm oils. It is called Palmolive Beads and has just been put on sale at all dealers.

Famous Silk Manufacturers

unite with Committee of 17 in endorsing Palmolive Beads.

CHENEY	LUXITE
CORTICELLI	PHOENIX
HOLEPROOF	STEHLI
KAYSER	VANITY FAIR
VAN RAALTE	

The above manufacturers have tested Palmolive Beads in their own laboratories and recommend them for the safe washing of silks.

Here are some of the distinguished women who approved and sponsor Palmolive Beads

Miss Anne Morgan. *Famous daughter of a famous father. Noted for her social and charitable activities.*

Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille. *Wife of the prominent motion picture director . . . a leader in philanthropy and an enchanting hostess in Southern California.*

Miss Elsie de Wolfe *of New York. The noted designer whose decorative genius has brought her wide recognition.*

Mme. Schumann-Heink. *America's most widely known and best loved prima donna. Mother — homemaker — philanthropist.*

Miss Ethel Barrymore. *America's most famous actress. Mother of a daughter who is training to succeed her.*

Mary Roberts Rinehart. *America's most beloved woman fiction writer. Wife, mother, and charming Washington hostess.*

Miss Gay S. Walton. *Executive of Julius Kayser & Co., silk manufacturers, and authority on textiles.*

Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank. *Widely known Chicago social leader and writer. Her latest novel, "Lion's Den," has been enthusiastically received.*

Mrs. Hancock Banning. *A Los Angeles social leader of distinguished ancestry, whose home is one of the community's cultural centers.*

Miss Lillian Edgerton. *Head of testing laboratory for textiles which enjoys national recognition.*

Dr. Ellen B. McGowan. *In charge of Household Chemistry of a great eastern university.*

6311 B

PALMOLIVE BEADS . . . for washing fine fabrics . . . *Large Box* 10c

Decoration by GEORGE HOWE

"The marvel is that the idea of the necessity of God could enter the head of man. So holy it is, so touching, so wise, so great credit it does to man"
—Dostoyevsky

HOW SHALL A CHILD FIND GOD?

By Radoslav A. Tsanoff

Head of the Department of Philosophy
Rice Institute, Texas

A CHILD, when very young, begins his search for God. At first the most simple ideas fulfill his needs, but soon he reaches out for a sublime reality by which to shape his thoughts and actions. How a parent can help in this eager quest is outlined here.

YOU remember the story in the Old Testament of the prophet Elijah listening for the Lord to pass by: how he heard a great and strong wind that rent the mountains and shattered the rocks, and after the wind an earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire, but God was not in any of these. And then he heard a still small voice.

In this story is the whole history of religion: it tells of man's quest after God, and of his progress in understanding the Divine. At first men think of gods in terms of wind and fire and earthquake: as size or might or speed or brute majesty. But gradually they are educated in the real meaning of God. Their idea of Him is transformed and exalted. It comes to stand for universal justice, dominant righteousness, active perfection, infinite love. How is one to guide an immature mind to this living, growing religious truth? It is a difficult problem that no true parent can shirk.

Only that parent can teach his child to find God who is himself seeking God. The quest of the Divine does not end in a formula which we elders can teach a child, and then dismiss from our minds. Imagine a mother trying to tell her daughter, once and for all, how deeply she loves her! Impossible, we know: it takes years for a child to understand the depth and breadth of its mother's love.

So with the idea of the Divine. It cannot be imparted to a child all at once. His religious education must be begun with simple ideas he can easily grasp. As his understanding increases, he will reach out for the larger truth, the ordered plan around which he can organize his living and his thinking. He will, that is, if his parents are living with him in spirit as well as in body; if they, too, are searching for the larger meaning of religion.

If we observe carefully the unspoiled working of a child's mind, we find much of the primitive in it. Do not brush this aside; it is a fine starting point; try to remember your own childhood conception of God and, if you can, enter into your child's inner life. Only as we look together with youth will youth look together with us in the search after truth. Children have alert and adventurous imaginations; they think in poetry and folklore, rather than in doctrines and reasoned prose.

So it seems quite natural to begin your child's religious culture with tales of early folklore. The children of our generation are more fortunate than we were in having available the folklore treasures of all peoples in reliable and beautiful translations: French, German, Italian, Russian, Polish, Swedish, Persian, Red Indian and East Indian, tales of China and of old Japan. This variety is of great importance because by means of it the young mind is led into a variety of cultures, observes similarities and also differences in story and motive and treatment.

What religious value do children get from an intimacy with the folk tales of all peoples? This: they come to feel, before they can even express it in words, the poetic quality of which the fabric of religion was first spun. Folklore speaks the language of the child and imparts its wisdom to his young mind. Later teaching can explain the meaning and reasonableness of religion, but these elementary experiences should come first and the formal teaching afterward. From folk tales the child is led to the great sagas and epics, to the great Bibles and Gospels of mankind. Here is the voyage of spiritual discovery on which his parents must launch him. Reading aloud is an excellent way to begin it.

Few activities knit a family more closely together than reading aloud. If it is well planned, and is not made a task, it brings minds and hearts together, rivets interest on a common topic, stimulates exchange of views, promotes mutual understanding, brings out differences of thought or attitude, induces sympathy and tolerance, gives warning of troubles brewing, of needs unspoken, averts drifting, perhaps disaster. The reply that nowadays there is no time for this, is idle: we all know better.

[*Turn to page 77*]

For the cookie jar . .

If you want to bring the kiddies straight home from school try the lure of a full cookie jar . . .

And when you're making nourishing, wholesome good things for these same kiddies to eat, it's nice to know that the Wesson Oil people make Snowdrift from an oil as pure and delicious as a choice salad oil . . . *and nothing else.* They have creamed it for you and sealed it in airtight pails to bring all of its fresh, sweet, wholesome purity right to you.

SNOWDRIFT DROP COOKIES
If your cookbook doesn't tell you how to make them we'll be glad to send you the recipe — with many other recipes of good things to eat. Just address the Wesson Oil people, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

© H. J. H. CO. '31

Grandmother's beans were baked!

Everyone with memories and a childhood remembers that delicious dish, *Baked* Beans . . . how in the old days grandmother would bring them to the table so plump, so mealy, so flavorful . . . with the brown flush upon them that can only come from oven-baking, with their warm, delightful fragrance filling the room . . . a tantalizing and inescapable memory indeed! No one who had tasted them ever forgot their goodness!

We like to think that no one who has tasted Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans will soon forget their flavorful goodness. Because they, too, are baked in real ovens and labeled "Oven-Baked" for your protection and guidance. Only really baked beans can be labeled "baked".

And Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans have an added zest—a piquant, delicious Tomato Sauce—a very special Tomato Sauce that's made from plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes, seasoned to perfection. Only the finest tomatoes—actually grown from Heinz own pedigreed seed—are chosen for this sauce; only the finest seasonings used. No wonder you'll find Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans delightful!

Heinz makes convenient-sized packages for every size of family and purse. And, remember, that all the famous 57 Varieties are reasonable in price . . .

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans are delightful just as they come from the can. They can be varied, however, in many delightful ways. Try this recipe:

Casserole of pork chops and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans

1 can Heinz Oven-Baked *Beans* • *⅓ cupful Heinz Tomato Ketchup*
4 pork chops • *1 teaspoonful sugar*

Fry pork chops until brown. Pour over 1 can Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans; add sugar and ketchup. Mix lightly. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

ENJOY THESE RADIO TALKS • *Tuesdays and Fridays at 10:45 A. M. Eastern Time, 9:45 Central Time and 8:45 Mountain Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, broadcasts new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and 33 other NBC stations. NBC Pacific Coast Chain, Mondays and Fridays at 10:15 A. M.*

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS
ONE OF THE
57

HOW SHALL A CHILD FIND GOD?

[*Continued from page 74*]

Now, it is in such a setting that Bible reading naturally finds its place, and yields its greatest treasures. The Bible in unabridged and modern versions should be on the bookshelves among the other books; illustrated Bible stories may be there, too. Under such conditions, children will read it as they do any other book—not from a sense of duty but because they are interested in it. Homer, the Norse Sagas, the Old Testament, the Buddha story, and the Gospels, side by side. The progress from folk tale to the vision of moral and spiritual perfection has been gradual and natural, and the child who makes this transition early should later have no trouble with doubts or readjustments.

Perhaps a personal instance will explain. I was reading the Bible aloud to my two children. We had just finished the story in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, and were going on with the story of creation in the second chapter. My elder daughter, then eight years old, jerked me up promptly: "Hold on, Daddy," she said, "isn't this a different story? In the first account God made man after the plants and animals, but here it seems to be just the other way." This point, which marks one of the milestones in the history of Biblical criticism, I did not have to point out to my little daughter. She observed it herself. Observing it did not upset her soul as it has the soul of many a college student.

Well, we recalled a number of other tales which were told differently in different lands. I said: "There were different ways of telling this story; some people thought the world started one way, others another way. The men who put this book together could not make up their minds to throw out either of these stories, so they kept both."

"I am glad they did," she said, "for I like them both. Now read the first one over again so we can compare."

The great hero sagas and religious gospels convey a similar impression: it is not necessary to preach to the child—just read the stories. He will see the difference between Achilles and Odysseus and Siegfried, and between these tales and those of Buddha or Jesus. The similarity of the last two the child observes clearly and the preference which comes naturally is all the more real when it comes. And it is bound to come, for in the end the higher perfection wins the higher tribute.

But, it may be asked, what in all this reading and discussion is the child learning about God? The centrally important thing, I answer. The young mind has sensed the growth of the idea of God in the heart and in the mind of man. Your son or daughter may not understand all the doctrines in the catechism (and why should they?), they may not and need not use grown-up formulas. What really matters is that they should understand the idea of God. Once they grasp this, life will have purpose and dignity.

The really important question, then, is this: What do you and I mean by God? How is the Divine to be found? Nothing is a surer index of a man's spiritual stature than his answer to these questions. Our idea of God is this: the highest Excellence which we have been able to imagine. The Divine can be found through reaching out toward the dizzy utmost of perfection.

Child study experts have written a number of important books on the religious education of the child. We will gladly send you the names of some of them, together with a list of appropriate folklore stories. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Service Secretary, 230 Park Ave., New York. Ask for List No. 4.

Our strength may fail and face to face with wild nature we may seem less than nothing. But yet there is the still small voice: our searching and upward-looking spirit need not be cast down. The great truth still abides: the truth that man's best nature may express Divine perfection. This idea has sublime moral possibilities; Matthew Arnold has suggested them clearly:

"Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

We parents must acknowledge that a home is not a home unless the soul of every member of the family is quickened by a genuine religious quest. We elders may declare our beliefs and teach our children moral and religious precepts, but in crises or sorrows that shake the family life the children's eyes are open: do our alleged truths stand by us then? By what truths do we really live our lives? What is our God on weekdays? He is the one that really matters in the end, for it is He that our children will worship and will accept.

The person who gradually has come to realize himself as a member of a spiritual realm, in which he is one with all that makes this universe significant and worthy, has found God.

THE SEVEN NEEDS OF CHILDHOOD

DOROTHY CANFIELD, famous novelist and author of "Self Reliance," talks to parents in the May McCall's about the seven needs of childhood. "Don't worry because you can't understand them," she says. "You hold in your hand the pieces of the puzzle already given you and time will bring the others needed to make the whole pattern." As a successful mother and a sympathetic student of human nature, she has an important message for parents.

Romance
in the touch of satin-smooth
Hands

Your young white hands . . don't let them lose their enchanting smoothness . . grow red and rough, look old before their time . .

YOU can keep your hands from growing harsh and rough and red no matter how hard you have to use them! For skin specialists know two wonderful restoratives, which are amazingly effective; the one for softening, and the other for whitening the skin.

Jergens Lotion combines both of these ingredients! Skillfully blended with other healing elements, they form a fragrant, silvery liquid which is truly marvelous for the hands.

Your skin drinks it up gratefully—quickly, so that not a trace of stickiness is left.

Try using Jergens Lotion every time you wash your hands, and *always* after exposure. You'll notice that your hands grow softer and whiter every day.

Thousands of women guard the loveliness of their hands this way. And because Jergens Lotion smooths the skin so wonderfully, they find it also makes an excellent powder base.

Stop in at any drug store, or toilet goods counter and get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today. You'll be delighted with its wonderful effect on your skin, 50¢. Also economical large size, $1.00.

FREE . . new trial bottle

The Andrew Jergens Co., 4507 Alfred Street, Cincinnati. (In Canada, 4507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.)

Name_____

Address_____

Jergens Lotion

its 2 famous ingredients make hands white · smooth

DR. ALLEN ROGERS, Ph.D.

University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazelli Medal, 1920; author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute.

JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.;

Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry"; Pioneer worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.

Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

THREE great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome Alexander, consultant. These and many other outstanding American scientists have recently performed a unique experiment.

They have examined, tested and analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate's is superior.

Let them say why: "Colgate's," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after his tests, "because it has the ability to get into the tiny crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to loosen and flood away impurities from the teeth and gums.

Why not accept this high authoritative advice and protect your teeth with Colgate's—the toothpaste whose cleansing power is truly magical in removing causes of dental trouble?

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason—since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.

25¢

The price is important—but the QUALITY—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder Colgate's comes in this form also.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 951, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name _____

Address _____

No. 6488. The sun frock may be used not only for all sports purposes but on the beach in place of pajamas. Straps are attached to front and back under the shoulder cape effect which may be removed in the interests of sun tan. Shown in sports shades.

THE FAMOUS SUN FROCK BY BRUYÈRE

For yardage see page 136.

6482 6492

THE RESTAURANT FROCK

No. 6482. (Gown) and No. 6492 (Coatee). Irène Dana unites a gown of heavy sheer fabric with a coatee of velvet in this fascinating restaurant costume. Collar, cap sleeves and jabot of the dress are made from one strip of material and the back panel of the skirt overlaps the side sections and hangs unattached from knee to heel. The brief jacket buttons casually below the waistline and circles its capelet sleeves with fur.

For back views and yardage see page 136.

And as to THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS . . .

LINES and length remain about the same but many unexpected trends are seen. An evening gown, for instance, conceals the slits in its skirt by placing panel over panel and deceives everyone but the wearer who delights in its freedom when dancing.

Skirts have yokes or feign them with bias cut or deft seaming. Bodices have flattering details such as bows, jabots, frills. Waistlines are marked with belts, blouse or drapery. Hemlines are wide but are contrived to fall in straighter lines.

Bruyère's sun frock reduces its slim bodice to a minimum and overlays its narrow shoulder straps with wider ones that can be unbuttoned for maximum sun tan. This accomplished frock is as much at home in other fields of sport as it is on the beach.

The little jacket continues to gain ground. In the evening, Paris combines it with a formal gown and calls the whole a cinema frock. In the afternoon, it sometimes takes the form of a little cape and ties in a bow in front in the manner of a fichu.

Drapery is seen at neckline, hipline and hemline—ruching and fur bandings are seen in the same places. The double-breasted fashion with its accompanying revers is in the limelight and appears feminine despite its masculine association. Many scarfs.

Some costume details go half way but give a full measure of smartness as demonstrated by the semi-peplum and semi-cowl neckline of Maggy Rouff. Other details reverse themselves as does the cowl collar of Patou's knee-length, straight-line wrap.

Many sleeves just escape being no sleeves at all by means of a dropped shoulder line or a yoke that caps the upper arm. The little sleeve with a heart-shaped slot provides the smartness of the short version with the freedom of the sleeveless type.

As the jacket does away with the collar, the blouse devotes more thought to its neckline. Miler Souers devise a diagonal jabot. Maggy Rouff attaches a shirred scarf in the manner of a semi-cowl. Lucile Paray gives Medici erectness to a double collar.

Stripes, plaids, dots and checks are beloved by fashion but by no means to the exclusion of prints whose designs are small for day and large for evening. Woolens of cotton-weight and cottons of woolen-texture are pets of the new sports mode.

May Piper Spear

6487 6472

No. 6487. The semi-peplum is a factor in the silhouette and nowhere is it interpreted with more inspiration than in the Maggy Rouff collection. Crisp collar and cuffs lend the youthful touch.

No. 6472. A charming contribution to the half-formal, half informal mode is the frock with cape-fichu. The skirt is joined to the bodice section in scallops. A narrow belt accents the waistline.

AFTERNOON FROCKS VARY THEIR LENGTH ACCORDING TO INDIVIDUAL TASTE

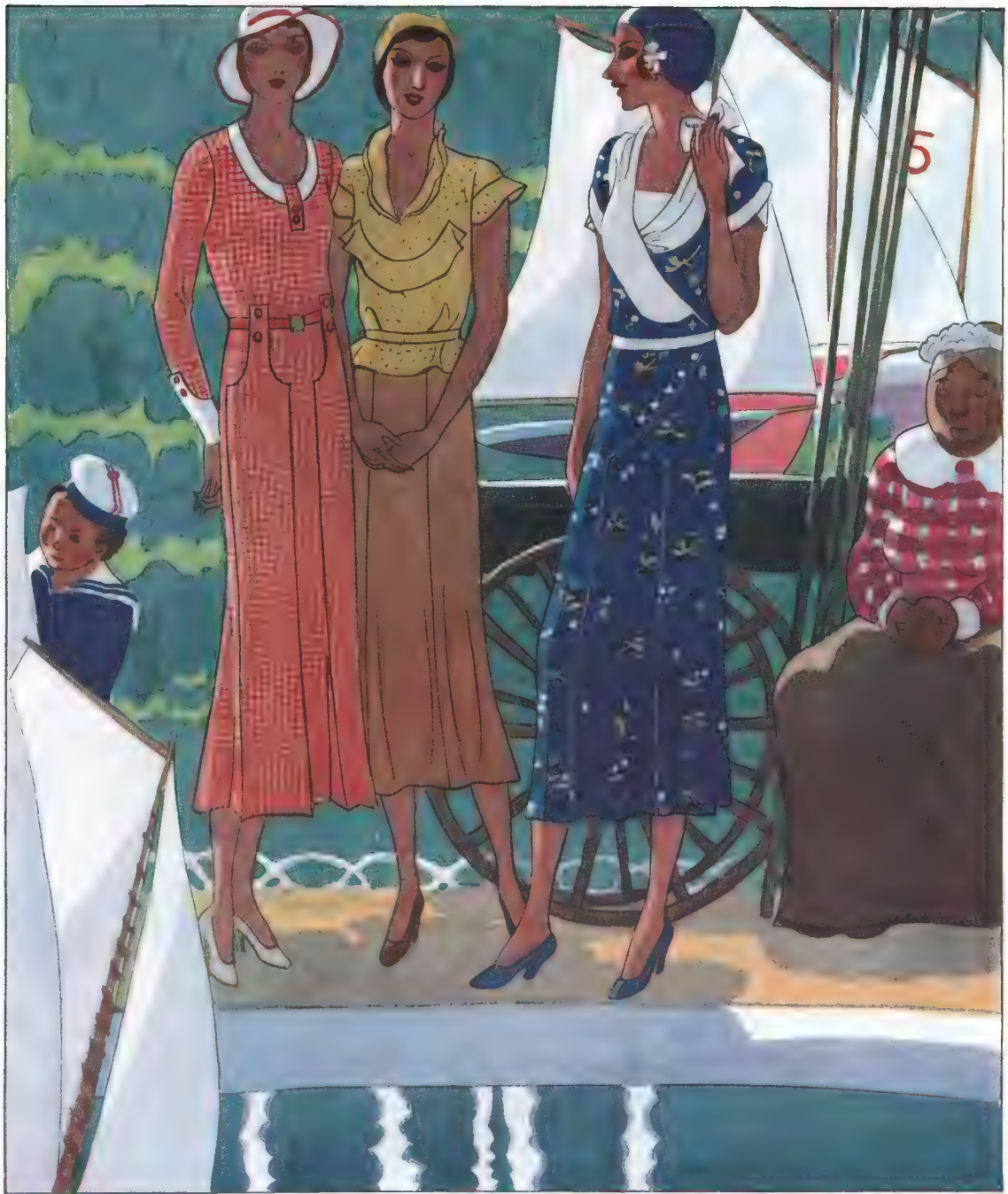
For back views and yardage see page 136.

VARIED ARE THE WAYS OF THE MODE IN CREATING THE CHIC CAP SLEEVE

For back view and yardage see page 136.

No. 6503. The suggestion of a cap sleeve is obtained through an extension of the shoulder yoke. The bodice meets the skirt giving a fitted hip-line effect.

No. 6476. Count on Bruyère for a clever sports frock. The back section extends over the shoulder forming revers and meets in front in diagonal seamings.



6470 6493 • 6505 6504

No. 6470. Wide box-pleat panels end in tab slots through which the belt laces. This same tab appears at the neckline. Shown above with linen collar and cuffs.

No. 6504. The new fashion of concentrated front fulness is achieved in this case through a wedge-shaped panel. The contrasting collar is unusual in its design.

No. 6493. Lucile Paray uses the frill theme to flattering advantage in this chic blouse which we show in the material of the original—eyelet embroidery.

No. 6505. The skirt that is simple in line but perfect in fit is an important fashion in this blouse season. As shown it is made from six gored sections.

BECOMING NECKLINES ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY

For back views and yardage see page 136.

6481 6477 6483

PRINTS — DOTS — STRIPES — PLAIDS

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6481. There is a definite relationship between the blouse and skirt of 1931 as Miler Soeurs demonstrate in a costume with button-trimmed diagonal line from shoulder to hip. The yoked skirt is featured in wrap-around style.

No. 6477. While this design is suitable for almost every type of Summer fabric, it is particularly happy in stripes. A bow at the neckline repeats the one in the gypsy sash. The sleeves are after the new capelet mode.

No. 6483. The ideal general all-round day frock is the one fashioned of print after a design by Patou. The semi-peplum swings from diagonal seamings. Pleats give fulness and pintucks help to shape the belted waistline.

6490 6478

ANIMATE THE SMART SUMMER SCENE

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6490. Yvonne Carette glorifies the coat dress style with a simple model that rolls its collar and drapes its vestee in the cowl manner. Buttons, belt and pockets complete this feminine version of the popular tailored mode.

No. 6478. Maggy Rouff interprets the mode of contrast with a frock whose skirt extends its panel to meet the bodice collar. Pleats again give skirt fulness. Shown here in the white marocain and printed faconne of the original.

6479 6489 · 6494 6473

SIMPLICITY IS THE FIRST RULE

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6479. This coat after Patou illustrates the popular fashion of the collarless neckline and diagonal wrappy closing. Shoulder capelets are attached to the back panel but swing free in front.

No. 6489 (Blouse). Two of the newest blouse details are seen in the double-breasted closing and the wide revers. The closing is under the arm and the fulness is gathered into a band at the waistline.

No. 6494 (Skirt). Paris creates a stunning skirt that repeats the button motif of the blouse and introduces box pleats beyond that. The fitted yoke effect assures a smart slim hipline of the new mode.

OF THE SMARTEST SPORTS MODE

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6473. The very new square V neckline is seen in this chic sports frock. Also very new is the sun-tan sleeve that gives the cap effect with coolness. The back is a panel from collar to hem.

No. 6474. Detailed seaming plays an important part in the skirt of this French adaptation. Pleats in front and circular inserts give fulness. The triple collar and cuffs are two ingenious new details.

No. 6471. The insistent cowl neckline is given an entirely new interpretation with a button-attached tab and a cap sleeve that borrows its lines from the raglan fashions is both smart and simple.

6472 6477

THE NEWEST FORMAL SLEEVE IS TOUCHED WITH FUR

No. 6472. Paris touches the elbow sleeve with fur and finds it a charming fashion. The rounded neckline harmonizes with the curved seamings at the hip-line.

No. 6477. Diagonally inclined drapery is a new French note that is exceedingly becoming to the figure. Rounded godets give the skirt the necessary fulness.

For back views and yardage see page 136.

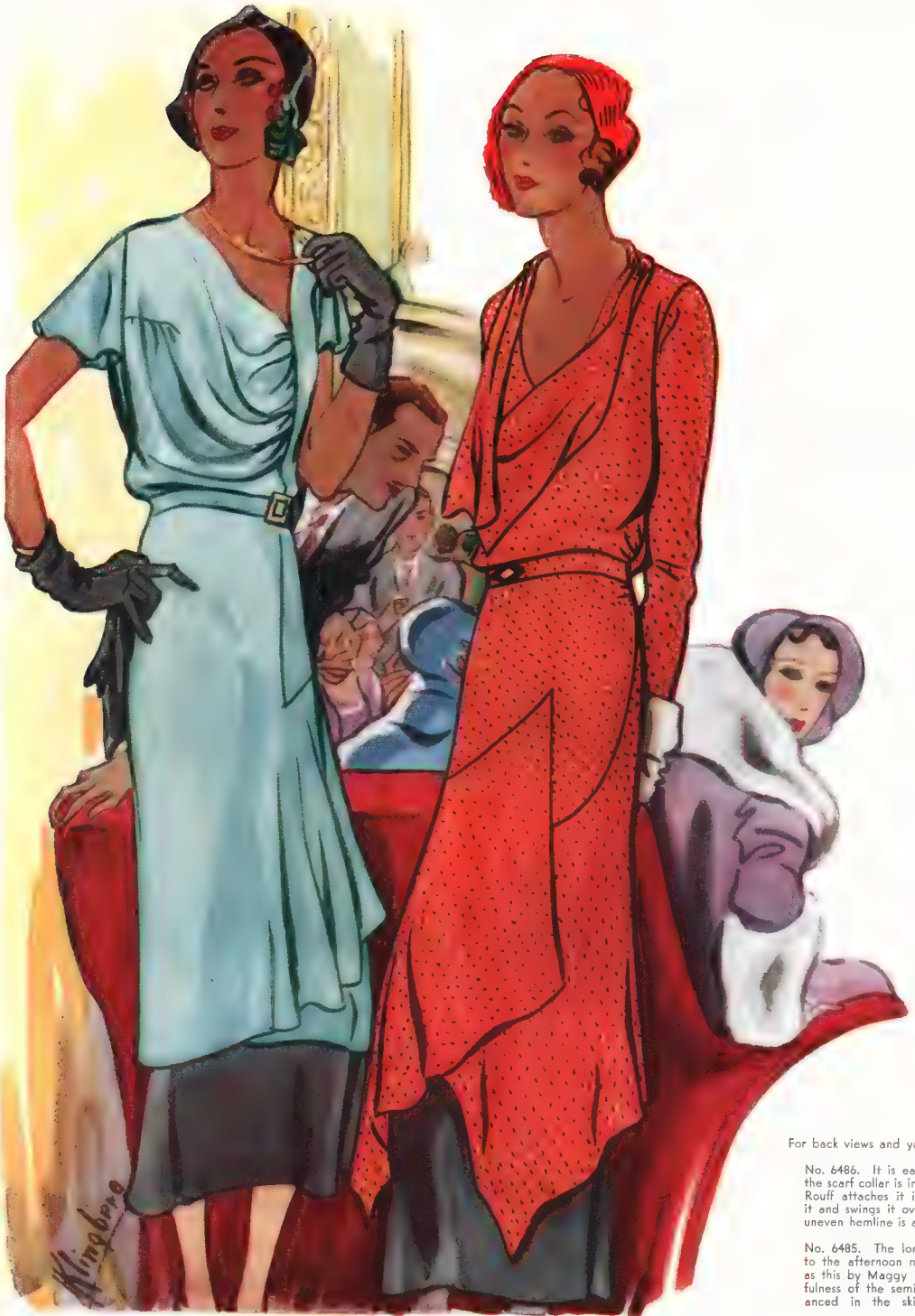
6495 6475

AFTERNOON FASHIONS TELL THEIR STORY IN PRINT

No. 6495. A frock that depends upon line alone for its distinction. The bodice is draped in cowl effect. The circular skirt joins the top in pointed seamings.

No. 6475. Patou turns to unpressed pleats this time and places them in the front of the skirt only. A scarf-like collar accentuates the surplice closing.

For back views and yardage see page 136.



6485 6486

MAGGY ROUFF CONTRIBUTES THE SEMI-COWL TO BLOUSES

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6486. It is easy to understand why the scarf collar is important when Maggy Rouff attaches it in cowl fashion, shirrs it and swings it over the shoulder. The uneven hemline is a new note in blouses.

No. 6485. The long tunic gains entrée to the afternoon mode with such styles as this by Maggy Rouff. The one-sided fulness of the semi-cowl neckline is balanced in the skirt by a semi-tunic.

For yardage see page 136.

No. 6480. The perfect wrap for Spring and Summer evenings is this lovely knee-length model created by Patou. The cowl collar drapes low in the back and is held in place with a straight band.

6480

PATOU REVERSES THE COWL NECKLINE ON A FORMAL WRAP

6379 6491 6226 6428 6464 6496 6447

EASTER MODES FOR THE SMART YOUNGER SET

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6379. This jumper frock illustrates those new fashions of higher collar, inverted pleats in the skirt and shaped seamings that give a moulded hip-line.

No. 6491. A charming party and play frock! Shirring takes care of fulness at the points of a yoke that hangs low on the shoulder to give a sleeve effect.

No. 6226. A regulation sailor suit with collar and tie and plenty of room through the shoulders for comfortable activity. Brief trousers button to the blouse.

No. 6428. This tasteful little frock reveals a gracefully shaped yoke that frames itself with a crisp circular frill and buttons to the throat in a prim closing.

No. 6464. Pleats in the skirt and contrasting collar and yoke make this jacket costume as smart as any adult fashion. Bow tie and belt complete the ensemble.

No. 6496. For the young man of importance, aged two to eight, this suit is a practical choice. The blouse collar is worn on the outside of the jacket.

No. 6447. A petal collar covers the horizontal yoke to which the front is gathered. Shown here with the puff sleeves to which the young set is devoted.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 138.

6466 TOP 6499 6468 TOP 6427 6502 6500 6501

ECHO GROWN-UP CHIC IN UNAFFECTED WAYS

For back views and yardage see page 136.

No. 6499. A rippling skirt joins the bodice in scallops and the bertha collar repeats that line. Fitted French panties complete this very charming costume.

No. 6466. Pleats are the thing so this frock shows half a dozen in its skirt which is attached to a rounded yoke. The scalloped closing is a becoming note.

No. 6427. A cunning frock drops its shoulder yoke low for a cap-sleeve effect and drapes its neckline under a bow. The skirt is gathered generously.

No. 6468. This suit is as roomy as it is neat. The shoulder line swings low for comfort and trousers are held in place with buttons on the blouse and a belt.

No. 6502. The six-to-fourteens share in the vogue for the shaped collar and pleats. Shown here in plaid which is as smart in little as it is in big fashions.

No. 6501. This frock is very simple to make and exceedingly charming to wear. The shaped yoke forms a cap-sleeve effect. A panel gives skirt fulness.

No. 6500. The new geometric sleeve is applied to the younger mode and the neckline is draped in the new manner. The peplum ends with a bow in the back.

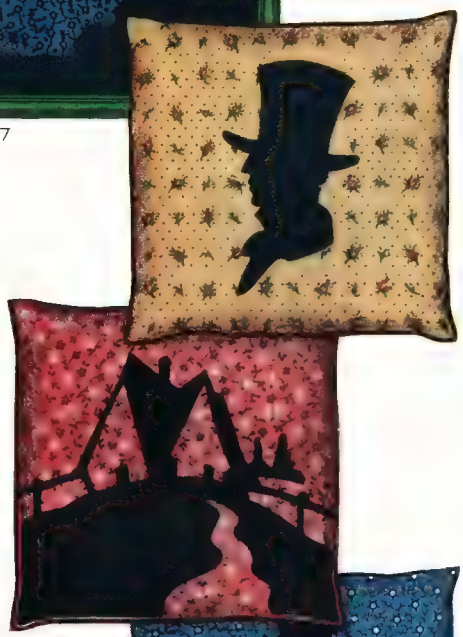
NEW VERSIONS IN THE ART OF APPLIQUE

BY ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

1869

1868

1867



1870

No. 1869. Giraffes like those they saw in the Zoo will delight the younger members of the family, when they can have them appliquéd on pillows of their very own. Gay cotton prints—scraps of materials will do—are being used to make them. You can plan clever combinations in gay toned prints that will be very smart in a child's room.

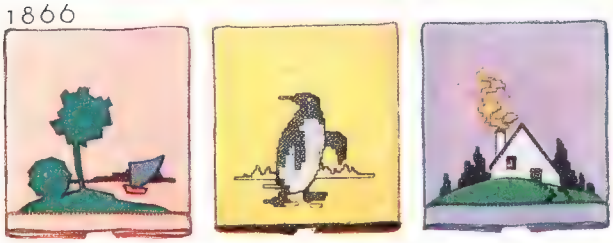
No. 1868. "The little red hen" and the "cow that jumped over the moon" have ceased their adventurous story-book lives, and settled down to the peaceful existence of the farm yard—at least they have when appliquéd in cunning cotton prints on an unbleached muslin pillow. Clever mothers are making them of gay scraps for play rooms.

No. 1866. A cunning cottage nestled on a hillside, an adventurous little sail boat embarking on strange voyages, and dignified and deliberate penguins are the newest motifs for smart towel ends. A combination of appliqué and cross-stitch fashion these cunning motifs. The smartest bathrooms have them, and they make very clever bridge prizes.

No. 1867. They come from the most exclusive shops, and go to the loveliest homes—these quaint bouquet pictures made of old-fashioned chintzes which are pasted in place. They are so charming in design and color. When you see them, you'll want one, too. And if you're very clever, you'll probably make your own; many women do. It will be perfect when hung in a Colonial or French Provincial room, or a hall.

No. 1870. Pillows play such an important part in the charm of a home, that you can't have too many, especially of the smart silhouette variety. The newest silhouettes are usually made of felt, sateen or linen, appliquéd on a gay chintz background. If you're considering pillows, it will pay to consider silhouettes. You must have many places that need their smartness.

1866



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices listed on page 138.

How to Add *a Pound a Week* to Your Child's Weight

Swiss Food Creation Curbs Nervousness As It Adds Weight— Actually Increases Nourishment From Other Foods Your Child Eats!

A FASTER way has been found to increase your child's weight. A way that may make your child over in a few weeks. Weight increases of a pound a week are not unusual; at the same time nervousness and irritability are curbed frequently in a few days!

Comparatively new to America, its use has spread from Switzerland to more than 54 different nations of the world. *Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.*

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine that you get at your druggists or grocers. You give it with warm milk or as a cold shake-up drink, at meals or between meals. It is not a medicine, but a concentrate of natural foods, that have been processed to bring results that none of these foods can give alone or in an ordinary mixture.

Due to the way Ovaltine is scientifically processed, it is not only a complete food in itself—it possesses the remarkable property of aiding the digestion and assimilation of other food a child eats! That is why weight increases are so remarkable; why nervousness disappears; and why the appetite improves.

What It Is—How It Works

First Ovaltine is cooked in a vacuum, thus preserving all vitamins and enzymes. Then it is concentrated to a point that gives it tremendous nourishment. The method of processing also makes it digest almost at once, without effort. It will digest when nothing else seems to "agree." And constitutes in itself a complete food.

You mix it with milk and drink it as a beverage. And when mixed with milk it will break down the curds and make the milk digest twice as easily. (For milk alone, as you know, turns to solid curds in the stomach.)

Children drink twice as much milk, when mixed with Ovaltine, because they like the taste.

It also contains a property taken from eggs, called "lecithin," which is a direct nerve food. A few days use of Ovaltine usually curbs nervousness noticeably.

Increased Appetite

Ovaltine has a high content of the appetite-producing Vitamin B. But of greatest importance is its high proportion of the remarkable food element known as "diastase." (A substance that gives one food the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach.) Ovaltine is so processed, that it contains enough diastase *to digest from 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods!* It is this digestive power which chiefly distinguishes Ovaltine from any other health food in the world, and is the main reason why Ovaltine *actually stimulates appetite.*

Quick Digestion

By breaking down the curds in the milk, by digesting the starches in the stomach, it speeds up digestion and empties the stomach sooner. This makes a child hungry. For the sensation of hunger is caused by the walls of an empty stomach pressing together, and hunger is the basis of appetite. Child specialists will tell you that usually when a child refuses to eat, it is because he hasn't fully digested his previous meal—"poor eaters" usually have slow digestion.

World-Wide Use

Ovaltine today is used in thousands of hospitals and sanitariums. It is prescribed by over 20,000 doctors. It was used as a standard ration by the Red Cross during the World War for nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers. In short, it is time-tested.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

For the sake of your child we urge you to try it. Results will surprise you. Note the almost immediate difference in your child's weight and nerve poise, and in greater strength, energy and appetite.

Give it at breakfast always. At meals and between meals. You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or, if you like, send the coupon for a 3-day test.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely prescribed for sleeplessness, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

Famous Ovaltine Oatmeal Test

Put 3 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine into a full glass or cereal dish of cooked, warm oatmeal. Stir a few times to mix. Then watch and you will see the oatmeal liquefy before your eyes. You will see how a small amount of Ovaltine digests the entire starch content of the oatmeal in the same way that your own digestive organs should. It is a perfect demonstration of how Ovaltine, if taken with a meal, digests the starch content of other foods in your stomach. And why it speeds up digestion and creates the sensation of hunger.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER CO.
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Dept. L-25
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring Pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

C

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City..... State.....
(One package to a person) 813

Do as Your Dentist does—*when he cleans your teeth*

Powder Cleans and Whitens Teeth—as nothing else can

THERE is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

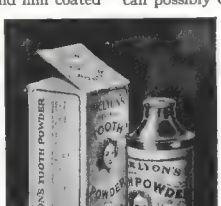
Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.



In use over 60 years

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs, only half as much, to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder

A LIGHTNING ROD IN HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page 18*]

drown out pictures of social life. "Whenever an author's imagination runs short, why does he tuck in a drinking scene to fill up the time?" "This is a college town. I want to protest against the constant drinking scenes that are appearing in almost every picture. One would think that all America was sodden with liquor if one could believe the movies. And the cat calls and yells that come from our student audiences show what effect such pictures are having on them at their most susceptible years. Can't the stream of drinking orgies in the films be cut off at its source?"

ANOTHER series of letters is reflected in these examples. "We begin to enjoy a sweet little love story, and a salacious song or a filthy innuendo or a disgusting dance comes along that destroys our pleasure and is false to the very character of the story. Why do they keep on doing it?"

The next big mass of protests concerned themselves with advertising. "We want to go to a show, so we walk along looking at the boards or glance at the newspaper ads and decide that there is nothing to see. Everything is smutty."

And the fourth big group of critical letters concerned the child situation, the wail of parents about the scarcity of good child pictures in an age when every child thinks that to go to a "show" is part of his inherent right. "Our children are going to the movies because they think they are getting glimpses of life. But when the pictures are loaded with crime and drinking and jokes about family unfaithfulness and sex situations, what kind of preparation for life are children getting?"

The stream of criticism, of which these are fair types, came in by the hundreds, and in addition to the general indictment, there were many unfavorable comments on particular pictures.

The huge motion picture industry, enormously complicated in its technique and many-minded in its personnel, has one supreme interest, and that is to supply its customers with what they want. So the reactions of any big part of its audience are interesting to it. Its leaders want to know what the public thinks. As Mr. William de Mille said, "If we please nine-tenths of our public and offend one-tenth, our job is to please that other tenth without losing the nine-tenths." There is more than that to it. This one-tenth that speaks its mind is the fraction that is most exacting in standards, both of art and of ethics; the fraction that knows how to express its dissatisfaction; the fraction on whose support the future success of the industry depends. So the letters that came to me were quite as valuable to the world of producers as they were characteristic of the one-tenth. My job was to collect them and pass them on.

It is a stupid mother who always tells her children how bad they are, and the rest of us are not so different from children. One is glad to send to a studio a delightful comment on one of their pictures that has called forth glowing appreciation. On the other hand, there may go caustic comments to another director about one that has offended. Here is the way one producer replied to some dozen harsh opinions on a picture of his: "Of course, this kind of reaction must play its part in future production."

Coloring all these public contacts, there came a little better understanding of the problems inside the studios themselves, impressions of mingled turmoil and efficiency and an upheaval of which the public hardly dreams. When, two years ago, sound and color came into the moving picture, crude, constantly changing their mechanics, keeping every one on the *qui vive*, they brought other changes even bigger than artisanship. They shifted everything. Pantomine died. The men at the top have been adjusting and readjusting and while they upset things at the bottom, they have had to go on producing and producing for a public that must be kept supplied with pictures no matter what is going on behind those high walls which enclose the studios. "Nothing is true for fifteen minutes in the motion picture industry," said one of its most successful directors.

IT HAS been interesting to be both a symptom and a cog (if one can be both a symptom and a cog) in a series of readjustments that began inside the bounds of the producers, and that moved along lines exactly parallel to the criticisms of which I have told—a decided movement on the part of producers to adjust themselves to the demands of the best of their public and to make better and cleaner and more artistic pictures.

When I said I was a symptom, it was because my coming coincided with these other phenomena. Out of the turmoil of changing methods, the producers were beginning to say, "We have not only the questions of sound and color to face, but also the finer elements of art and ethics. We must get busy." So came a code of ethics and a code of advertising, made as agreements among the big studios themselves. The code of ethics immediately set up the ideals of the industry concerning the matters women had been particularly harsh in condemning, drinking, obscenity, degrading themes. And the code of advertising promised improvement in that much-criticized lapse from good manners and good publicity. But, whenever laws are made we have to begin to interpret them. So with the codes. Immediately a hundred different opinions rise as to what is meant by "vulgarity," "drinking necessary for characterization or plot," et cetera.

To the fulfillment of the code, not through my office, but so close that I am allowed frequent contact with it, is set up machinery by which scripts are read at the request of the producers, and by which there are final views of pictures before the release prints are made. Directors want the reactions of people trained to measure public opinion.

[*Continued on page 99*]

NEW FREEDOM *for the hostess* . . .

NEW ENJOYMENT *for her guests*

GENERAL ELECTRIC ADVANTAGES

Monitor Top—Hermetically sealed like a MAZDA lamp. Contains all mechanism—protected against air, dirt and moisture.

Accessible Temperature Regulator—Speeds up the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

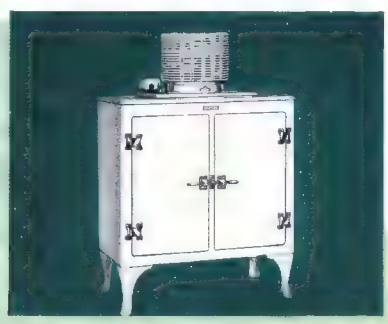
Multi-Temperature—4 different kinds of temperature: 1—Super-Freezer for fast-freezing. 2—Chiller, for cold storage of foods at approximate freezing temperature. 3—Cabinet temperature, always below 50 degrees. 4—Vegetable Pan for the moist cold storage of vegetables.

Simple Installation—Plugs into nearest convenience outlet, same as an electric iron.

Lower Operating Cost—General Electric design permits a smaller motor, using far less current.

Mounted on Legs—For ease of sweeping and cleaning beneath the refrigerator.

All-Steel Cabinet—Porcelain lined. Not a particle of wood to absorb moisture or odors.



AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR PAYS FOR ITSELF

HER LUNCHEONS and teas are triumphs, her dinners a succession of tempting and varied dishes. Unexpected guests marvel at the ease with which she whips together the most colorful and appetizing dainties.

Yet her magic is simply the proud possession and intelligent use of a General Electric Refrigerator. How often she has cause to thank the engineering genius which created the simplest, most efficient form of home refrigeration. She values her General Electric because it saves her food, time, labor . . . eliminates many tiring market trips . . . brings a new healthfulness to the family diet . . . takes her mind out of the kitchen, into broader interests.

You too, can enjoy the convenience, economy and extra leisure that only a General Electric gives. Summer and winter, it functions quietly, efficiently for a few cents a day, saving many times its cost by preventing food spoilage. Concealed in its glistening Monitor Top is the ingenious mechanism that provides unfailing refrigeration—hermetically sealed—protected from air, dirt, moisture. As dependable as electric light, it never even needs oiling.

Select the General Electric model that meets your requirements—*today*. A small down payment places it in your home. And a few pennies daily meet the convenient monthly payments and the low cost of electric current.

Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess." It contains valuable information regarding proper food preservation. Address, Section N4, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Co., Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

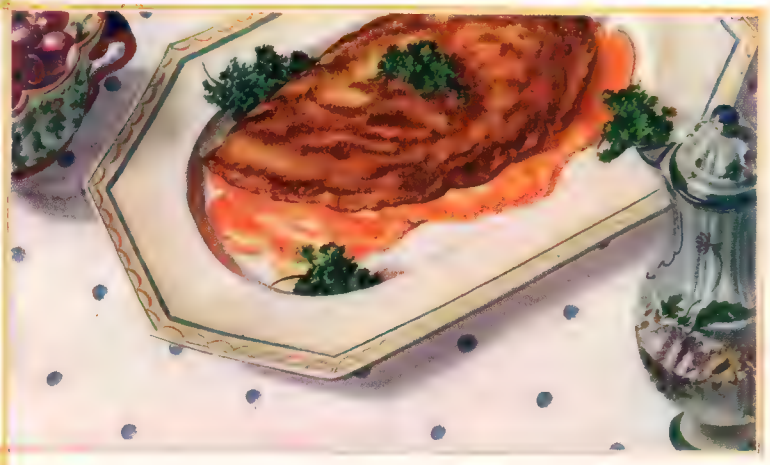
JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRAM, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS

3 quick tricks with Cheese



1 **MACARONI AND VELVEETA**—Heat 1/4 cup milk and a package of Kraft Velveeta over a low flame, stirring occasionally, until Velveeta is melted. Season well with salt, pepper and paprika. Add 1 cup cooked macaroni, mix carefully with a fork, pour into a casserole and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 375°, until the crumbs begin to brown. (Serves 4)

2 **KRAFT CHEESE OMELET**—Grate 1 cup Kraft American Cheese. Beat 6 eggs slightly, add 1/4 cup milk, seasonings and half the cheese. Melt 2 tbsps. butter in skillet, pour in egg mixture and cook very slowly until almost done. Place under very low broiler flame to dry the top. Sprinkle with remaining cheese, fold and serve. (Serves 4)

3 **BROILED OPEN SANDWICH**—Toast a slice of bread on one side; spread untoasted side with mayonnaise, a slice of tomato, then a thick slice of Kraft Swiss Cheese. Place 2 strips of partially broiled bacon on the cheese and toast under broiler flame until cheese is melted. (1/2 lb. Kraft Cheese makes 4 to 6 sandwiches)

A few quick turns about the kitchen . . . a competent stir or two—and there you are!

These three quick tricks are *good* with almost any cheese. But, made with a Kraft-Phenix cheese—they're *perfect*. Kraft Cheese is such a joy to cook with. Melts placidly all by itself, while you're busy with other things. And has a flavor beyond a cheese lover's dreams.

Kraft-Phenix, master cheese makers, have all sorts of fine cheeses that adapt themselves to an infinite variety of uses. Perhaps it's American that you like best. Kraft American Cheese has the unique "cave cured" flavor, rich and mellow. It is ideal for cooking or for eating fresh from the package.

Other members of the Kraft-Phenix family are the tender Swiss, the snappy Old English, the sophisticated Camembert. By all means get acquainted with Velveeta, the wonderful new cheese food that slices, spreads or cooks. And it's as digestible as milk itself.

Plan one of these quick, easy—and *delicious*—dishes for tomorrow. Your grocer knows about all the Kraft cheeses—and he'll have them.

The Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, The Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

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CHEESE • MAYONNAISE • MALTED MILK
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A LIGHTNING ROD IN HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page 96*]

Gradually my days took shape in this pioneer job. Every morning comes the heap of mail, much of it heart-warming in its pledges of help; once in a while a note of hostility that heartens one to more effort; constant demands for help to get better movies in "our town;" to know how best to organize committees; to establish junior matinées; to write papers with the latest information for club meetings. Every morning there is a new picture to be reviewed and evaluated at the Academy.

There are newspaper men or magazine writers or lecturers to be seen—for the movie is taking its place in college and club speakers' repertoires. I am reminded that there is a speech to be made over the radio or to a club. Or a message—"Mr. X. (a director) is leaving for New York tonight. Can you drop everything and read this script and give him your opinion and suggestions?" I am given the courtesy of seeing a synopsis of each script that comes in, and then, if I want to see the whole script, I may ask for it.

Tucked into every corner of the day is the work of getting ready bulk replies to bulk questions. And always, an immense amount of simple newspaper work to try to spread the doctrine of better movies.

WHILE the codes are vastly encouraging as a sign that producers are attempting to correct those things that are hated, still mass interpretation of these new standards is necessary, in order that the men who are making pictures shall not live them down to the least exacting of their own number, but up to the best of themselves, for every type and gradation of men and women is inside the studios, offering their abilities or lack of ability to us, the public.

Some of the producers are also facing the problem of giving children, a comparatively small and non-paying audience, what they need. Perhaps there is some worldly wisdom in this, it will not do to bring up a new generation that is disaffected and bored by what it has seen in pictures. Children, thank goodness, do not like sexy stuff. They like clean adventure, movement, the breath of outdoors. They are keen critics. And laughter is to them the normal thing it ought to be.

And how are we going to make our opinions practical? All over the land, people are talking good pictures, but are they going to them? If you say you want the best, but keep going to the worst, what argument have you? The box office ought to talk the same language as the women. The producers are not even going to try to give us all wool, if we agree to buy the shoddy.

A hundred and fifty women in Hollywood are furthering the work for better audiences for better films. There is a tiny projection room in one of the large hotels and here, every morning, producers are generous enough to show forthcoming pictures to a small selected group of women, *chosen by the organizations themselves,* from the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the local Women's University Club and Parent and Teachers Association. Just to leaven the feminine lump, there are also young men from the Y. M. C. A., and some Boy Scouts. To each of the judges is handed a slip with questions to suggest the headings for their estimating of the values, dramatic, artistic, social of what they are to see. No one has any strings on his judgment. Each organization has its own way of giving publicity to these previews, which is sent into every state to their local groups.

Well, is this all a mere gesture? Does it help the approved pictures?

THE thing has not been going long, and I do not know that it will ever be possible to point to statistics about its effect, but I do know that the stories of a single mail may bring tales like these. Atlanta writes, "Because of the recommendation of *Disraeli,* our committee has contacted five thousand people over the phone suggesting their attendance," and Auburn, Maine, sends word, "We are getting up attendance parties in all the surrounding towns to see *Disraeli.*" So the lists go to thousands and thousands. They are posted in libraries and used by schools, they are read at club meetings. Lately, requests are coming in from theater managers that they may have the lists in order to guide them in their bookings.

All this, remember, does not mean a high-brow domination. It asks for nothing but good entertainment, entertainment that entertains. It asks for interest instead of stupid old themes, for bubbling laughter, for thrills, for all we mean by drama.

The women who are doing the previewing do not regard their service casually. They want to know something of the business of making motion pictures, and a great deal about drama and social values. And they have the practical good sense to realize that they must in no way try to put over a class point of view.

To me the most helpful element just now, when the attempt to put the code into operation is upon us, is the output of a number of pictures that illustrate our American traditions —not educational pictures, but corking good stories that fix our minds on the romance and thrill that have gone to the making of America, whether it be *The Silent Enemy* that puts one into living an hour with the Indian at his most heroic and most picturesque; or *Byrd at the South Pole,* with all the heroism of peace; or *Abraham Lincoln* (the man conquering in spite of his handicaps), or the pioneers in *The Big Trail,* and *Cimarron* and *Great Meadow* and *Fighting Caravans* and *The Santa Fe Trail.* Clean America. Even delicate phantasy is having its try in such pictures as *Outward Bound* and *Death Takes a Holiday.*

If these go we may hope for pictures that deal not only with the romance, but with ideals that have made our country in the past, and that we hope will leaven its future. The motion picture is in its infancy. Full achievement is in front.

His mother told us

"BEING THE MOTHER OF NINE SONS, I had to secure sheets that would withstand anything active boys will do. They used my Pequot sheets as screens, curtains and wardrobe department when 'acting' in the barn—yet even that failed to destroy the wearing value of stout, well-woven Pequot, that covers young America."

This letter came from Dorchester, Massachusetts. Now take one from a little sand-swept town in Nevada:

"I have a large family of children—regular Indians around the house. They are hard on sheets and cases, so I select the best I can get—Pequot. Pequot wears longest for me—also it irons straight, which makes that job easier."

Discovering how *good* Pequot is, is an experience shared by thoughtful housewives everywhere. It has made Pequot the most popular brand of sheets in America! Perhaps *you* have found out, yourself, how sturdily Pequot wears—how clear, white and crisp it launders—how soft and smooth it feels. The next time you add to your supply of sheets—look for the shield-shaped Pequot label! Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

PEQUOT SHEETS

The most popular sheets PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES *in America*

Oh, if I could be free from soot and smudge! It ruins my nails and hands, scouring it away. You *can*—from flame and matches, too.

This General Electric invention, Hi-Speed Calrod, combines cleanliness, speed, economy. Pans *stay* clean—a joy to feminine hearts.

Now you can cook with heat as clean as sunshine

Cooks meals automatically—while you're away. The oven turns *itself* on and off; regulates its own heat. There are General Electric Hotpoint Ranges to fit every budget. See them at your electric company.

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YOU can be forever free from the hand-ruining task of scouring pots and pans. You will save money, too, because there is no smudge to soil the walls, ceilings and draperies, all through your house. You won't need to redecorate so often.

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PIGS IN CLOVER

[*Continued from page 68*]

And the words were hardly off his lips—the words weren't off his lips—before two young men descended on our maidens. We stood transfixed, staring at them with stricken and reproachful eyes. They were rather magnificent young men; their dark blue bérets were set at precisely the right angle of nonchalance above their dark lean faces, and their slim waists were girded with wine red sashes. They bowed gravely to the dancing maidens, who sketched somewhat perfunctory curtsies, never halting in the intricate maze of steps. After a moment of poised and frowning hesitation, the young men nodded, smiled, and joined issue with the girls, who parted amiably to give them freer swing. The dancing became even more exquisitely and intricately embroidered, but Mr. Hart and I wagged tragic heads at each other—this, then, was the death of Arcady and illusion! . . . At the end of ten minutes of magic harmony, the young ladies curtsied again, even more perfunctorily, the young men bowed again, even more gravely, and went on their way, without one spoken word. Romance might be lost, but Arcady was not.

It was late, and here and there voices could be heard calling to each other that the great procession of the torches was about to begin. We went reluctantly and docilely back to the half-consumed mints, watching the ebb and flow of the crowd, gathering for the culmination of all that evening of rhythm and light. Confetti and serpentine were thick about us—the air was full of them and of laughter. The small, wan lady in ermine and her escorts had departed, and we were alone, in a country of aliens—and friends. Far away the torches began to shine, and the lanterns like bubbles of emerald and orange, strung across the crossbars of the long poles. And then, ankle deep in the rainbow confetti, we saw him—the nicest person that we saw in the Basque country—the nicest person that we saw in Europe—the nicest person, I think, that we ever saw in our lives. A thick-set, middle-aged man, with grizzled hair, a close-clipped mustache, and teeth whiter than his gleaming and immaculate shirt. Perched on his shoulder was a weary and beguiling fairy—an infinitesimal creature in a blue hood, not two years old, and too exhausted to have any pride left in the scarlet straps and pearl buttons of her new slippers.

HER guardian looked at her, smiled briefly and tenderly at the sight of drooping curls and lashes, and bending cautiously, scooped up a thimbleful of the paper trophies. He took the small, limp paw, dropped his colored snowflakes into it, and admonished her softly, sternly. "This is a fête, *mignonne*, say *'Houp-la!'* This is a fête."

And the mite on his shoulder, meeting the smile and the warning like a true daughter of the Basques, scattered the confetti in a lavish gesture before her crying *"Houp-la!"* in a tone that would have summoned Oberon from Titania's side.

The procession was on us before we had torn our eyes from them; the musicians first, with fife and drum and fiddle; the firemen next, the torches in their hands warming their helmets to braziers; then the guards; then the young men, then the girls, then the children, banners, lanterns and torches flying—a country dancing to a tradition, marching to a memory. They went by, strong and beautiful and triumphant as a dream—a dream of all the things that we have missed, all the things that we have lost, all the things that we have longed for . . . And we sat quite still over the little glasses of green mint, watching them go by, and swearing that they had not passed us for the last time; swearing that one of these days we would come back and find them, and their talisman that made the world as fresh as Eden.

[*Continued in an early issue*]

THE PULPIT

[*Continued from page 7*]

it was inevitable that Dr. Stewart should become Bishop of the Diocese of Chicago. One of the most brilliant preachers in the American Church, a great master of popular homiletics, his books, such as *Six Altars* and a delightful travelogue, *Spanish Summer*, have been widely read.

"The first sermon ever preached by a Christian minister," Dr. Stewart points out, "affirmed that 'it was not possible that Christ should be holden by Death.' St. Peter, standing up on the Day of Pentecost, so declared. Overwhelming assurance of the fact of the Resurrection came first; awareness of its inevitableness came next. So far from thinking of the Resurrection as a thing incredible and abnormal, they came to see that an impossible miracle would have happened if he had not risen. It was not a break with the laws of the universe; it was a revelation of another dimension of the universe.

"There are two kinds of evidence in any court, direct and presumptive evidence. The Apostles had both. We have not. Their direct, primary evidence was their own personal experience. It is undeniable that those men were defeated on Good Friday. It is also undeniable that within a few weeks these same men were aflame with faith, irresistible in assurance that Christ had risen. They swept through Palestine and Asia Minor defying mobs, singing in prison, rejoicing in martyrdom—for what? As witnesses of the Resurrection of Christ, as interpreters of His personality, and they became spiritual giants who moved the world!

"Unfortunately we have not the direct evidence they had, but we have the same presumptive evidence—the personality of Christ. Look at Him! He passed through the most terrific temptation without moral lapse. He knew no sense of moral defeat. He had such sanctity, such spiritual sensibility and loveliness, that the world hails Him as the highest. He suffered the bitterest fate a man can suffer, not for his own fault, but for His moral goodness, His unimpeachable purity, His intrepid love. The resurrection of Christ was in accord with the highest law. It was not a solitary, accidental, detached event. The whole history of the universe, from the lowest beginning, led up to this revelation. Without it, we now see, life is confused, disordered, incomplete, meaningless; with it the keystone drops into the arch. Christ is no dead fact stranded on the shore of oblivious years; he is the crown and consecration of the whole process of life. We, too, must face death. It is inevitable but victory over it is also inevitable. Christ has broken the horror of it, lifted the weight of it off our hearts and crowned our hopes with certitude."

The story of a wife who recaptured the romance in her marriage . . .

Their SECOND *Honeymoon*

by

BEATRICE FAIRFAX

who has helped many wives, and husbands, too, by her widely read discussions of marriage problems

"JIM and Ada had been married ten years. Like so many wives and husbands, they felt romance and glamour fading. Marriage had become humdrum.

"'*And then, Miss Fairfax,' writes Ada, 'I set my wits to work. I wanted Jim to think of me as his sweetheart, not just as busy housewife and mother.*

"'What I did was to buy myself a second trousseau! Not expensive things, but lovely colorful frocks and lingerie that gave me a feeling of being charming and so *feminine*.

"'Jim almost at once sensed the change in me. He once more seemed to find me the girl he had adored. And now we're having a second honeymoon that's going to last all our married days!'

"Honeymoon Happiness need never fade"

"WISE wife! How easy to keep honeymoon happiness all through marriage, if *every* wife would do two simple things:

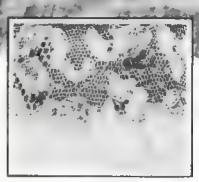
1. **Buy colorful, dainty frocks and lingerie.**
2. **Keep them color-fresh and charming always.**

"Frocks in becoming colors can make you look so pretty and young! And the deliciously soft, lacy lingerie one can buy so reasonably nowadays makes you feel utterly feminine! A shining feeling . . . that calls forth adoration and holds it.

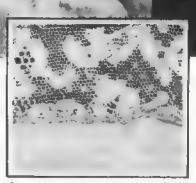
"Don't believe you can't afford such frivolous clothes. For with Lux, that wonderful product you all know, they can be kept charming and new so long *every* woman can afford them. Many, many Lux washings won't disturb their shimmering beauty.

"Lux is especially made to preserve colors and the life of delicate fabrics. Their charm, too. So that as long as you wear them, they lend their charm to you!

"*And in your home:* Keep your home fresh and pretty, too, for this adds to your charm. Linens, colorful curtains, sofa cushions—always look lovely if you use Lux." BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Peach satin lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—lace and satin worn, color faded, lustre lost.



Duplicate lingerie Luxed 12 times—silk and lace fibres intact, the color charming as new. Utterly exquisite!

No matter how delicate a color . . If it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

No more sleepless nights since I changed to Postum!

And thank goodness, I've said good-bye to my nerves!

And don't forget . . . Postum made me *love* to drink milk!

And so . . . two million families choose Postum for their mealtime drink!

Postum makes friends with the whole family! We'd like you to try a cup yourself, so that you can see how good it is ...(it's our treat, as we'll explain later on)...

We know you'll enjoy the delightful fragrance of Postum, first of all. And the rich, deep color! You'll like the way it lightens to gold when you pour in the cream—and you'll certainly like the flavor of Postum! It's so mellow and cheering.

And there's more to this drink than delicious flavor! Postum is an entirely *safe* mealtime drink. It won't rob you of sleep, or set your nerves on edge . . . it won't give you headaches or indigestion . . . *as caffein-containing drinks may now be doing.* That's because Postum contains no caffein. Made from roasted whole wheat and bran, this drink is as wholesome as you could ask.

Try this . . . give up caffein-containing beverages and drink Postum with your meals, instead—for thirty days. At the end of that time, see how much better you feel and look! You'll decide to keep right on drinking Postum!

Postum is very easy to prepare, and costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—*or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test.* Be sure to indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

P. S. Instant Postum made with milk is a wonderfully nourishing drink for children—and they love it! © 1931, G. F. CORP.

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YOU HAVE TO STUDY A MAN'S TASTE

[*Continued from page 19*]

block of sunlight. Vange breakfasted forty minutes later than Maude, and Linnie wouldn't have thought of giving her warmed-over muffins. To Linnie, stirring food materials in bowls, smoothing sheets to a fine degree of tautness, even moving a dust-cloth over the surfaces of furniture, were completely satisfying tasks.

"Eighteen years," she mused. "It would be queer to go." Sometimes Linnie thought of her first ten years in New York, and at such times she paled and trembled. One position after another she had left in tears, to come home to Vange and Maude with reddened eyes and helpless hands.

"You weren't—let go?" Their indignation had braced her, their courage given her strength.

"No, I—I resigned this time."

"Never mind, Lin." Vange and Maude would nod to each other over her bowed head. "You didn't like that place, anyway. We're eating in tonight," they'd add cheerfully. "We've put carrots on." Imperceptibly they'd guide her toward the stove.

"Maude Holmes! You didn't put carrots on in all that water!" Linnie would forget to weep.

TEN years in the business world had buffeted her rudely. After the twelfth or thirteenth unsuccessful venture, Maude and Vange had consulted together. They could afford a housekeeper now—they'd put it to her delicately—why shouldn't it be Linnie? "And you have a small income," Maude had suggested. "If I could go out from one of your breakfasts and come home to one of your dinners every night"—Vange, always plump, had rolled her blue eyes—"I'd be decorating penthouses."

The machinery of living had, from that moment, run smoothly; it had, at times, actually seemed to purr. Vange decorated penthouses. Maude wrote features for an evening paper. Linnie cooked, mended, polished silver, laundered their finer linens with her own hands. Only when Vange had a bachelor or widower client over thirty years of age and under sixty was the routine broken.

"That Borden—" Linnie gave her batter a final apprehensive fold.

The sound of Vange's shower could be heard now. The intriguing odor of fresh date muffins permeated the kitchen. The shower stopped; Vange padded out into the living room in orchid velvet pajamas and gold mules.

"Springtime, lovetime, you," she caroled, turning radio dials. She spread a rug on the floor and, kicking off the mules, stood on it, one hundred and seventy pink and white pounds of her, poised on her toes. "Up, two, three, four." She followed the voice of the announcer. "Down, two, three, four. Springtime, lovetime, you. Get in on this, Linnie," she panted. "Do you good. I went down a pound last week. Don't give me a thing for breakfast, Lin. Not a thing. Grapefruit juice and thin toast. No butter, two, three, four. What's that I smell?"

"It's date muffins," Linnie said.

"Woman, woman—" Vange groaned. "You'll undo everything I've done. Stuart says he likes to see a woman well packed," she added irrelevantly.

"Is Stuart Mr. Borden's name?" Linnie inquired thinly.

"Yes." Vange stretched a leg and moved the radio dial with her toe. "Stuart. It's five weeks. He has a daughter. She's in Los Angeles, at school." The smile lingered on Vange's lips and her eyes glowed absently, as though the warm sun of her affection was trying to penetrate Los Angeles, to flood the daughter of a man she had known five weeks.

Linnie sat across from her at the table. "It won't hurt you," she urged.

"But it's my third. Oh, well—" Vange broke a muffin and sniffed it with closed eyes. "No cream in the coffee," she warned. "Oh, dear. All right. One teaspoonful. Her name's Rita. The daughter. Cute, isn't it?"

"How long will you be finishing his apartment?"

"How long?" Vange looked startled. "Well, you see, he's changed his mind. We've changed our minds," she said vaguely. "Oh, quite a while yet."

Then, after a pause, "I—I was thinking of asking Stuart Borden to dinner. Why shouldn't we have a party, Lin? You could have your teacher—what's his name? Maude—"

"Mr. Douthit has been coming here to dinner for five years, and still you never remember his name."

"But, Linnie—It is an odd name. Douthit. You have to think before you say it. You're cross, aren't you?"

"He comes here for the food," Linnie said clearly, "and I have him because he's a man and fills a chair. You can't hurt my feelings."

Vange poured coffee into her cup and spilled cream into it absently, generously. "Living in a hotel, you know, Stuart loves your dinners. Remember that lamb pie with mushrooms we had last time? He's talking about it yet."

"I wouldn't have lamb pie twice," Linnie said crisply. But in spite of herself, her attention was caught. "Strawberries are good now," she remembered. "Let's see—broccoli—"

"We had a tulip dinner last spring," Vange said craftily. "Orchid tulips and—"

"Yellow ones would be better. With green glassware and—Let's see—We could have it Tuesday."

"La-da-de-da-da," Vange crooned happily. "I'll dress. I'm having lunch with"—she caught herself up "—with a client," she finished.

THE little maid, carefully trained by Linnie, served egg-and-caviar canapes, and Richard Douthit ate his with a studious sort of concentration. Maude's man talked on the Russian situation.

Stuart Borden seemed perfectly at home in the modernistic setting which Vange had evolved after the defection of Walter Evanson. Linnie sat remembering Walter Evanson. He'd been in New York two months, representing a southern company engaged in litigation with a New York firm. It was the seventh week of their friendship that he'd told Vange about his wife. It hadn't always happened as suddenly as

[*Continued on page 105*]

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ask for DOLE 1 or 2 or 3

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Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (***Salad Cuts***)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE 2 **Grade 2**

Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. The syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

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Broken slices packed in the same syrup as Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

Experts prepared these tempting dishes

Send for this FREE story book, which is also a recipe book. You'll like the story, you'll like the recipes. They were prepared by four famous food editors of women's magazines. Just fill in coupon and mail.

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Fun for breakfast is as important as food

- - for livelier mornings, serve this modern kind of pancake!

There are two kinds of breakfasts, as different as day and night.

One is good and wholesome — *and thoroughly dull.* The world is full of meals like that, and the world is no better off for it.

The other is also good and wholesome. But it is something more — it is an event. It brings a gleam of pleasure to the eye. Did it ever occur to you that a gleam of pleasure in the morning is just as important as proper nourishment? Do you know that your doctor will tell you this same thing — that food eaten with real enjoyment does you more good?

Try Pillsbury's pancakes tomorrow morning. Pancakes have a peculiar charm — there is perhaps no other breakfast that is so perfect a combination of good food and good cheer. Simply add a little water or milk to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, stir the batter, and bake your cakes. In less time than the coffee takes in boiling you can have a breakfast that is even more than wholesome nourishment — a breakfast that does what every breakfast should do — refreshes your disposition, jogs up your spirits, brightens up your mornings!

What is this "modern" pancake?

"Modern" may seem a queer word for a pancake, but it's exactly the right word for Pillsbury's. The four fine, soft, delicate flours used in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour are entirely different from the flour used in old-fashioned pancakes. They produce a pancake that is unusually light and tender, extremely easy to digest, yet completely nourishing. The sort of breakfast ideally suited to modern life — rich in energy, quickly digestible, easy to prepare. Your grocer has Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, either plain or buckwheat. Look for the red and blue whirligig package.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.
Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Made according to a modern improved recipe

YOU HAVE TO STUDY A MAN'S TASTE

[*Continued from page 102*]

that, of course. Usually Vange's friendships with men drifted to a close, and there would come an evening when she'd take out her arts and decorations magazines, begin to finger fabrics, squint about at the tranquil and unsuspecting rooms. Linnie shuddered suddenly, and could not eat.

The interior that Vange had planned after a man named Evanson went south was suddenly beautiful to Linnie. It had taken on the familiar beauty of the face of that friend who is going away. But perhaps, Linnie thought, this would be different. This new friendship might go on for years. She cheered herself momentarily.

BORDEN was big and brown. He bore down on Linnie when the bridge started. Neither of them was much at home in a game of contract. He told her about his new apartment.

"It's Rita's idea," he said. "She finishes at school this spring and didn't want to go back to Texas. I figured we ought to be together for a while and I promised I'd try this big town for a year. Miss Winter has been very kind. She's been my right-hand man. Won't you smoke, Miss Adams?"

"No, thank you," Linnie murmured. He calls her Miss Winter, her mind noted. "Don't—" A pressure of words which could never be uttered was hurting her throat. "Don't, when you get to knowing more people here, stop seeing Vange, will you? Not just at once, I mean, as some of them have done. You're kind. I can tell that you are—"

But you couldn't say that sort of thing. Linnie looked around helplessly. Borden kept smoking, and she had to take her glasses off and wipe her eyes. "Tell me about your daughter," she prompted at length. . . .

The next day Linnie went shopping with Vange. "You don't really need a new dinner dress, Vange," she had remonstrated in Bagley's. "It is a good-looking suit, but—" She had set her lips in Croft's. Her objections grew fainter as the day advanced.

Vange tried on filmy chiffons, and cobweb laces, and glimmering soft silks. Her happiness bubbled.

"Stuart likes me in blue," she said, deciding on an azure evening dress. "You have to study a man's taste, you know."

"Do you?" Linnie inquired thinly. It was three-thirty. They'd finished with the avenue and were on Fifty-seventh Street.

"Look at this, Lin. I declare, I look actually thin in it. Gracious, you're not looking. It's rather youthful, isn't it?" She turned, biting her lips, in front of the mirror. "But not too much so, do you think? Green makes my eyes look green. I'm tempted to take both."

"It's very slenderizing." The salesgirl smiled at Vange.

"One needs so many things," Vange considered. "Yes, I'll take both."

Linnie couldn't sit still. She had to walk about and finger materials.

Bigelow Rainy. Walter Evanson. Arthur Weymouth. A Mr. Starr, who had been a playwright. A man named Henderson and one named Brent. So Vange had shopped for every one of them. So she had looked dreamily into mirrors, had bought misty chiffons and jade pendants for her ears; so she had accumulated evening slippers and expensive perfumes and imported bags. Linnie peered at gowns and did not see them. . . .

"Lin, listen to this—" Maude said at the breakfast table next morning. "It's from Marjorie Rossiter. Do you remember her?"

"Do I remember her?" Linnie reproved. "She was treasurer of our class, and literary editor of the year book. She liked a Jennings man who went to Harvard. They—"

"Wait, wait!" Maude waved her letter. "Give me a chance. She married him and he died. She educated her younger sister to be a teacher. The child grows tired of it and comes to New York. She's here now. She's at the Dianthian."

"That's Emily," Linnie supplied exactly. "She was eight years old when Marjorie graduated. That makes her twenty-six years old. What—"

Maude referred to the letter again. "Marjorie's afraid she may be lonely," she said. "We'll have to look her up."

"Dinner." Linnie's eyes brightened. "We'll have her for dinner."

"I'll have a reporter to meet her. A youngish one. Henry Bliss."

"He's a nice boy," Linnie approved. "Perhaps Vange will ask her Mr. Borden, too. Two men are better—"

Vange appeared, yawning, in the doorway. "No breakfast for me, Linnie," she said. "I'm sleeping in." She yawned again. "This night life."

"We're planning a party," Linnie said. "For Wednesday night. Perhaps Mr. Borden—"

"Of course." Vange let her arms fall slowly, and smiled. "I'm not going to take those exercises this morning," she decided. "I'm too tired."

EMILY ROSSITER had red hair, a white skin and nice eyes. Perhaps she might have been a little stiff, if it hadn't been for the sun of Stuart Borden's appreciation thawing her out.

"There, what do you think of that?" Borden had showed her the view from the sun-room.

She'd looked in breathless silence. "It's fairyland," she breathed at last. His laughter boomed.

Vange turned the radio dials, and turned them again. No program seemed satisfactory tonight.

Maude looked thoughtful. "I was having a nice young man to meet you, dear," she said. "At the last minute he had to go out of town. You'll have to meet him some other time."

"Gracious, yes," Vange broke in flutteringly. "We must have lots of parties. There are more things to see in New York than you've dreamed of, my child."

"And tonight," Borden broke in, "is a good time to begin seeing them. We'll take her to a dancing-club."

"Gorgeous," Emily said, and smiled at him. No one could have resisted smiling. It was his New York. He was going to lay it at her feet.

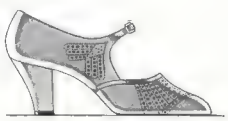
"Fine," Vange echoed.

Linnie went to Vange's door when the rest were ready. Vange was standing in front of her modernistic dresser.

[*Continued on page 106*]

Those merciless lines
that foot-aches leave on faces
can now be erased . . . fashionably

CARLA — *illustrates the vogue for the narrow strap with center buckle contrasting with shoe.*



ATHENA — *smartly uses center buckle, discreet perforations, stitching. Best in beige or white.*

TUXEDO — *shows the fashion trend toward simpler and more comfortable street shoes.*

ACHING FEET cannot be hidden. They write their story plainly . . . in age-lines . . . on your face. *Don't let them!* . . . Don't let merciless foot-aches drag down the corners of your mouth . . . dull your eyes . . . sicken your heart.

Millions of women are learning how easily . . . and how *fashionably* . . . they can recapture the youthfulness that belongs to them . . . erase the age-lines.

As smart as any other shoes on smart Fifth Avenue . . . smarter than most . . . are the thrilling *new* Arch Preserver *fashions* this Spring. Yet, with all their beauty, Arch Preservers' patented construction eliminates every cause of foot-aches . . . strained arches, irritated nerves, distortion . . . that put age-lines in lovely faces.

Dealers everywhere . . . shoe fashion specialists all . . . are ready with the newest Arch Preserver Shoes of Spring . . . and you can see them . . . wear them . . . now! And erase the age-lines that foot-aches are stamping on your face.

Most styles $10—$10.50 and $12.50. Others up to $16.50. And there's a new price . . . $8.50! (Slightly higher west of the Rockies)

Selby—ARCH PRESERVERS

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Made for women, misses, children, by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

The Selby Shoe Co., 584 Fifth Avenue, New York
Please send free copy of "Feet and Faces" and name of dealer.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

Kitchen floor all *tracked up?*

GOLD DUST, ***the fast-working soap for dirty jobs, will quickly make it look like new***

HERE is a plan that has helped thousands of women to do their work quickly and well: Let the *work* choose the soap!

Silks and fine things call for flakes and chips. For woodwork, floors and linoleum, tile, porcelain, refrigerators, stoves—use Gold Dust.

Soap in Efficient Form

Wherever there is real dirt to fight, Gold Dust will do a better job—in ½ to ⅓ less time. Gold Dust is simply a more efficient form of soap that dissolves away the dirt instead of washing over it. Gold Dust is made from pure vegetable oils. It contains *more* soap—and not a bit of grit to scratch or mar.

And so we say: use every soap in its proper place. Keep Gold Dust always handy in bathroom and kitchen. Use a mild, medium or strong solution, according to the work. A spoonful of Gold Dust will go farther than a whole handful of expensive flakes. A little Gold Dust goes a long way. Won't you ask your grocer for Gold Dust today?

The average American family spends about $1 a month on household soaps and cleaners. You can save part of that dollar by using Gold Dust—and get better, quicker results.

KITCHENETTE PACKAGE

5¢

Big household size even more economical

Get a box today!

GOLD DUST

FOR DIRTY DIRT

YOU HAVE TO STUDY A MAN'S TASTE

[*Continued from page 105*]

"I wondered"—she looked at Linnie rather bleakly—"if I ought not to change my dress. Black makes me look sort of old, doesn't it?"

"It's very becoming," Linnie assured her.

"Do you think so?" Vange brightened. "I'll wear the jade bracelets. They give a touch of color. How do I look now?"

But Linnie had gone. She and Maude had excused themselves from the dancing-club party, and they watched the others go: Vange, in black and billowing silver; Emily in a wispy sort of sea green chiffon that did things to her hair; Borden with a hand on Emily's elbow, a hand on Vange's.

"Did you see him put her wrap on?" Linnie turned to Maude slowly.

"Emily's?" Maude asked uncomfortably.

"It's happened, Maude."

"Now, Lin—"

THAT girl is very thin," Vange said, coming into the breakfast room the next morning.

"You mean Emily?"

"Emily, yes. She—she's a good dancer, though. Stuart and I are going to take her to the theater tomorrow night, and to the Garden Sunday night. He—he's kind."

"Yes, he's kind." Linnie looked out at the towering structures on the other side of the gardens. It was planting time in Vermont. If she could get away before the end of the month, she'd have her own vegetable garden this summer. Lonely meals she'd have, of course. Lonely evenings. No one depending on her.

"Gracious, everybody's blue this morning." Vange shook herself, laughing. "I'm tired. It's the spring, that's what. I'm just tired. Springtime, lovetime—" She began to sing, checked herself. "Linnie," she said then, "my birthday is next week. I—I'll be forty. I can't—I mean, it seems strange, doesn't it?"

"Not to me," Linnie said. "I've been forty-one for six months."

"I suppose she seems like a baby to him," Vange considered, speaking half to herself. "Emily, I mean, must seem like a baby to Stuart. He's nearly thirty-nine."

A girl of twenty-six doesn't necessarily seem like a baby to a man of thirty-nine, Linnie thought, but she said nothing. She'd plant asparagus and plenty of cucumbers for pickles. She could put in a lot of time preserving this summer . . . .

Maude came into the kitchen one evening a few days later, her eyebrows raised. "How's everything?"

"She came home and dressed, and Mr. Borden called for her. He had Emily with him," Linnie reported statistically. "They're going to a Russian restaurant and on—"

"H'm. What's that you're cooking?"

"It's a lobster soufflé. I had my trunks brought up this morning."

"Trunks!"

"Yes." Linnie's lips tightened.

"But, Lin— Surely you're going to wait at least until—" Maude stopped. At dinner she coughed a little. "I'm afraid one of my colds is coming on," she said.

"It won't do a bit of good to pretend you are ill," Linnie said coldly. "You've done that two or three times when I've threatened to leave, you and Vange. This time I warn you in advance it won't help a bit."

Linnie came upon Vange at the telephone the next evening, calling Borden's hotel.

"Stu-art?" she crooned. "I have a headache. Oh, just a litt'sy bit'sy one. But you'll take Emily. Yes, that will be fine. I—I'll take this bad old head to bed early tonight. Bye-bye—"

"Linnie—" Maude pleaded, following her anxiously into the kitchen. "Don't go. Stick through it this once. We'll all go to a hotel, and the rest will do you good."

"I don't want new things," Linnie said dully. "Perhaps I'm getting old. I'll start packing now."

Vange wandered about in the orchid pajamas. She picked up books and put them down again. She sat at length in one of the low living room chairs, sat very still with her head bowed.

Linnie passed up and down the hall in her trips to the storeroom. She carried linens, blankets, the two patchwork quilts that Grandmother Adams had made.

"For goodness sake." Linnie sat down on one of the trunks and took herself in hand. "Don't look in at her. Is there any reason why you should look in every time you pass the door?

"She could read," some disturbed part of her answered. "Why doesn't she read?" Linnie got up determinedly. She made three trips without looking into the living room, but the fourth time she stopped at the door.

"Is your head better, Vange?"

OH—" Vange stirred. "It's all right," she said. "I thought—I mean, I thought there was no use in being a chaperon all my life. La-da-de-ah-da," she crooned weakly.

Linnie fled. She picked up an armful of things and hurried down to the storeroom with them; then she turned and, without putting them down, hurried back. She tumbled them into a drawer.

"Vange—" She went back into the living room. "Your new magazines came. 'American Interiors,' I mean, and 'The Antiques Lover.'"

"All right Lin." Vange didn't stir. Her eyes were bleak.

"Vange," Linnie choked desperately. "I'm—I'm awfully tired of this furniture, aren't you? I mean—"

"It's all right, I guess."

"I saw pictures of—of a—" Linnie cast about in despair. "—of a Chinese interior. We—"

"Chinese?" Vange looked at Linnie with heavy eyes. "What was it like?"

"Oh, screens and wall hangings. Let's see. Low chairs, and—"

"Chinese," Vange sat up. . . .

Slumber music came softly from WXYZ. Vange leafed magazines furiously, her blonde hair on end. The modernistic tables were rainbows of silks—greens, golds, apricots, turquoises.

Vange held samples in the air, squinting at them. "La-da-de-da-da. Boop-boopa-doop. Look here, Lin. Look here," she called, with the zeal of an explorer in new territory.

"Yes," Linnie answered from her bedroom, where she was smoothing Grandmother Adams' quilts back into the bottom of her chest. "Coming—"

A motor-driven brush and 50% *stronger* suction

and yet.. this Premier Junior *is only* $37.50

PREMIER'S steady rise to leadership is the result of constant effort to build cleaners that are more efficient and more convenient to use.

An outstanding achievement is this Premier Junior ... as compact and sturdy and efficient a cleaner as any woman would desire. Powerful in its suction... as powerful, in fact, as last year's large Premier Duplex. And equipped with a motor-driven brush... that absolute necessity for thorough, get-to-the-bottom cleaning. A few slow strokes across your rug ...and you *know* it's clean right through.

Like all the Premiers, the Junior needs no oiling. It is light in weight, balanced so that you can steer it with slightest pressure. Its floor-polisher, furnished at small additional cost, gives a brilliant finish. Its all-rubber cord and plug have been warmly welcomed by many women who have had trouble with the old type of cord. And, of course, its moderate price has brought it within the reach of those who wanted only the best and yet could not afford the usual prices of cleaners of this quality.

If you have a larger home, you will want to consider the improved Premier Duplex instead of the Junior. It has 50% greater suction than last year's model and is the most powerful Premier ever built.

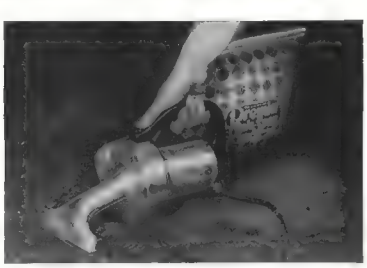
The Spic-Span is a necessity in *every* home. It takes the place of old style attachments. It does ten big jobs, does each one well ... yet weighs only as much as an electric iron,

See all three Premiers, try them, compare them with others. Meanwhile, mail the coupon for a helpful booklet..."One Woman to Another" by Barbara Britton.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY (Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.), Dept. 1704, Cleveland, Ohio. Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.



THE SPIC-SPAN is perfect for upholstered furniture, mattresses, automobiles, etc. Has blower to clean difficult places and deodorizer to repel moths.

Complete **$15.50**

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Please send me, free, a copy of "One Woman to Another."

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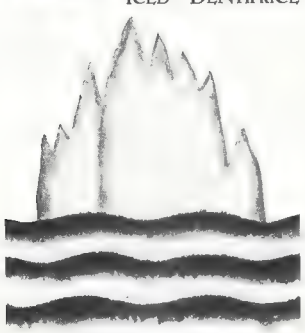
You'll never know HOW REFRESHED YOUR MOUTH CAN FEEL

. . . until you've tried PEBECO, the "iced" dentifrice. There is a tang to it that suggests iced mint, a bite to it that says, "I'm working." No sweet, sickly taste here...Pebeco is a working dentifrice that cleans, whitens and leaves a new kind of mouth comfort—a cool refreshed feeling that you have never before enjoyed. It costs very little to find out that you've been missing something. Just switch to Pebeco today.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

The "ICED" DENTIFRICE



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At Bar Harbor the road curves close to the sea and the flying spray

VACATIONING IN YOUR NATIONAL PARK

By Laura Parks Miller

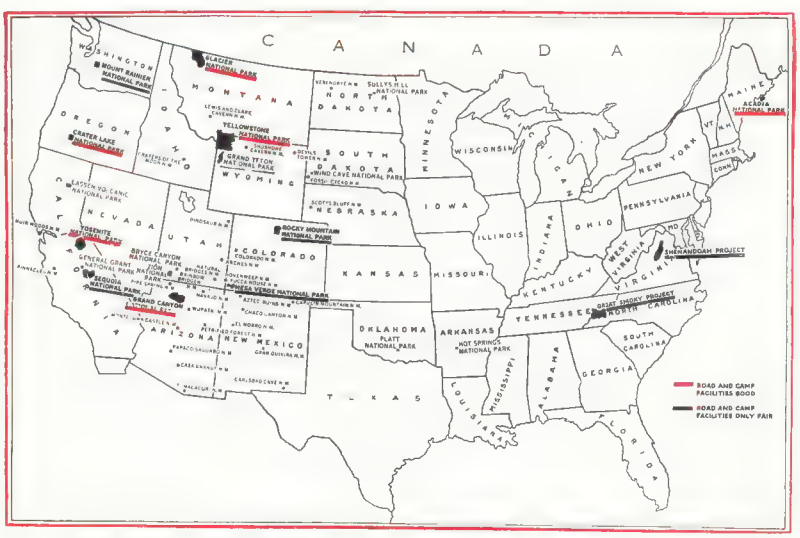
Bar Harbor or the Great Smokies?

NOT more than 600 miles from your house, as the crow flies, lies a great tract of land set aside and maintained by the Government for the enjoyment of you and your family. Perhaps it is even nearer —a domain of primeval grandeur and amazing beauty, yet friendly, too, offering you fishing and swimming, marked trails for hiking and riding, convenient camps, comfortable inns, and luxurious hotels, good roads and, in all likelihood, a well-organized bus service.

It is your National Park. Have you thought about it as a place to spend your vacation?

With a pencil make a dot on the accompanying map to represent your city or town. Now, using a quarter of an inch as the equivalent of 100 miles, find the Park which is within the six-hundred-mile radius and draw a circle around it. (You may discover that your geographical location enables you to have a choice.)

[*Continued on page 111*]



Here are thirteen National Parks where road and camp facilities range from good to fair

HUDSON ESSEX

The New Essex Super-Six Coach

Weather-sealed bodies are important to Rare Riding Comfort

Hudson-Essex comfort is *complete*—down to the smallest detail. Bodies are permanently insulated against water and weather, drumming and drafts. They do not develop squeaks or rattles nor warp. This is important to *Rare Riding Comfort.*

$595
The NEW
ESSEX SUPER-SIX COACH

Other body models as attractively priced. Special equipment extra. All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

$875
The GREATER
HUDSON EIGHT COUPE

No cramped quarters in these cars! You ride all day without tiring because there is plenty of room to shift position as you ride. Head-room and leg-room are generous. Cushions are soft and deep. Wide doors make it easy to get in and out. The steering wheel and all seats are adjustable. Every control is easy to reach and operate.

In beauty and performance, both new cars offer equally important advantages. They are distinctive in appearance with smartly done interiors and outward details, such as their chrome-plated radiator grids. Larger, smoother motors give surprising performance, even excelling that proved by world-wide records in speed, get-away, economy and reliability made against many famous makes of cars.

But you must ride in these new cars to experience how much more they give you in *Rare Riding Comfort* at their low prices!

Owner-Management Permits Exclusive Value Advantages

Owner-management enables Hudson-Essex to give you outstanding advantages in quality and price. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company since its inception twenty-two years ago. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. Their independence is backed by unusually large resources in capital and plant facilities. It enables Hudson-Essex to lead in design and engineering. It permits economies in manufacture and distribution that bring exceptional quality direct to the public at distinct price advantages.

This New Royal Gelatin sets *Twice as Fast!*

Make it just before dinner · · at dessert time it's ready to serve · · ·

IT'S SO EASY . . . so convenient —this new, quick form of your favorite dessert.

You make Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin the same way you always make jellied desserts. Use the same recipes. With this difference: You don't have to make it hours ahead . . . or the night before.

You can prepare Royal along with the rest of the meal. It jells in an hour . . . or even less, with electric refrigeration.

Small individual moulds, of course, mean quicker setting. Or, if you're in a great hurry, pour the liquid gelatin right into the freezing tray of your refrigerator. You'll have your dessert . . . firmly jelled, smooth and quivery . . . in fifteen or twenty minutes.

But, regardless of how you chill it, you'll find Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin nearly twice as fast as ordinary jellied desserts.

It tastes better, too. You'll notice at once that Royal has a richer flavor that rivals the actual fresh fruit.

Huge red raspberries . . . scarlet strawberries . . . ruby red cherries—that's what you taste in Royal Gelatin Dessert. The ripe juiciness of orange, the piquant tang of lemon, or lime.

Serve Royal Gelatin often. There are dozens of delicious ways to serve it. Plain, whipped, with cream, or garnished with fruits or nuts. Or make attractive salads by moulding small portions of meat, fish or vegetables.

Order a package or two today. Ask for it by name—Royal—the *quick setting* kind. Compare it with the jellied desserts you may be using now . . . for quickness, for flavor. We know you'll like it.

Six delicious flavors: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange and Lime.

Photographed in natural colors (unretouched)

Entrancingly Colorful Desserts are so easy to make with Royal

Spiced Royal Cherry with Poached Apple Rings . . . Cook 2-inch stick of cinnamon and 6 cloves in 1¼ cups boiling water for 5 minutes. Remove spices; measure 1 cup; pour over 1 package Royal Gelatin (cherry flavor). When completely dissolved, add 1 cup cold water. Chill ½ cup of mixture in shallow pan to be cut in cubes. Pour remaining gelatin in mould; chill until firm. Unmould; surround with apple rings cooked in thin sugar syrup; garnish with gelatin cubes. *Serves 6. Approximate cost—18¢.*

Orange and Pineapple Fruit Cup . . . Dissolve 1 package of Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (orange flavor) in 1 cup of boiling water. Add 1 cup of cold water. Pour into a shallow pan and chill. When firm, cut into small cubes. Arrange orange sections and cubes of fresh or canned pineapple in sherbet glasses and garnish with the cubes of Royal Orange Gelatin. Over all pour about 1 tablespoon ginger ale. This fruit cup may be served either as an appetizer or as a dessert. *Serves 8. Approximate cost—30¢.*

ROYAL

Quick Setting GELATIN

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VACATIONING IN YOUR PARK

[*Continued from page 108*]

If you live anywhere within the great square formed by Chicago, New York, St. Augustine, and New Orleans, you can easily drive to the Great Smoky Mountains Park, and have a week or more to spend there. If you happen to be an inhabitant of the Middle Atlantic or New England States you have Bar Harbor and Acadia National Park as an alternative. If your home is in the Middle West, then Wind Cave Park and the adjacent Custer State Park in the Black Hills of Dakota are a possibility. Even Rocky Mountain National Park and the Continental Divide may be within touring distance. The fortunate citizens of the Pacific Coast and of the Northwest have—well, look at the map and count *their* options.

Later articles will discuss the National Parks west of the Mississippi: here I have only space to tell you about the two great Parks in the East.

Great Smoky Mountains Park

In the middle of that imaginary square mentioned before are the 700,000 acres of superb scenery comprising the Great Smoky Mountains Park. Though one-half of the population of the United States lives within a few hours to a three days journey to it, no attempt to acquire it for permanent public use was made until a few years ago, strangely enough. Then a commission was appointed to study the southern Appalachians as a possible site for a national park. It visited more than a dozen areas and eventually reported that "all things considered, the Great Smoky Mountains easily stand first because of the height of the mountains, the depth of the valleys, ruggedness of the area and an unexampled variety of trees, shrubs, and plants." The tract finally obtained lies partly in Tennessee and partly in North Carolina with Knoxville and Asheville as the main gateways into it.

An automobile ride over the famous Scenic Loop is a trip no visitor to the Park should miss. Through deep green valleys, across rushing streams, up wooded mountain sides, a magnificent highway leads you until at last the car stops, and there at your feet lies a panorama of rivers and forests and peaks that looks for all the world like the high relief maps you used to see in school. But only for a minute, then you realize that you are looking down on actual mountain tops, some of them the very ones that an hour or two ago were rearing their mighty heads above you.

Along this route various hotels and cottages invite the tourist to stop for a meal, a night, or a week. If one has time for other diversions than driving, he can ride horseback, fish, swim, hike, and even dance and play golf. Or a cabin can be rented and there a family can settle down to the same carefree life that for years has attracted the tired business man to camps in the Maine and Adirondack woods.

The Scenic Loop is only one of many spectacular trips which the motorist can take in or near the Park. For the vacationist without a car, there are well-planned "tour adventures" by bus leaving Knoxville each morning, and returning in the late afternoon, with luncheon at some fascinating mountain resort. Tours can also be made from Asheville, and certain villages near the Park are centers for automobile trips.

If you should be one of the lucky ones to inspect your park in the Great Smokies this summer, you will be able to find your own special brand of comfort. They have been getting ready for you for two seasons, and the Superintendent appointed by the Government took office last January.

Bar Harbor and Acadia

If you love the sea, Acadia National Park was made for you! On Mt. Desert Island, off the coast of Maine, it is next-door neighbor to fashionable Bar Harbor, a resort that everyone ought to see at some time in his life.

This striking contrast is one of its charms—here, the prosperous town with smart shops and aloof estates; there the great mountains of the Park, their forests sweeping down to the Atlantic; in the harbor a sleek white yacht riding at anchor; in the Inlet a fisherman pulling in his lobster pots—and what broiled lobster it will be! At the teahouse a Bishop in his "wide-awake"; at the Publicity office a small boy whose services as a guide are offered to you without charge; on the avenue a hotel that "doesn't cater to transients"; in Acadia a cabin as low as $3 a week.

The movement to develop Acadia National Park and to conserve its beauties dates back twenty years. But for a long time poor roads made many of its wonders inaccessible except to mountain climbers. Now a superb new motor road has been constructed and miles and miles of old road have been improved.

From motor launches which make several trips a day around Frenchman's Bay, visitors can view the houses belonging to prominent residents of Bar Harbor. It is about the only way the outsider has of seeing them, as they are completely hidden behind walls and trees on the land side.

The drive to Acadia Park through Maine is lovely beyond description. For miles it is within sight and smell of the ocean, sweeping through towns whose stately white houses testify that here shipbuilding once throve. The tourist will be rewarded for making the short side-trip to Castine, beloved by artists; returning he can pick up Blue Hill Road.

And if the picturesque appeals to you, cross the Penobscot River at Bucksport instead of going up to Bangor. But don't forget that if the ferryman happens to be on the other side, he won't come over unless you signal him by pealing the big brass bell.

We will gladly send you information about the clothes to take, approximate room rates, and where to obtain descriptive booklets. Address the Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio, and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Don't try to make curtains and draperies without expert instructions. Send for our booklet ALL ABOUT CURTAINS (twenty cents) to get that professional touch. Service Editor, McCall's Dayton, O.

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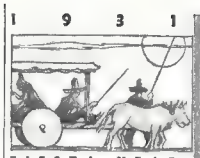


FIESTA YEAR

A famous highway skirting the cool Pacific

$70 Costs While Here for 11 days of a two weeks' vacation in

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Send coupon for new free Sightseeing Itinerary

Mighty mountains

Broad, sandy beaches

Every sport

"Symphonies under the Stars"

TWO precious vacation weeks. Maybe you can steal a little extra time . . . anyway, you want to make the very *most* of every minute. Why not, then, come this summer to the one place where there's *every* kind of vacation joy? To Southern California, playground-of-the-world!

By rail from New York you can be here ten days of a 2-weeks vacation. Eleven or 12 days from most points in the country. And costs while here for hotels, meals and sightseeing need not exceed $6.35 a day, or $70 for 11 days.

This vacation-of-a-lifetime is pictured and described in day-by-day detail in a remarkable new summer Itinerary which the coupon below brings you free. Includes dozens of interesting gravure photographs of Southern California scenes, map, information about routes and itemized daily cost figures for hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc. It should answer all your vacation questions about Southern California.

Here, summer nights call for light wraps and blankets. Rainless days make every moment yield its fullest return of pleasure. Within a short drive of Los Angeles, the hub of this playland, are vacation joys you'll remember all your life:

The bracing surf of the blue Pacific . . . broad, sandy beaches . . . gay ocean-islands rising out of the sea. Close-by, mighty mountains . . . pine forests . . . quiet, leafy canyons . . . cool snow-fed lakes above the clouds. Every sport, of course, in new and thrilling settings.

Here, too, the glamour of a foreign land . . . ancient Spanish Missions, unfamiliar architecture . . . Fiestas somewhere every week during 1931 . . . ships from the seven seas in the harbor . . . open-air "Symphonies under the Stars" . . . palms, orange groves, brilliant, colorful gardens . . . Old Mexico not far away. In contrast, ultra-modern Hollywood, its stars and bright night life. Next-door are Los Angeles, Long Beach, Glendale, Pasadena, Santa Monica and scores of others you'll want to know. Something *different* and fascinating at every turn. Each day a new adventure! Send the coupon!

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd., Div. 4-L, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Send *free* illustrated 2-weeks Sightseeing Itinerary (with costs while in Southern California).

(Check if desired). ☐ 4 cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

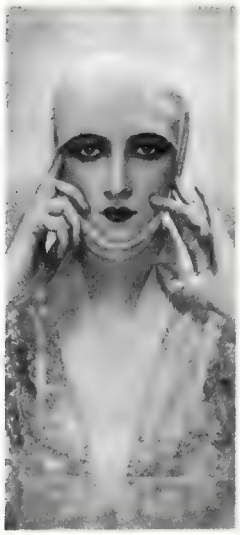
☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ San Bernardino ☐ San Diego
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura

Name _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

FREE BOOK

If you wish *another* beautiful Southern California book — containing over 80 large gravure photographs, send 4 cents to cover mailing cost.

CLEARING THE SKIN



DEMEYER

ALMOST all skins are in need of a thorough spring clearing. For one thing, a stodgy wintertime diet is likely to have sapped the color from the cheeks. Furthermore, the uncertain temperatures of the changing season cause the skin to be unusually sensitive and subject to eruptions.

The springtime of life is trying to the skin, too. Who does not know that difficult period of youth when the skin breaks out on the slightest provocation, or (seemingly) without provocation?

To all of you who are combating bumps and blotches, and longing for the clear color and fine texture of a healthy skin, this lesson is directed.

The most effective treatment works in two ways: the skin is purified from the *inside* by flushing the face with a fresh blood supply, and it is cleansed and soothed from the *outside*. Preparations to achieve these results must be chosen with great care, as the free use of oils may spread trouble instead of relieving it.

The following treatments have been thoroughly tested in my Salons, with most gratifying results.

The simplest and most generally useful of healing treatments consists of my Spotpruf Lotion and Spotpruf Cream used in combination. After you have cleansed your skin night and morning with Cleansing Cream, pat with Spotpruf Lotion, which is not only delightfully soothing and antiseptic, but makes a lovely silky powder base. At night, pat a thin film of Spotpruf Cream on the affected areas. As easy as it is effective!

For the oily skin with persistent eruptions, you may require a more heroic treatment: begin with an application of Anti-Brown Spot *exactly according to directions on the jar.* The smarting sensation is caused by the active ingredients which bring the blood to the surface. Two minutes . . *one* minute . . may be long enough for the first application, if your face is unduly sensitive.

Remove Anti-Brown Spot with Muscle Oil and Tissues. Wipe thoroughly and gently. Press out surface gatherings. Pat on Acne Lotion. For daytime, powder directly over the Lotion; at night, follow with Healing Cream, which is left on.

Given nightly, this treatment has successfully cleared many cases of acne.

For the oily skin with a tendency to sallowness and minor eruptions, I have prepared my Venetian Ardena Masque, a complete treatment, which should be taken once or twice a week, to draw the blood to the face, and freshen and clear the surfaces.

There is not room to give more detailed instructions, but to any of you who are interested I will gladly send my booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful," describing my Preparations fully.

PREPARATIONS REFERRED TO IN THIS LESSON

For Quickening the Circulation

VENETIAN ANTI-BROWN SPOT OINTMENT
A creamy, tingling ointment which stimulates the circulation, and is helpful in erasing marks of sallowness . . $2.50, $5.

VENETIAN ARDENA MASQUE
A wonderful corrective which purifies and awakens the skin and revives weary tissues. Especially beneficial for oiliness and eruptions. Jar sufficient for 6 treatments . $5.

For Soothing and Healing

EIGHT-HOUR CREAM
A highly medicated salve which brings rapid healing. Effective for sunburn, burns, coldsores and open eruptions. Eight-Hour Cream is so named because it heals so quickly. It should be applied liberally over the affected parts on retiring. Do not rub in . . $5.

VENETIAN ACNE LOTION
An antiseptic healing lotion which frees the skin of pimples, spots and eruptions. $1.25.

VENETIAN HEALING CREAM
A healing and remedial cream to be used for skin blemishes . . . . $1.25.

SPOTPRUF LOTION
A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use. In addition to its medicinal effect it gives the skin a smooth, silky appearance. $3.

SPOTPRUF CREAM
All the healing properties of Spotpruf Lotion have been included in this important preparation to be used overnight . . $5.

SPOTPRUF HAIR TONIC
In creating this tonic Miss Arden has recognized the fact that eruptions of the face frequently start on the scalp. Spotpruf Hair Tonic has been formulated to relieve such a condition . . . . . $2.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS . LONDON . BERLIN . MADRID . ROME . BIARRITZ . CANNES
CHICAGO-PHILADELPHIA-WASHINGTON-DETROIT-BOSTON-ATLANTIC CITY-SAN FRANCISCO-LOS ANGELES

In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price.
Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

© Elizabeth Arden, 1931

APRIL SHOWERS

WE ARE not talking about soft, pattering raindrops with the sun shining through and the promise of a rainbow not far behind. We mean another kind of April Shower . . . . a gay, hilarious party planned for the friend who is soon to be married . . . . a charming way of presenting her with a shower of gifts from a group of devoted friends.

Santa Claus must have been very liberal with engagement rings last Christmas for ever since the holidays our mail bag has been bursting with letters from readers begging us for help in planning shower parties. Now we are glad and proud to offer a new booklet—*Parties for the Bride.* Besides the many novel showers, there are a number of suggestions on announcing the engagement and there is also a chapter on games. Send for a copy (twenty cents in stamps) and see how many ideas you'll want to try out right away!

You'll Want These Booklets, Too

PARTIES FOR GROWNUPS - - - 20¢
Jolly affairs for all times; an All-Fools' Day and an Easter Egg Party.

UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING - - - 20¢
Dances, banquets, treasure hunts, carnivals, bridges, and other parties.

A POVERTY PARTY - - - - - 10¢
Everyone enjoys a Hard Times Party. And how timely it is now!

STORK SHOWERS - - - - - 10¢
Two charming plans for showers for the mother-to-be.

ALL ABOUT CURTAINS - - - - 20¢
There are certain types of draperies for every room. Learn to make them with that professional touch.

MILK - - - - - - - - - - 10¢
This tells why milk is *the* important food and how to get that quart-a-day into your diet.

THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE - - 20¢
Simple rules of etiquette for all occasions are briefly and clearly given.

MARLOW RECIPES - - - - - 10¢
Something new in frozen desserts—easily prepared and inexpensive.

THE FRIENDLY BABY - - - - 10¢
How to care properly for the very young baby.

TIME-SAVING COOKERY - - - 10¢
How to prepare all kinds of meals in a very short time.

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO OWN - - 8¢
A list of books for homemakers.

PRESERVING FOR PROFIT - - - 10¢
Make money with homemade preserves, jellies, and jams.

PARTIES FOR CHILDREN - - - 20¢
An Easter Bunny Party and charming affairs for other holidays.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES - - 20¢
For all times as well as Easter entertaining. Menus for all meals.

A DUMB-BELL PARTY - - - - 10¢
Just the thing for April Fool entertaining.

A GARDENER'S FAIR - - - - 10¢
One church group paid off their mortgage with this. You can, too.

AN OUTLINE OF BEAUTY - - - 25¢
Advice on all beauty problems . . . . how to care for your skin, hair, hands, figure, and general appearance.

THE FAMILY BUDGET - - - - 20¢
It's wise and smart to be thrifty. Use the budget plan and see your savings fund grow.

HOW TO MAKE CANDIES - - - 10¢
Simple rules and recipes for making delicious confections at home.

AFTERNOON TEA - - - - - 10¢
How to serve formal and informal tea; what to serve; recipes.

BEAUTIFYING THE HOME PLOT - 20¢
This booklet will give you help and new inspiration in gardening.

THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS - - 20¢
How to set the table and how to serve with and without a maid.

BOOKS ON CHURCH AND FAMILY 8¢
A list of books for churchgoers.

MONEY-MAKING WITH BOARDERS 6¢
Helpful suggestions on how to run a successful boarding house.

Send Stamps to THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO

THESE FOODS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.

ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.

FRUITS, rich in both minerals and vitamins essential to tooth health.

EGGS, the best natural food source of the sunshine vitamin—also rich in iron.

See your dentist before teeth ache
Use Pepsodent before teeth decay

The new idea in dentistry is to *prevent* trouble before it starts. To that end Pepsodent tooth paste is an important aid.

YOUR dentist prefers to direct his efforts toward *preventing* trouble rather than repairing its effects. When you go to him at regular intervals, his fees are small—his service great. Delay until teeth ache and by then repairs are far more costly. Health may have been irreparably damaged.

Remove film—regularly

When you remove film from teeth, you are *preventing* trouble. Film harbors germs that cause decay and other disorders. It glues them tightly to teeth while they carry on their destructive action.

Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It is never properly removed from many teeth. In fact, these discolorations are often believed to be the teeth's natural color.

Remove film with Pepsodent tooth paste. That is the special purpose for which Pepsodent was developed. It is the function for which dentists so strongly recommend it.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.

▼ ▼ ▼

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

A two-story wing at the back a sun porch, and other minor changes worked a transformation

IF YOUR house needs an extra room or a new personality, extend its walls with a wing or two. This article (the second of a series on remodeling) tells where wings can grow most becomingly on various types of houses. Next month—"Face-Lifting for Houses."—The Editors

The old house was too small and lacked character

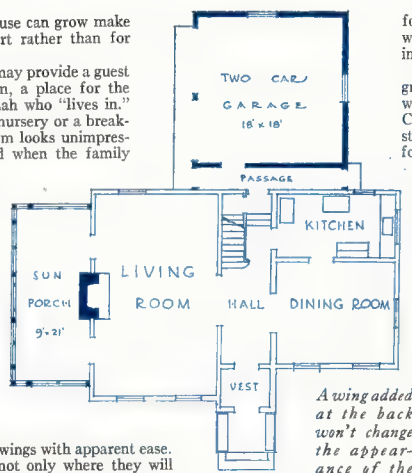
SHOULD YOUR HOUSE GROW WINGS?

By Jennie Moore

THE kind of wings a house can grow make for solid living comfort rather than for flight.

A new wing, for instance, may provide a guest room, a first floor bathroom, a place for the family chariot, or for Hannah who "lives in." Perhaps a wing may hold a nursery or a breakfast nook. If the living room looks unimpressive and much too crowded when the family assembles, enlarge *it* by a wing. Grandma or Grandpa may find that even a short flight of stairs makes the difference between happy active years downstairs and long dull ones in an upstairs bedroom. There *is* a solution for the stairs problem; it is the first floor bedroom and bath.

A budget of about $1,000 is the magic wand which will help the home modernizer to produce any one of these wings with apparent ease.



A wing added at the back won't change the appearance of the front façade

House wings must grow not only where they will be useful but where they will look well, too. For the sake of appearances, let us look at the imaginary wing in connection with the body of the house to which it is to be joined. A sketch of the house façade, in scale, with the wing joined to it will give a graphic idea of what is to be expected. Of course, a cardboard model of house and wing will give the effect more clearly.

The house too high for its width loses its stilted appearance by spreading out a bit at both ends. Colonial houses are apt to take kindly to additions of this kind, for it was by just such methods that our forefathers obtained the rooms which they needed for growing families.

Some houses may grow with grace right out in front where we can see the growing part. Cape Cod Colonial, for instance, with a long low oblong for a beginning may push forward into the front yard. The rectangular Spanish house, placed sufficiently far back from the street, will also take a one-story wing at the front without marring its beauty.

The front which the well-designed English house turns to passers-by is usually difficult to change advantageously, due in part to long sloping roof lines already so near the ground. When additions are desired, they are happier (architecturally speaking) in the rear.

If your house belongs to no particular type or period, perhaps—by adding a wing, changing the entrance and introducing shutters—it will take on a distinguished personality.

In the majority of cases wall and roofing materials should reproduce in the added wing the materials and colors of the house. If carefully handled, however, a stucco house may grow a wing of brick—whitewashed over, just for a change. A limited budget or the desire for a certain architectural effect may lead to combining a wing of wood siding or shingles with a masonry or stone house or vice versa.

Having determined that the wing shall be a thing of beauty especially if seen from the more important sides and front, take some hints as to the way it should join other rooms from within. Purpose will usually dictate position. The wing in which bathroom or lavatory is to be situated should, for reasons of economy in plumbing installation, be placed near present plumbing lines. Watch out for unpleasant complications, such as a dining room wing so joined that a lavatory is undesirably situated immediately at its door.

Dining is closely associated with cooking, and so the new dining wing must be within easy reach of the kitchen. The introduction of a breakfast nook and pantry combined, as the connecting link between the new dining room and the old kitchen, is a happy thought.

The maid's bedroom-and-bath wing should be placed in proper relationship to the service portion of the house. If it is near the rear entry, Hannah can go in and out without passing through the family's living rooms.

If the suite is intended for Grandmother or some other member of the family, proximity to the kitchen is not important except for the reduced cost of plumbing installation. Nearness to the kitchen may, in fact, be something to avoid because of the cooking odors and the early morning clatter.

Except in climates where Jack Frost comes early and stays late, a one-story wing may be built without deep excavation if you run heating pipes under it and leave a space through which workmen may crawl when repairs are needed. Excavation may, of course, be essential if the room is to be used all day; such excavation may, indeed, make possible a laundry or a playroom in the basement at little extra cost.

Comfort for the family chariot and its pilot may very naturally be the reason for adding a wing. Some special problems of attaching the garage to an existing house will be settled by the building code of the town. Others must receive the forethought of the home modernizer.

There's the one of the odor of gasoline. These too pungent and penetrating fumes are kept away from living quarters by providing an air passage between the main body of the house and the new attached garage. This passage is sheltered so that the driver easily steps into the garage. An auxiliary to fume riddance should be provided in a lower vent placed near the ceiling.

Fire safety must be assured. Such masonry walls as those of common brick and of reinforced concrete give this protection. Look upward to the [*Turn to page 116*]

Instant *Speed* of Super Suds revealed by camera's penetrating eye

***Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds**

***Bead soap in action.** Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

***Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips**

***Slow-dissolving chips.** This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

***These photographs through glass dishpans tell the story of why chip and flake soaps slow up dishwashing while Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.**

SPEED! That's what every woman wants in dishwashing. She wants soap that dissolves swiftly . . . completely. She wants quick, rich, lasting suds. Not just on top the surface of the water. But clear down to the bottom of the dishpan.

Saves half your dishwashing time

And this speed, this instant soapiness, is exactly what Super Suds gives you . . . far beyond the power of any other form of soap. The camera proves it. Just compare these actual photographs of dishwashing soaps at work. (Photographed simultaneously and under identical conditions.)

In one dishpan we used the best chip soap obtainable. Note how it stays gummy, able to give only half-hearted help because only half dissolved. Then look at the other photograph. See how, *in the same length of time,* Super Suds has flooded every drop of water in the pan with rich, lasting, helpful soapiness.

You can make this test yourself

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands. *Instantly,* you get the same results shown in the dishpan pictures above.

Think how much time and drudgery this instant-dissolving soap saves you. (1) No waiting for soap to dissolve. No heating water extra hot. (2) No more greasy dishwater. For instant-dissolving counteracts greasiness, right from the start. (3) Dishwiping made unnecessary. A quick hot rinse and dishes drain shining dry. No tiny specks of half-dissolved soap to stick in fork prongs or spots and streak plates.

Why should Super Suds act so much faster than other forms of soap? Because it's not chips, flakes, nor powder. It's tiny, hollow, instant-dissolving beads, with walls 4 times thinner than any other form of soap. Therefore, 4 times faster in action.

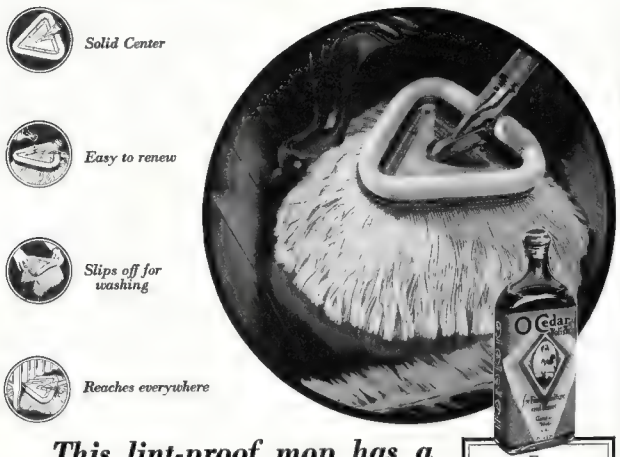
Cuts soap costs

And think of the economy of using a soap that is never wasted. Never is thrown out half dissolved with the dishwater. There are ten generous cups of this helpful soap in every 10-cent package. Get Super Suds from your grocer today.

Super Suds 10¢

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Dust, clean and polish your floors *in one operation with the new* O-Cedar Polish Mop



This lint-proof mop has a solid center, a washable slip-on pad, and is easy to renew

(Excellent for dusting waxed floors)

O-Cedar Mops dust, clean, and polish floors in one operation. They come ready to use, specially treated with O-Cedar Polish.

O-Cedar Mops dust properly. Made of the finest, tightly twisted cotton yarn, they do not lint or scatter dust but collect and hold it. They pick up loose dirt and leave your floors beautifully clean and sanitary.

O-Cedar Mops polish perfectly. Unlike mops that use a greasy polish, they do not leave a dull and spotty surface but give your floors a hard, dry, lasting finish.

O-Cedar Mops preserve all floors and are equally quick and effective on all types of surfaces—hardwood, varnish, paint, tile—they are the best dusting mops for waxed floors.

O-Cedar Mops can easily be removed from the frame for washing and are quickly renewed by pouring on a little O-Cedar Polish.

All O-Cedar Products are absolutely guaranteed.

O-CEDAR CORP'N.
4523 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Toronto • London • Paris • Berlin

O-Cedar

O-CEDAR MOPS • O-CEDAR POLISH • O-CEDAR SPRAY

For Fine Furniture and all Woodwork

O-Cedar Polish
"Cleans as it polishes"

Leaves a hard dry surface

Wet a Cloth

Wring nearly dry

Pour on a few drops of O-Cedar Polish

Go over the surface

You now have the famous O-Cedar finish

FREE: *The O-Cedar 32 page Guide to Household Cleaning.* Tells how to clean everything—drapes, furniture, floors, etc. Send the coupon.

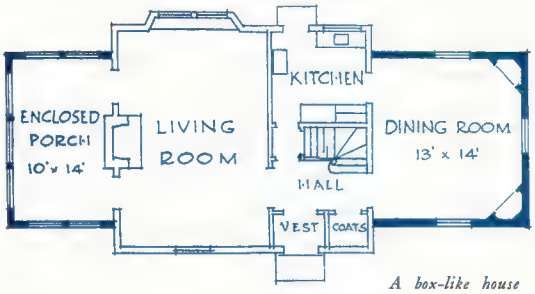
O-CEDAR CORP'N.
4523 South Western Avenue, Chicago
Please send free copy of "The O-Cedar Guide to Household Cleaning."

Name.....

Address.....

SHOULD YOUR HOUSE GROW WINGS?

[*Continued from page 114*]



A box-like house grows side wings

ceiling. This may be a 3-inch reinforced concrete slab of one inch of cement plaster applied on metal lath.

The floor will usually be of cement laid directly on the dirt after tamping, thus eliminating excavation costs. Exterior walls should be carried below frost level.

The thrifty householder will want to wash his car at home. A pitch to the garage floor allows water to run off quickly. Where preferred, a drain can be placed in the floor and extended by drain tiles to a dry well.

Windows must be as fire-safe as the rest of the building, metal or metal-clad frames with wire glass panes generally being used. Steel casements would supply this need. Metal-clad doors or solid metal ones must be used to keep all elements in the fire-safe class. Metal casing on the inside is usually sufficient guarantee for the large outside doors.

In the event that a second floor is to be built above this garage, we may get around the higher cost of masonry construction and still keep within the safety law by putting a frame second story above a masonry first story.

And now to count the cost! Will some of our ideas fit into this $1,000 budget of ours? Much will depend upon the locality, upon the accessibility to freight yards or to lumber dealers, upon the kind of labor available, and upon the quality of all elements set up as standards by the home owner.

Nevertheless, a safe way of computing is by prices prevailing in the metropolitan areas—prices which can usually be shaved down considerably in less closely populated districts. These are the prices we shall give you.

Cost per cubic foot is the professional way of doing it. To find that cost take your proposed wing, figure the square feet in it by multiplying the length by the width, and to get the cubage multiply this square figure by the height of the proposed structure. Be sure to get the maximum square feet in the first part of the process by computing the measurements from *outside* face of wall to *outside* face of the opposite wall. In approximating the height, take a figure which includes 6 inches below the floor and ends at the halfway point between roof eaves and ridge.

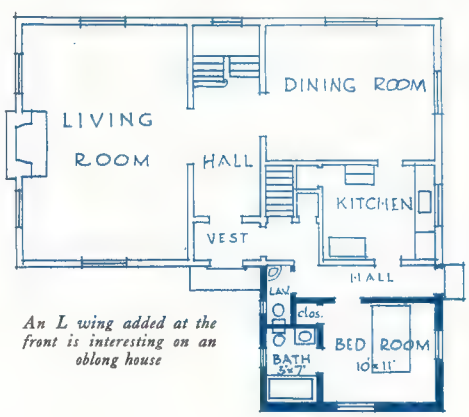
Let's suppose! We want a one-story wing, for one of a hundred purposes—a wing which measures 12 by 12 feet and is 12 feet in height. To get the square, we multiply 12 by 12, and to get the cube, we multiply 144 by 12, getting a total of 1,728 cubic feet.

Now with an approximate cubage, let us see what a wing of 1,728 cubic feet would cost us. If our house is of wood, our problem is comparatively simple, for this is the cheapest type of construction. Metropolitan prices for labor and material on a frame structure finished with wood approximate 45 cents per cubic foot. Our mythical wing would cost $776.60.

If the house is frame structure covered with stucco, brick, or stone veneer, then we must figure 50 cents per cubic foot, bringing the cost up to $864.

Fifty-five cents is the approximate cost per cubic foot for the masonry construction of common brick, or cement block with stucco finish. And if this is the desired form of construction, our $1,000 is well nigh used up, with 1,728 cubic feet costing us $950. All these cubage costs provide for ordinary lighting, heating, and plumbing.

Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Service Secretary, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., New York, for list of "Catalogues for the Home Modernizer."



An L wing added at the front is interesting on an oblong house

IT'S THE **and** THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

for CLOROX

THROUGH the positive germ-killing power of Clorox, millions of housewives have already gained a new conception of cleanliness. . . . A household cleanliness that only Clorox —bleach, stain-remover, deodorant **and** disinfectant all in one—can give!

In laundering for instance: Wouldn't it reassure you to be certain that white cottons and linens—especially personal garments and baby things—need not be boiled, yet that they will come out of the wash snowy-white **and** disinfected? Clorox does *that* unfailingly.

Then general cleaning: Wouldn't it satisfy your housewifely pride to be sure that when drainboards, kitchen and pantry shelves, painted woodwork, refrigerators, drainpipes, garbage cans and so forth are bleached, cleansed or deodorized they are *also* disinfected? Clorox gives you *that* satisfaction.

And bathroom cleaning: Wouldn't you like to know that the same quick and easy process which makes the tub white and shining, the linoleum spotless, the toilet bowl stainless and odorless, *also* destroys lurking germs? Clorox does just *that.*

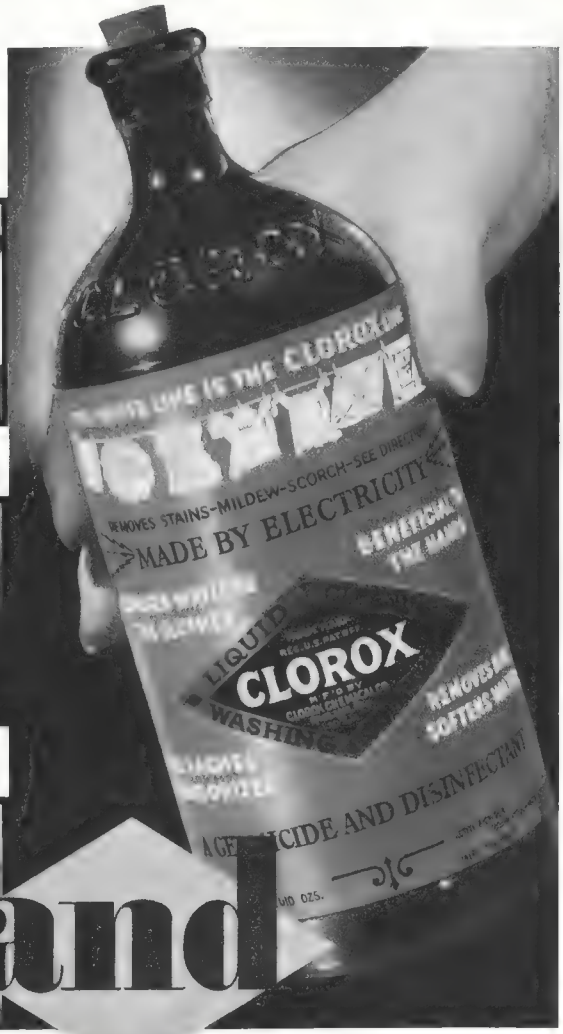
Last, but not least: Wouldn't you like to feel that, while any of these housekeeping jobs were being done, your hands were being protected from stains **and** infection? Clorox performs *that* service, too.

Clorox—a product of electrolytic action —is the embodiment of the highest modern standards of household cleanliness. It has *positive germ-killing power.* In every drop there are billions of active units of oxygen—dirt-defying, stain-hating . . . **and** germ-killing.

Bleaches

Removes Stains

Destroys Odors



and

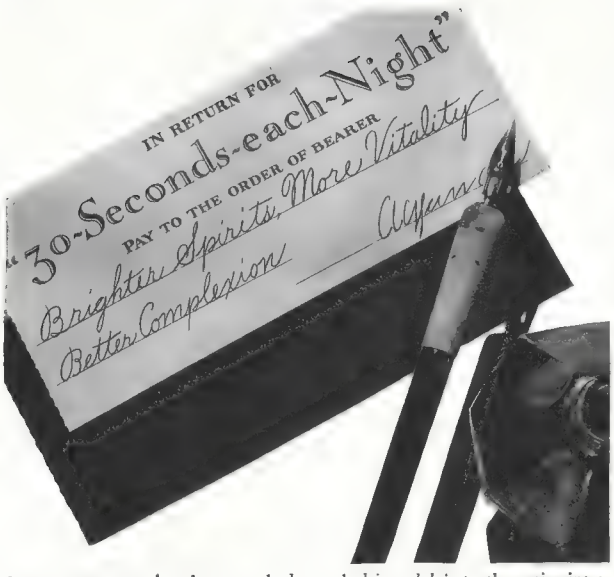
Kills Germs

Whenever and wherever Clorox is used, then and there a job is done more quickly, more easily, with less effort and yet more efficiently because of this priceless double-action.

And that is but half the story! . . . If you have ever thought scorched spots and mildew hopeless disasters, forget that now! Clorox will bleach badly damaged cottons and linens to their original whiteness. Don't try it on silk or wool—its magic is for white and color-fast cottons and linens. Ordinary stains disappear when Clorox is used in the regular laundering process. Stubborn stains, such as ink, fruit, berry, beverage, medicine, grass and flower, require a slightly stronger solution. Because Clorox is a concentrated solution, very little is needed for each use—how little, you will learn from the directions on the label. Unlike many other disinfectants, Clorox is non-poisonous and therefore is ideally suitable for both personal and household use.

Use Clorox once and you will appreciate what this *new conception of household cleanliness* means in your home. Truly "it's the **and** that makes the difference!" Order a bottle from your grocer today. Clorox Chemical Co., Department C, Oakland, California.

CLOROX



SUPPOSE SOME ONE, in whom you had great confidence, should give you just such a check—should tell you that if you would devote a few moments every night to a certain easy health-routine, you would soon find your entire viewpoint *brightened*. You'd *look* more youthful, *feel* younger than you have in years! Wouldn't you begin this very night?

Actually, if you will adopt "30-seconds-each-night" you can promise yourself all of this—and more. Physicians enthusiastically advise this pleasant health-practice because it achieves such wonderful results. And it is amazingly easy to follow. It merely involves taking a small quantity of Squibb Liquid Petrolatum every night just before bedtime. That is all.

Poisonous food wastes, a menace to every one

But this simple practice, regularly followed, removes one of the greatest drags upon health and good feelings. Medical authorities know that food wastes remain in the average eliminative system *hours longer than they should*—in some cases, 24 hours too long! The result is *slow* poisoning, which goes on all the time. For these food wastes become increasingly toxic as their passage through the body is delayed.

Natural prevention

It isn't recognized as *active* constipation. It is seldom realized at all. But this slow poisoning undoubtedly contributes to colds, headaches, listlessness, depression—and even serious illness.

Squibb Liquid Petrolatum, taken at bedtime, *lubricates* the entire intestinal tract for the coming day and enables food wastes to pass through the intestines *hours sooner—before* they become poisonous. You can't realize the difference until you have taken Squibb Liquid Petrolatum regularly for a period of time and have freed your body of these poisoning effects.

Squibb Liquid Petrolatum is not a medicine—not a drug. It cannot cause the slightest habit. It is so safe that physicians and hospitals prescribe it for expectant mothers and young babies. It cannot build fat.

And it is so pleasant to take. Odorless, colorless and entirely *tasteless*. Ask your physician about it. Then get a bottle from your druggist and adopt "30-seconds-each-night" for at least a week.

I M P O R T A N T

Squibb Liquid Petrolatum (Heavy-Californian) was introduced by E. R. Squibb & Sons at the suggestion of doctors who wanted a thoroughly safe and pure product of this type to prescribe. Solely on the recommendation of physicians it has become one of the most widely used pharmaceuticals. Look for the name Squibb when you buy. It is an assurance of the highest quality and purity. Some people prefer to say "Squibb Liquid Pet" instead of using the full name.

Copyright 1931 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

[*Continued from page 23*]

Garry, very handsome in brown whipcord and shining boots, said, "I'll bet it was that fellow in the meadow."

"What are you talking about, Garry?" Anne demanded.

"I'll bet he took them."

Elinor glanced from one to the other, "What man?"

"Last night. We found him down in the meadow. He had built a fire, and we went to look and Anne sat and talked to him."

"Mother he was delightful—"

"I told Anne he was probably a bootlegger or a burglar, Mrs. Ordway."

"Garry ought to be ashamed of himself," said Anne heatedly.

"Don't stop to argue." Elinor led the way to the horses and was off, Garry and Anne following.

David and Elinor were waiting for them at the crossroads as they came up—a stunning pair as they sat their horses. At any other time Anne would have admired them, but now she wished them miles apart.

IN THE years that followed, Anne often wondered what her life would have been, had she not thundered across the fields to the highway on that clear November morning. In spite of her keen anxiety about her mother, her spirits lifted to the rhythm of hoofs. Garry, pounding along beside her, said, "Nobody can hold a candle to you, Anne, not even your mother."

David and Elinor, ahead of them, went up one hill and down another. The river was in sight, but before they came to the river, they had to cross the highroad that led to Baltimore. As they came to it, they saw on it a small, shabby car driven at breakneck speed by a wild-eyed youth. He jumped out as he saw them. "There's been an accident. Back there," he told them. "A car went over the embankment—must have skidded."

A moment later the four of them were looking over the edge of the embankment at an inert form in white flannels and a white sweater!

Anne's heart seemed to stop beating. She saw David jump from his horse and run. She heard Garry's voice, "By jinx, it's the bootlegger!" And Elinor was saying, "He seems badly hurt." But Anne neither moved or spoke. She had a strange feeling that she was surrounded by a great space in which sounds seemed to come from a thousand miles away, faint and far.

David's voice, *"My dear fellow, drink this. . . ."*

Garry's voice, *"He doesn't hear you. . . ."*

Elinor was off her horse now, and helping, competently. They had brought water from the stream, and David had his flask out and was forcing a drink between the pale lips.

Then again the voices, far and faint:

David's, *"His heart is beating stronger than it did."*

And Elinor's, *"Look, David—he's coming back."*

And now in all that empty space, Anne saw only the lashes that flickered up and down again, and up again—and the blue eyes that passing all the others rested on the girl, sitting immovable on her horse. Anne wanted to cry out, "I have your letter here, against my heart!" But the idea was fantastic, like everything else in this unreal world. She dismounted, crossed the road, and knelt beside the prostrate figure. "It's Anne," she said, simply, and was rewarded by a fleeting smile.

"You know him?" There was amazement in David's voice.

"Garry and I met him last night in the meadow."

There was a movement of the still figure, a quiet voice speaking: "My name is Charles—Charles Patterson."

Anne saw a quick look flash from David to her mother. "Charles Patterson of Cecil?" David asked.

"Yes."

"Of course. I met you once—years ago. But I haven't seen you since."

"I've lived abroad a lot." He winced as David tried to lift his head, "I think my arm is—broken."

"We're going to get you up to Mrs. Ordway's."

The blue eyes met Anne's. "Your mother?"

"Yes."

David was giving orders to Garry. "You'd better ride across country, and telephone the doctor. Tell him to come at once to the Ordway's."

Garry stopped long enough to ask Elinor, "Who are the Pattersons of Cecil?"

"My dear boy, they are everything that is old and entrenched."

"Oh, well, I'll bet he's a black sheep," and Garry went off with a last furtive look at Anne.

The shabby boy proved to be strong and resourceful, and with David's help got Charles into the car. David sat beside him, and the boy drove. Elinor and Anne followed on their horses, leading David's mare.

AS THEY rode along, Elinor said, "So that's Charles Patterson! Have you been reading about him in the papers?"

"No."

"His wife is getting a divorce. It's created a great sensation. She charges him with cruelty and desertion. And the sympathy, it appears, is all on her side."

"Why?"

"Oh, a man like that. Rich and good-looking. The chances are that he's found somebody else."

"Why should you think he had found—somebody else?" Anne faltered.

"Well, men do. Oh, it's a man's world, Anne."

"I think it is dreadful, Mother," she answered.

"What is dreadful?"

"People who have loved each other, not loving—any more."

Charles Patterson, racked with pain, was glad of the drug that dulled his senses. He slept for three hours after his arm was set, and waked to find by his bedside a young woman in white linen. "I'm Vicky," she said.

"My nurse?"

[*Continued on page 120*]

Should Bread and Butter be Served?

The answer to this question and others will be found in our booklet THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS (twenty cents). It tells the correct way to set the table and serve every meal. For other helpful booklets see page 112. The Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.

after a baking soda bath

You're tired? Of course you are! Seems you must have walked miles, from shop to shop. Your fatigued body aches in protest. Frayed, frazzled nerves telegraph "Help wanted" to your mind.

And help is right upstairs . . . in the bathroom! Fill the tub with warm water. Pour in a half-pound of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, and step in. Just lie back and relax . . . This is a quick rest-cure!

This soothing bath literally washes away weariness. The Baking Soda calms your overwrought nerves. Its freshening action clears clogged pores. You can actually *feel* it making you *feel* better!

Now step from the tub. Rub yourself thoroughly dry. There—just notice the difference! Where's that tired, worn-out feeling now? Amazing, isn't it, how quickly it vanished! Really, those few moments in the tub have been as restful as a two-hour beauty nap!

Once you've tried it, you will want to have the means of preparing this invigorating bath always at hand. Keep several packages of Baking Soda in the bathroom. You can buy Baking Soda everywhere, and it costs only a few cents a package. To be sure of the best, always ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical in quality and price.

Whenever the need for Soda Bicarbonate is indicated, Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda can be used with confidence. Both are Bicarbonate of Soda, exceeding in purity the U. S. P. standards. Interesting books on request.

For Whiter Teeth

You can keep your teeth clean and white with Arm & Hammer Baking Soda. Used as a tooth powder it is wonderfully efficient, but only a dentist can correct tooth ills.

ARM & HAMMER *and* COW BRAND BAKING SODA
ARE BOTH PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

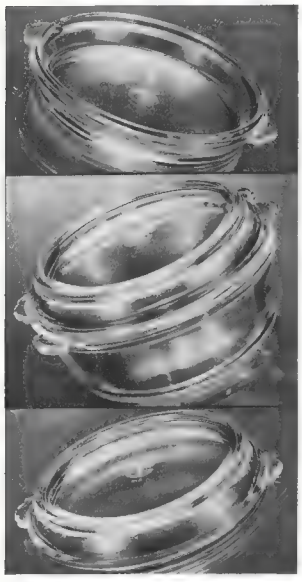
CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc., 80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

When a

CASSEROLE

"doubles in glass"

THAT'S NEWS!



THE gleaming Pyrex casserole has always been a good cook's favorite dish for baking thrifty foods to succulent perfection. But up to now casseroles have stopped at that . . . they've never given the triple service this new dish can render!

For we've topped a sparkling 1½-quart Pyrex casserole with a lid of new design . . . new uses. A lid one inch deep, seven inches wide. Smooth and level, and master of a repertoire of handy tricks.

Inverted and used as a separate dish, this lid bakes mushrooms, fruits, all foods au gratin, and small-family cakes and pies.

Still inverted . . . still holding any one of these savory foods, it fits right into the top of a casserole . . . and your oven holds two dishes where only one stood before!

To demonstrate its third new trick this lid steps down a peg, slides underneath the casserole, and protects your shining table from this dish that so efficiently "holds the heat."

And, of course, the lid will still sit tight and keep foods hot, if that's the task that you want most.

All yours, new tricks and old, for $1.75!

PYREX

Casserole

FREE . . BOOK OF 30 MENUS. Whole meals baked in 20, 30, or 45 minutes. Illustrated price list of all Pyrex dishes. Corning Glass Works, Dept. Q-83, Corning, N. Y.

Name _____
(Please print name)

Address _____

"Pyrex" is a trade-mark and indicates manufacture by Corning Glass Works. Prices are slightly higher in the West and Canada.

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

[*Continued from page 118*]

"Anne's nurse, companion—and the family prop. You see, since Anne's grown up, my original occupation is gone. So I am glad to have an invalid on my hands."

She rose as Francis Ordway entered. He came at once to the bedside. "Well, look who's here! Do you remember me, Patterson?"

Charles took the outstretched hand. "I'll say I do. You visited our old house in Cecil when I was a boy."

"Yes. After that I lost track of you. You went abroad, didn't you? And there was the war."

"And then I married."

"Yes."

There was a moment's awkward pause before Charles spoke again. "Of course, you've been reading about me in the papers. You needn't hesitate to speak of it. I'm hardened." But he could not hide the flush in his cheeks.

Vicky caught the strained note. She, too, had been reading the papers. And she had seen pictures of the woman who had called Charles Patterson cruel and neglectful. Now that she had met him, she wondered why this man with his straightforward manner, his direct and honest gaze, had married such a wife. "Any woman would have seen through her in a second," Vicky told herself, remembering the sleepy slant of Margot Patterson's eyes, the shrewish tilt of her chin, the thin line of her lips.

Francis was saying, "The doctor tells me you can sit up tomorrow, and I want you to feel that the house is yours."

HE WALKED toward the door. "I've got to dress for dinner. Vicky will look after you. The rest of us are dining out, and going on to Betty Lanvale's party."

As he went out, he said to Vicky. "What's this about Anne's pearls?"

"We can't find them anywhere," she told him. "She says she left them on the dresser last night; they were gone this morning."

"What have you done about it?"

"Nothing. Mrs. Ordway is sure that Anne has mislaid them. She was in Baltimore all day, and I didn't like to act without her sanction."

"Elinor was in Baltimore?"

"Yes."

"Did Drake drive her?"

"No, she went with Mr. Ellicott."

"When did she get home?"

"At tea time."

A frowning silence. Then, "I'll speak to her about the pearls. It's probably a case for the police. Anne just told me. I picked her up at the Country Club."

He went out, and Vicky followed. Charles lay listening to the beat of the rain against the window, his mind in a turmoil. So that was what had happened the night before in the moonlight! He saw, once more, the woman on the stairs—that flash of pink and silver. . . .!

Anne, dressing for Betty Lanvale's party, thought of Charles. All day long she had not seen him. But she had read his letter, again and again, and as she had read, the things her mother had said had lost their sting.

And now, Marion, the maid, was holding out an ethereal flounced frock of white tulle.

"You are like a picture," the maid told her.

Anne felt, as she looked in the glass, that she would like to have Charles see her. It was such a pretty dress. But more than anything she wanted to see Charles. As she went along the hall toward the stairway, she hesitated at the door of the guest room. It was not closed, but a screen had been set in front of it. Anne wondered whether she dared peep around the screen. And before she could wonder again, she had done it!

Charles was reading. He looked up and said softly, "Anne!"

"I got your letter."

"I shouldn't have written it."

"I'm glad you did."

"Why?"

"Because now I shall never believe the things they are saying about you."

"Other people believe them."

"Oh, but they do not know. . . ."

He wanted to ask her what she knew that others did not. But he must not probe too far. She could be nothing to him—nothing. And as soon as he was better, he would get away . . . and that would be the end of it.

He changed the subject with: "You are lovely in that dress. And now you will go and dance with Garry?"

"Yes. But I shan't marry him."

"Good."

"And I am going away."

"Going away? Where?"

"To France. Mother and I. Vicky told me this morning."

"You are going with—your mother?"

Just then Vicky rounded the corner of the screen. "Oh, here you are, Anne! Garry is asking for you?"

When she was gone, Charles said to Vicky, "She must not go to France with her mother."

"What do you mean?" she asked tensely.

And she listened, white-faced, while he told her.

ELINOR in front of her long mirror, was late as usual. But she liked to keep people waiting.

She was wearing blue—a chiffon, in a hard clear sapphire, that emphasized the color of her eyes. Her beads, her bracelets were of crystal, and little slides of crystal fastened the straps of her sapphire satin slippers.

She asked, as Vicky came in "Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"I got the crystals at a bargain today. No one but dowagers and spinsters wear real jewelry any more."

Vicky let that pass. "Have you a minute, Mrs. Ordway?"

"I haven't a minute for anyone. Francis is waiting."

The maid was holding Elinor's wrap—a blue and silver brocade. Vicky took it from her.

"I'll look after Mrs. Ordway. And I wish you'd go down and help Freda with the sandwiches. Mr. Ordway is bringing some people home with him after the dance."

"Who is he bringing? asked Elinor.

Vicky waited until the maid closed the door. "He telephoned two detectives to meet him here."

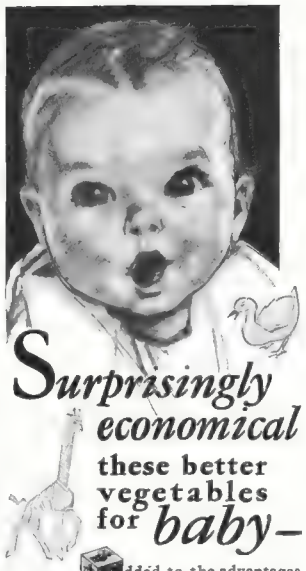
"Detectives?"

"Yes."

"About Anne's pearls? Oh, Vicky, how stupid! I told Francis to do nothing for a couple of days. Anne will find them."

"Anne won't find them."

[*Continued on page 122*]



Surprisingly economical

these better vegetables for *baby*—

Added to the advantages of uniformity, regularity and convenience—the Gerber product effects maximum saving of the important nutritive values that are so susceptible to waste and partial destruction in cooking with ordinary equipment. All of each Gerber product that you buy is good. There is nothing wasted—nothing to be thrown away. Scientifically prepared—strained—and ready-to-serve, they represent the rich, wholesome parts of the choicest vegetables. No mother need deny herself or her baby the advantages of the regular use of the Gerber products. The average baby will use from 3 to 5 cans each week. Ordinary vegetables in sufficient quantity to produce an equivalent food value could hardly be purchased at the same cost—to say nothing of the time and expense required for preparation.

Baby's doctor will tell you—that it is not the advantages of economy and convenience that are responsible for the widespread professional prescription of the Gerber products. Over 50,000 doctors have requested and examined samples. They recommend the Gerber products today only because they are *better for baby*. The Gerber Steam Pressure Process retains most of the rich vitamin and mineral salt values lost through oxidation or poured off in cooking water where ordinary cooking methods are used. Air is excluded from the Gerber products during the entire cooking and straining process.

Call for Gerber's by name at your grocer or druggist

Don't accept a substitute for the approved Gerber products. Look for the blue and white label with the A-B-C blocks. At leading grocers and druggists everywhere—15c.

Strained Peas - Strained Spinach - Strained Carrots Strained Tomato - Strained Vegetable Soup - Strained Green Beans - Strained Prunes

Gerber's

STRAINED VEGETABLES

May we send you a Gerber Baby?

Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Company. Dept. M-14, Fremont, Michigan. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover mailing and postage costs for one of the 10" x 11" black and white reproductions of the famous Gerber Baby, drawn by Dorothy Hope Smith. It is understood no sales call or other obligation will result from this acceptance of your offer.

Name _____

Address _____

a Separate Path FOR EACH TYPE OF COLOR

Careful classification enables today's laundries to wash safely the most delicately-hued garments

By Mrs. Martha Lang

Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering

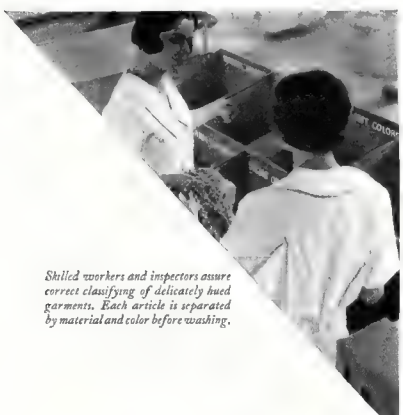
Shell pinks and baby blues. Prim ginghams and gay prints. Your colorful house dresses and crisp, cool voiles and organdies look so lovely when new. But will they launder well? Here's the answer to your question.

Scientists at the American Institute of Laundering—the testing laboratory and "proving ground" of the Laundry industry—have made special studies in handling dainty colors. If your fabric is washable, madam, you can safely entrust it to a laundry that follows these Institute recommendations. And rest assured that every safeguard will be employed to send your colored things back as fresh and lovely as the day you bought them.

Correct classification—separating the different hues and fabrics before washing—is the key to successful washing of colors. In the up-to-date laundry, this important work is assigned only to skilled workers. They sort each garment according to washing qualities. Then each of these groups is washed by the *multiple-suds method* of 3 to 5 soft-water suds bath and 4 to 6 soft-water rinses. This special handling assures absolute safety for your colored garments.

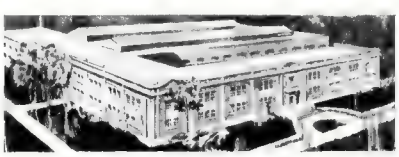
Spring and summer are the seasons when washday burdens press most heavily. When leisure and freedom are most desirable. Right in your own community is a laundry equipped to render this new-type service; ready to solve your washday problems.

Call the laundry today, and say farewell to home-washing worries forever! Join the 8 million women who "let the Laundry do it." *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



Skilled workers and inspectors assure correct classifying of delicately hued garments. Each article is separated by material and color before washing.

Research scientist at American Institute of Laundering making "fade-ometer" test to determine effect of light on colored fabrics.



Above—The Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

© 1931, L. N. A.

His Majesty Discovers

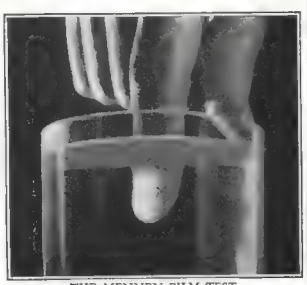
Some Remarkable Differences Between MENNEN TALCUM And All Others • •

NO wonder his majesty looks interested! With that chubby little finger of his he has been rubbing some Mennen Borated Baby Talcum into a piece of wet litmus paper (the pink variety); and now under his very eyes the pink paper has turned blue!

A little later on, when he studies chemistry, he will learn that this change of color means that Mennen Talcum *neutralizes acidity.* Other talcs do *not* do this. He does not know these facts now, but he does know that somehow Mennen Talcum makes him feel better than he ever does without it or with any other powder —cool, comfortable and happy.

In every normal baby's urine, and in his perspiration, are *acids.* Naturally these irritate his skin; and, besides, they are the chief cause of body odors. Surely if your baby could speak, he would ask you for the talcum that relieves him of these discomforts—Mennen Talcum.

Fifty Years of study are behind Mennen Talcum. No wonder it is better than others. It ought to be. Send the coupon for a free sample can, with a packet of litmus paper. That is the best way to prove for yourself how much more it will do for your baby.



THE MENNEN FILM TEST:

Make this further test with Mennen Talcum. Sprinkle a little of it into a tumbler of water and notice the film it forms. So elastic is this film that even when you dip your finger into it half an inch, the film does not break. Try it; your finger comes out absolutely dry!

No other powder produces a film like that of Mennen Talcum. On the baby it follows every fold of the body—stretching with every movement—constantly protecting the skin from the scalding contact of urine, from chafing and from dirt. It is a veritable film of protection. No wonder it keeps babies so much more comfortable.

FREE The Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.
Gentlemen: Without charge send me sample can of Mennen Talcum and litmus paper so that I can make the tests described above. MC-4

• For the wee Infant • Mennen Baby Oil •

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

[*Continued from page 120*]

Elinor turned slowly and faced her. "Why not?"

"Because—I know who took them."

There was a breathless silence, after which Elinor said, with elaborate carelessness, "Who was it, Vicky?"

"I think I must ask you that."

Elinor's head went up. "Well, if you knew, why didn't you tell Francis?"

"I preferred to tell you first."

"Why?"

"So that you might—put them back."

Elinor reached for her wrap. "Vicky, do you know what you are saying? I won't stand everything."

"I'm not asking you to stand anything. I am only asking what we can both do about it."

IT SEEMED to Elinor's excited imagination as if Vicky, still and composed, was like a marble statue, against which she would be shattered. "What can I do?" she asked sullenly.

"You can tell me what you have done with them."

"Well, if you must have it," Elinor's eyes did not meet Vicky's, "I took them to Baltimore this morning. I didn't dare take anything of my own. There's that diplomatic dinner next week, and Francis would have a fit if I didn't deck myself in all the family jewels. If Francis weren't such a pig, I wouldn't be driven to do such things. But I had promised Lucien that money today, and I had to get it."

"You pawned them?"

"Yes."

"Have you the ticket?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me."

"But what good will that do, when I haven't the money?"

"How much. . .?"

Elinor named a sum that seemed to Vicky astounding. "I've paid all my debts, and I bought these crystals."

"And you have none left?"

"Not a penny."

"Then I must get it from my bank as soon as possible."

Elinor clutched Vicky's arm. "You're going to get them back?"

"I'll do my best. . . ."

Anne was having a wonderful time at Betty Lanvale's party. For she was young and she loved to dance, and men were flocking about her. And she was tasting the sweets of popularity and success.

When the music stopped, the couples began to drift toward the dining room. Garry guided Anne through the crowd. There was a hall to cross before they reached the dining room—a great vaulted hall, hung with tapestries and portraits of dead and gone Lanvales. Set out in stone urns were orange trees, heavy with fruit, and it was against the background of green and glossy leaves and golden globes that Anne saw her mother. As Anne came up, Elinor said hurriedly, "I was looking for you, Anne. David and I are going over to the Country Club, for bridge with the Dorsay's. We're fed up. You can ride home with Garry."

"But mother. . . ."

"What?"

"Oh—nothing." Anne didn't want to let Garry take her home. But her mother wouldn't understand. And there really wasn't any reason—except that he'd try to make love to her, and how could she tell her mother that?

Elinor opened her bag and took out an envelope. "I want you to give this to Vicky," she said, "as soon as you get home. Even if she's asleep, I want her to get it tonight."

Just then David came up, and Elinor went with him, her head high, her flounces trailing. Anne went into the dining room feeling as if food would choke her. She seemed gay enough but her heart was like lead. She had been dreadfully alarmed by the look in her mother's eyes, and the whiteness of her face. And what was in that letter to Vicky?

When at last Anne started home with Garry, the rain had given place to snow.

"Gee," Garry said, "this is something like it, Anne, isn't it?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, don't begin by asking questions." He laughed a little and leaned down to her. "I've got you at last my darling."

Dead silence, except for a swish of wet leaves as they passed a great tree by the gate.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you answer?"

"Because I'm not your darling."

The snow was beating now against the windshield, soft blobs of it which impeded the movement of the wiper and finally jammed it. Garry, peering out, could see only a great white wall of whirling flakes, against which the lights seemed to fall back impotently. But he did not lessen his speed until they were brought up by a sudden jerk.

"I'm off the road." He opened the door and got out, then came back to say, "Something is wrong with the engine. It is hopeless to try to fix it in this storm. I'm afraid we'll have to wait until someone comes along."

VICKY, waiting up for Anne, wondered why she did not come. It was a dreadful night, and Vicky was as nervous as a cat. She had had her interview with Francis, who had arrived before midnight to meet the detectives. She had waylaid him in the hall and had asked for a few moments alone with him.

"It's about Anne's pearls," she said. "I know who took them. But I'd rather not tell you. I wish you'd trust me to get them back, and not push the matter farther."

"If it were anyone but you, Vicky," he had said, "I wouldn't listen for a moment. But you must have your reasons. And good ones. I'll confess I hate being left up in the air like this."

"Please don't ask any more questions," she had implored. "Send the men away before Anne comes. Say that it was all a mistake and that the pearls are found."

"But they are not found."

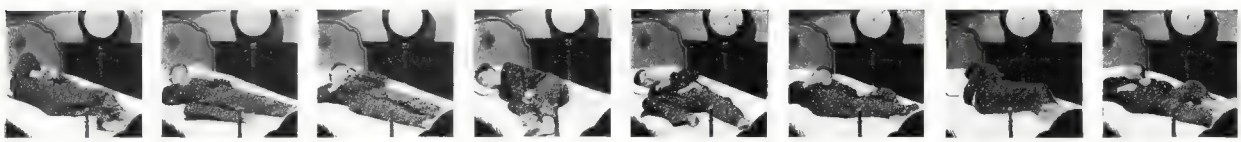
"You shall have them tomorrow."

He had left her then, and she had heard him talking to the two detectives. And after a time he had come back and they had talked of other things, but through it all, Vicky had realized that his thoughts were turning and twisting in dark channels. At last he said, "I spoke to Anne about going with her mother. But I'm not keen for it."

"Why not?"

[*Continued on page 124*]

Motion picture cameras prove we sleep 10 *to* 15 *different ways each night*



RIGHT SUPINE SPRAWL—one of the dozen or more positions assumed nightly by many of the healthy sleepers under observation in the Investigation of Sleep at Mellon Institute. This posture is particularly restful to the muscles that hold us upright during most of a day's activities. Photographed by motion picture camera.

THE "KITTEN COIL"—another posture frequently taken by healthy sleepers in their 20 to 45 nightly changes of position. This position transfers the weight to the strong pelvic and chest girdles, and increases the freedom of intestinal action. Photograph automatically recorded by motion picture camera.

Millions of Mattresses now in use are enemies of VITALIZING REST

"I DIDN'T turn over all night"—the proud boast of many a person after a good night's sleep.

But the boaster *did* turn over. He probably took a dozen different positions, and changed from one to another 20 to 45 times.

For science has now proved that we "rest in parts"—sleep in 10 or more different positions each night for complete refreshment. Any one position shortly becomes a *bad* position, cramping some of the muscles and organs.

Automatic motion picture cameras have recorded sleep habits in a series of revolutionary experiments carried on by Dr. H. M. Johnson and a staff of scientists at Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh. Out of this important study has come a new knowledge of sleeping equipment.

Millions of mattresses now in use are enemies of vitalizing rest. Because they pad down. Form bumps and hollows. They don't permit the resting of all the muscles and organs in turn, by making all postures *comfortable.*

Look at the cross-section photograph of the Simmons *Beautyrest* Mattress. Instead of solid stuffing, here are hundreds of springy *inner coils* under soft cushioning. The Simmons *Deepsleep* is also the inner-coil type. These mattresses cannot pad down. They "breathe." They are always "alive." They bring blissful ease—truly *vitalizing* rest!

See the Beautyrest and Deepsleep at any good furniture store. Test their comfort. Inspect their lovely coverings! . . . A new booklet has been prepared—of compelling interest to everyone: "Bodily Positions in Restful Sleep." Write for it! Address the Simmons Company, Dept. E-1, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Highlights of Investigation

In progress 6 years at Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh.

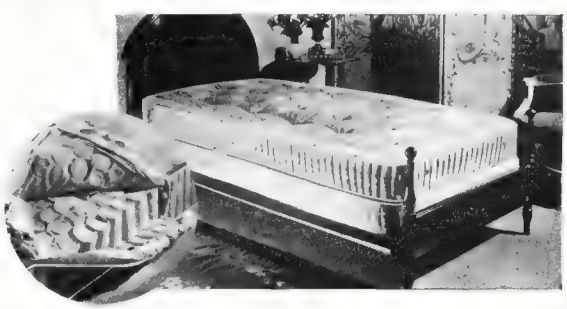
150 persons—men, women and children—under observation.

More than 2,000,000 specific observations of sleep habits made.

Sleeping postures recorded by automatic motion picture cameras in one group of experiments.

Additional facts noted by other automatic apparatus.

Facts obtained indicate that millions of mattresses now in use are enemies of vitalizing rest.



The famous Simmons BEAUTYREST Mattress on which sleep tests were made. See the inner coils—buried under layers of soft cushioning $39.50

BEAUTYREST Box Spring to match 39.50

The Simmons DEEPSLEEP Mattress—also the inner coil type 23.00

DEEPSLEEP Box Spring to match 27.50

Simmons ACE OPEN COIL Spring, suitable for use with any Simmons mattress . . 19.75

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The new Bissell still looks much like your present sweeper, but there the resemblance ends. In performance it's vastly different. No wonder modern homes use the Bissell more than ever before. The big hotels, where room-cleaning is a science, give good advice when they say: "Bissell the carpets daily; vacuum at frequent intervals." Why not discard your old-fashioned, worn-out sweeper for a new "Hi-Lo" Bissell? Ask your furniture, department or hardware store to demonstrate. Look for the name "Hi-Lo" on the sweeper case.

Prices from $5.50 up. (Only 50 cents more in West and South.) The Bissell Booklet tells all about the new "Hi-Lo" invention. Write Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The New **BISSELL**
SWEEPER
with "HI-LO" Brush Control

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

[*Continued from page 122*]

"She still needs you. She's just a child."

"I know." Vicky was staring into the fire.

Francis looked at her and said impulsively, "If she had had a mother like you! You've been more than a mother to her, Vicky, and you mustn't desert her now."

"I'm not deserting her, and I have thought of this. That if you can spare her, I will take her home with me, and we'll spend Thanksgiving with my people. She needs to be away from Garry—from everything."

It was late when Francis went upstairs, and now Vicky was waiting. She went to the telephone and called up the Lanvale residence. A servant reported that Miss Ordway had left an hour ago with Mr. Brooks. Mrs. Ordway had gone on to the club.

So that was that! She wondered whether she ought to tell Francis. Suddenly she heard the throb of a motor. She flung open the front door to find Garry stumbling through the snow with Anne in his arms. "She's half-frozen," he said. "Who ever heard of such weather this time of year. My car stalled, and I had to wait until someone came along."

Vicky interposed, "Who found you?"

"Elinor and David. Coming back from the club."

"Elinor?" Vicky's voice was startled. "Where is she?"

"Out there. In the car."

But Elinor was not in the car. She was standing in the hall.

"Where's David?" Garry asked.

"He's gone."

She came forward, more like a wraith than a real presence. "It's an awful night," she said, in a toneless voice. "Has Francis come in?"

"Yes." It was Vicky who answered.

"Well, I'm going up," Elinor said presently. "And you'd better get Anne to bed, Vicky. And send Garry home."

"That sounds as if I were in disgrace," Garry protested. "And nothing is really my fault. Blame it all on Anne. I asked her to marry me, and she wouldn't, so I ran the car off the road and asked her all over again."

He was trying to carry off the situation lightly, but only he and Anne knew that there was no lightness in him. For in that hour of darkness, Anne had definitely defined her position. "I can't marry you, Garry, and I won't." And something remote and resolute in her manner had at last convinced him.

YET now, when he left her, he lifted her hand to his lips. "This isn't the end, Anne." But it was said as one who, with his back to the wall, cherished a forlorn hope.

Anne smiled and then forgot him as she went upstairs with Vicky. "Here's a letter Mother gave me—for you, Vicky." She was glad to get rid of it. Now that her mother was safely at home, the letter no longer worried her.

"I am going away," Elinor had written. "Tonight—with David. I can't face Francis, so I'm not coming back. The pawn tickets and the key are in my desk. And some day I'll send you the money. You will look after Anne, Vicky? Francis can take care of himself. It's all his fault, and I'm not sorry—except about Anne. I love her."

Vicky stood in the middle of the floor, wondering what had happened. For Elinor had not gone. She was in her room at that very moment. Then why had she written that letter.

The next morning Elinor made her explanation. "David wouldn't go," she said, "when it came to the final decision. He says that he wants to take me honestly. And that I must tell Francis. So I came back, and now I've got to face it."

"You mean that you're going through with it?"

"Yes."

"But—Anne?"

"She will have to know."

"Have you thought," Vicky demanded, "what it will do to her?"

"She must take her turn," Elinor said darkly, "at finding the world as it is. But I don't want to think about Anne. I want to think about myself. What did Francis say about—the pearls?"

"He is leaving everything to me. I am going to Baltimore this morning."

"Doesn't he suspect?"

"How can I tell?" There was a hint of impatience in Vicky's voice. "I told him nothing."

ELINOR made an unexpected apology. "I don't know what made me do it, Vicky. But I was—driven."

Vicky let that pass. "If you go with David, what then?"

"I want happiness." Elinor rose and moved about restlessly. "I want happiness, Vicky, and I am going to get it."

"All I ask," said Vicky, "is that you will let me take Anne away, while you give yourself time to think what you are doing."

"I don't want to think, Vicky. I am going to tell Francis tonight. That will be the end of it."

"It will not be the end. It will be the beginning."

"The beginning of what?"

"Of chaos for all of us."

But Elinor would not listen, and at last Vicky left for Baltimore with fear clutching at her heart. She came back after luncheon to find Anne reading to Charles, who was up and dressed, with his arm in a sling. "I really didn't have to read to him," Anne explained. "But he told me he was lazy, and that he liked to hear my voice."

Charles laughed. "I'm leaving tonight," he said, "and I wanted to have this to remember."

When the Ordway car came to take Charles to the train, Vicky said, "If we go to the Eastern Shore, will you come and see us?"

His gaze went to Anne, who had flitted down the steps ahead of them. "The farther I am from her, the better." His voice fell away into silence, and he held out his hand. "You've been very kind to me . . ."

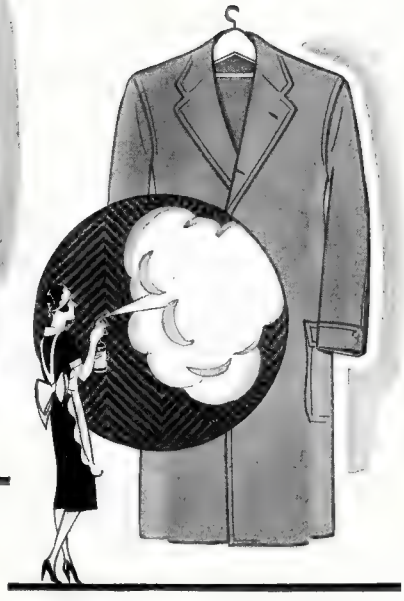
Then Anne came back with a late rose that she had found in the garden. "The snow didn't hurt it," she said, "and you're to pin it on your coat. It's a golden rose—for friendship."

Anne was never to forget the morning that followed Charles Patterson's departure. Just as she finished dressing for a ride, she received a message from Elinor. She was to come at once to her mother's sitting room. She hurried

[*Continued on page 126*]

Mothworms hatch before you realize it, and eat these ugly holes . . .

But they *starve to death* right on the wool when it's treated with Larvex



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Get ahead of the mothworms THIS season

They may come early this year, and they may come late. You never know about mothworms. And when you do try to hunt or kill them, you are never sure you have found them *all*.

That's why we say "*Get ahead of the mothworms.*" Get there first. Prepare the cloth itself. *Mothproof* the cloth itself with Larvex. Then let the worms hatch if they want to. They will be harmless—starve right on the wool. That's the whole principle of Larvex. That's how it differs from moth balls, moth bags, spraying insecticides, etc.

Let the moths come early or late. You don't care. *You* needn't worry—not if you have treated your woolens *in advance*. Another point: there's no wrapping or packing things away when you use Larvex. Just hang the clothes up, or wear them in between, if you wish. Isn't that a big advantage?

Larvex is simply *sprayed* on coats, suits, rugs and upholstery. It is odorless, non-injurious, non-inflammable. It is very economical, only $1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit costs less than a single pressing.

There is a special powder form, too, for mothproofing blankets, sweaters, stockings, baby clothes, etc. It is called "Rinsing Larvex" and you just dissolve it in water. Both the spraying and rinsing kinds are sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

LARVEX

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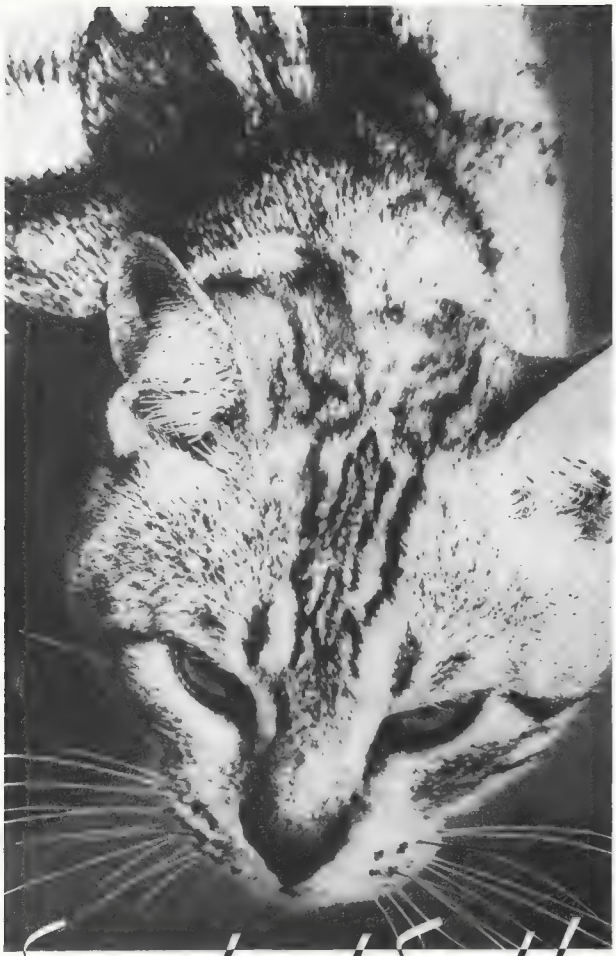

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TOMORROW'S PROMISE

[*Continued from page 124*]

down and found both her father and mother waiting for her. "How did you ever get up so early?" she laughed.

"I've been up all night," Elinor answered. "Anne, we've something to tell you."

And when Elinor said that, all the fears that had assailed Anne in the garden swept back upon her. And when Francis had spoken, there was no laughter left in her. For the thing he told her was this—that he and Elinor were no longer going to live together.

"Do you mean that you are to be—divorced, Daddy?"

"Yes."

Elinor interposed. "We may as well tell her the truth, Francis."

He lifted his hand impatiently. "Why weigh her down with it?"

"She'll have to learn it some time. It's this way, Anne. I've found someone else. I'm not going to make any excuses for myself. What has happened has happened. But I won't take all the blame. Francis is no better than I. He found somebody else years ago . . ."

"It's true, my darling," said Francis hastily. "Our world isn't your world. But we love you."

ANNE was frozen with horror. And suddenly she said, "I thought when people married it was—forever."

"That's old-fashioned stuff, Anne," Elinor's voice was tense.

"Then I never want to be new-fashioned," Anne said brokenly.

She looked very small and boyish in her belted coat and breeches, as she faced her parents. "I never want to be new-fashioned," she repeated. "I want to love until death—forever."

"My darling, don't judge us too harshly," said Francis.

"I am not—judging." She turned and hid her face against his shoulder. and when at last she raised her head and looked about her, it was to say with a note of desperation, "I want to go away—with Vicky."

"We had thought of that," Elinor stated, "that you could be with Vicky for a time, and make up your mind about us."

Anne fixed her troubled eyes on her mother. "Make up my mind?"

"Yes. Whether you will live here with me. Or go with your father. He insists on my staying here until everything is settled."

Anne felt as if her father and mother had receded from the foreground of her life, where she had always placed them, to some dim region where her mind could not follow them.

She murmured unsteadily, "I love you both. And now I've got to give you up."

They stared at her. "Give us up," her father cried sharply.

"Yes. I want to go with Vicky, and I won't come back—ever."

The house that Charles Patterson had built for himself on his Island had been at first little better than a shack. Bit by bit he had added to it until it was now a comfortable habitation. After the tragedy of his marriage, it had become a place of refuge. By a strange chance, Margot had never come to the Island. And Charles was glad that it was so. He did not want to be reminded of her.

And now on the day before Thanksgiving, when Kingdon, the old servant, set Charles' breakfast before him, he laid a newspaper beside the plate.

"I aimed to give it to you las' night, but you'd gone to baid."

Charles, opening the paper, knew why King had withheld it. For there was Margot staring out from the first page—Margot in a velvet beret, chic and vivid as she had always been. And smiling. But for the first time her smile did not set his pulses pounding. He found himself studying her face calmly. A little hard, those sparkling eyes. A little heavy, that round young chin. A little thin, those lips that had at the last spoken with such scorn.

Yet she was still his wife . . . and the bond had seemed nothing more to her than a mere phrase.

"But we promised, Margot, 'as long as we both shall live.' "

"Neither of us meant it."

"Perhaps not at the beginning. But it has meant that to me—since."

And she had asked, with a touch of curiosity, "You mean that you'll always go on loving me?"

"I'm not sure. But I shall always feel that you're—my wife."

She had shrugged her shoulders. "That's the trouble. You've been too serious about it, Carl. So I'm going on to other adventures."

He left the house and prepared for a trip to the mainland. Old King managed the boat. Charles' arm was still out of commission.

AS THE boat got under way, Charles thought of Anne. He had not heard from her since he left the Ordway mansion nearly a month ago. He had wanted to hear, and at last had written to Vicky, asking for news. "Just a line to say you are both well."

But there had been no letter. Perhaps Vicky was away . . . . perhaps, even now, they might be in France. Charles did not like the thought of it.

The little town to which he came at last was a mere settlement, with a post-office, a store or two, and some old houses. Charles made his way to the post-office, where he found several letters in his box. One was Vicky's.

"I was so glad to have a line from you. We have thought of you a lot, and I have wanted to write you. For so much has happened since you were with us. Anne and I have come here to my old home, not for the few days we had planned, but until things can be settled between her father and mother. They have come to a parting of the ways, and Anne has been so shocked and shaken that I am much concerned about her. The action of her parents has outraged something fundamental in her. She does not blame or criticize. She simply refuses to be a part of their lives any longer. And she wants to build up a new life on some new plan. And that is where I feel my impotence—to plan for her. I am wondering if you can help me. And so I am asking you to join us for Thanksgiving dinner. You need not answer this. But come if you can."

As he folded up the letter, Charles felt a sense of renewed life. Tomorrow he would see Anne!

[*Continued on page 129*]

Few women realize the seriousness of toilet tissue illness . . . until it's too late

THE POSSIBILITY of rectal illness is probably furthest from your mind when you are buying your bathroom supplies.

Yet prominent specialists estimate that 65% of all men and women at middle age suffer from troubles caused or aggravated by inferior toilet tissues.

Ailments of this nature frequently require surgical treatment.

Despite this fact much of the toilet tissue sold today is unfit for bathroom use. Common faults are harshness, a crinkly, sharp-edged texture. Glazing. Or even worse . . . chemical impurity.

Today millions of women are beginning to realize the importance of safe toilet tissue to their health and comfort. They are insisting on tissues that doctors and hospitals approve—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

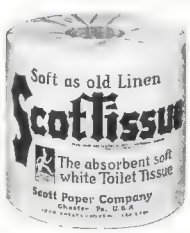
Fresh new materials insure the purity of these two health tissues. Special processing makes them as soft as old linen in texture. And *twice as absorbent* as other kinds. Absorbency, doctors say, is necessary for thorough cleansing.

The unquestioned safety of ScotTissue and Waldorf is important to the health of your entire family. They cost no more than so-called cheap toilet tissues. So why take chances? Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa. In Canada, Scott Paper Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

SCOTTISSUE, *an extremely soft, pure white, absorbent roll containing 1,000 sheets*

2 for 25¢

Price for U. S. only



WALDORF, *soft and absorbent, yet inexpensive. Any family can afford this fine tissue*

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She uses cleaning short-cuts

Mrs. White spends her minutes wisely—makes every single minute "buy" the most cleanliness possible. She uses short-cuts—like changing suds frequently, making dishes dry themselves, etc. (See booklet for many others.)

And she is through by noon

Most of Mrs. White's cleaning is done by noon. She takes afternoons and evenings off for anything she wants to do . . . and still keeps her home, her children and herself clean and spotless . . . and *happy!* How does she manage?

FREE booklet

Our free booklet, *A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock* tells Mrs. White's whole plan. Interesting and helpful. Send for a copy. You'll be very glad you did. Use the coupon.

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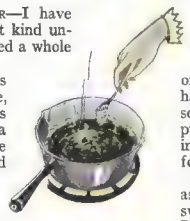
SUGAR

[*Continued from page 71*]



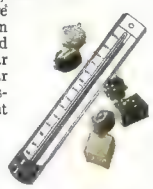
GRANULATED SUGAR—I have saved the most important kind until the last because we need a whole section for it.

In batters and doughs our stand-by is, of course, granulated sugar. For this purpose, always select a fine rather than a coarse grain, as the fine-grained sugar gives a smoother and more velvety texture. Why? Because it dissolves more quickly than the coarse grain. If the sugar you happen to have on hand when you get ready to bake a cake seems coarse to you, you can make it finer by crushing it with the rolling pin on the pastry board.

Sugar does more than sweeten batters and doughs. It gives to our cakes a finer texture and grain, and a flakier and more tender crumb. Sugar also adds weight and moisture to dough—which explains why, when you use too much, your cake falls and is damp, sticky, and sugary.

But enough of *plain* facts! I simply must talk about those thick creamy icings and luscious candies everyone wants to make.

In reading recipes for these delights, have you ever wondered why they call for corn syrup? Or for vinegar, lemon juice, or cream of tartar? Here is the "reason why." Corn syrup, vinegar, lemon juice, and cream of tartar have a peculiar power: they can prevent sugar from graining or forming crystals. Therefore, when you want a smooth, creamy cake icing or a smooth creamy candy, add either corn syrup or one of the acids mentioned to your mixture. In addition, you must be careful *to dissolve the sugar completely before the boiling point is reached.* One single crystal of undissolved sugar may crystalize the entire mass. For this same reason it is advisable to wipe the sides of the cooking utensil with a wet cloth to remove any sugar crystals that may have lodged there.



Do not jar, stir, or beat the mixture before it has cooled, or allow any foreign substance to drop into it, as that also may cause crystallization, and make your icing or candy turn out coarse and grainy. All this sounds difficult, but it is really surprisingly simple after you have done it once or twice.

MERINGUES—We owe this delectable food to sugar, but how often it is abused! Haven't you seen it when it was rubbery, or puffed away up and as dry as powder, or so soft that you needed a spoon to eat it?

Good results depend on three things: (1) the amount of sugar (2) temperature of oven (3) time of baking. Long baking at a low temperature demands a larger proportion of sugar. Short baking at a high temperature takes less. If you want an extra soft meringue, use one tablespoon of sugar to one egg white; bake 15 to 20 minutes at an oven temperature of 300° F. For a firm meringue, use four tablespoons of sugar to one egg white, and bake 60 minutes at a temperature of 250° F.

BEVERAGE SYRUP—I mentioned this farther back. It is a great time-saver if one serves cold drinks frequently, because it combines at once with the fruit juice and water. To make it, boil together one cup of sugar and one-half cup water until dissolved (5 minutes). Cool, put in a covered jar, and place in refrigerator. It can be kept for days.

We usually think of sugar as a flavoring—it is "that sweet taste" to most of us. But it is willing to perform as a seasoning, too, and in Europe it does—much more than in our own country. French chefs, for instance, usually put a tiny dash of sugar into their salad dressings, and Germans and Northern Europeans add sugar to their soups and gravies. We could all improve the flavor and delicacy of our vegetables—especially in the wintertime—by putting a small amount of sugar into the cooking water.

We all know how much sweeter vegetables taste when they are gathered fresh from the garden and cooked at once. Vegetables bought in the markets never have the same taste—and vegetables that have been stored all winter are frequently very tasteless. This is because they begin to lose the natural sugar stored in their fibers just as soon as they are gathered. This loss continues as long as they are in transit or in storage. By the time we get them ordinarily, they have lost a great part of the sugar that really belongs in them.

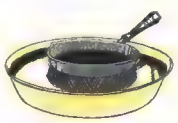
Therefore, when we add a little sugar, we are not so much adding something new and different, as restoring to them the sugar they have lost.

But use judgment in adding sugar to vegetables! *You do not want a "sweet taste." It is the natural taste you are aiming for.*

One word about measuring sugar. Its behavior is a bit tricky in the measuring cup and it is well for us to be forewarned. Granulated sugar "packs." If you keep shaking and tapping it down, you can get a great deal more into a cup than you would if you simply put the sugar in with a spoon and then leveled it off the top without any shaking or tapping. This is the best way to measure.

Confectioners' sugar also packs and should be measured in the same way. If it is lumpy, it should be rolled and sifted before it is measured.

Brown sugar is also likely to be lumpy and should be rolled to a smooth consistency before being measured. And it has a trick all its own, which for lack of a better word I shall have to call "creeping." That is to say, it is apt to look like a lot and then to pack down to nothing under pressure. To get uniform results with brown sugar, therefore, pack it solidly and then level off the top with a spatula.



Is sugar fattening? What are the rules and recipes for successful sugar cookery? These and other puzzling questions are answered in a new booklet, EB—2. Send ten cents to McCall's, Service Editor, Dayton, O.

FREQUENT PAINS?

NEVER let a headache interrupt your shopping! Or any other pain that Bayer Aspirin ends so quickly. These harmless tablets are an antidote for the most acute pain. Relief is almost instantaneous. Taken in time, they will break up a cold and head off all discomfort. They will relieve the suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, etc., at *any* time. Thousands of women rely on Bayer Aspirin every month to spare them from those pains peculiar to women. Physicians have long since discovered that these tablets do not depress the heart; that they may be used as frequently as there is need for their quick comfort. So, it's folly to endure any pain that Bayer Aspirin could relieve so promptly. Get the genuine. The box says *Bayer*, and contains proven directions for many valuable uses.

BAYER ASPIRIN

BAYER

TOMORROW'S PROMISE

[*Continued from page 126*]

As his boat neared the Hewitt homestead, Charles thought that never before had he seen anything so clear-cut as the scene before him. The bay was a bright sapphire, its white ruffles of waves matching the white of the houses. The sand of the beach drew a silver line along the shore. A clump of pines set on a slight eminence above the water, was deeply, darkly green. And against the pines stood Anne, her knitted suit adding its high note of scarlet.

She had not intended to meet Charles. She had not even known whether she wanted to see him. He was tarred with the same brush that had blackened her father and mother. Things might not have been his fault, but he was a part of it all.

So she had hidden herself in the clump of pines, and at last she had seen his sail above the horizon. Then, before she knew it, she was running down to the shore and waving, and presently she could make out Charles, waving back. The boat had swept up like a homing gull, and Charles had leaped out and had said, "It had been a thousand years. . . ." All her fears were swept away, as she laughed and said, "It's your own fault for not coming."

At last he said, "Tell me about yourself, Anne."

"There isn't much. You know, of course, about Mother—and Daddy."

"Yes. Vicky told me."

"I'm never going back," she said.

There was about her a new air of decision. And as they walked on, she said, "I couldn't go to church this morning. I wasn't thankful."

They came out presently from under the trees, to find that a little procession of cars was moving toward the Hewitt house. "Church is over," Anne said, "and the clans are arriving. You'll meet them all at dinner. They're darlings."

He knew what she meant when they were gathered about the table. At one end, Vicky's father, and at the other, her mother, and in between, children and grandchildren.

Here it was at its best—the Family. A little community drawn together in love and service.

Anne seemed very subdued as she joined the group.

Charles spoke of it to Vicky later. "Is she well?"

"Yes. But it's the shock. Oh, if they could see what they have done to her."

He brought out suddenly, "If I were free—"

She looked up quickly. "Don't say it."

He drew a long breath. "You're right, of course. But I could make her—happy."

Vicky did not answer, for in her ears was Anne's voice as she had heard it that morning before church. The daily papers had been brought in, and Anne, after a glance at them, had rushed out of the room with a page in her hand. Vicky, following her a few moments later, had found her stretched on the bed.

"That's Charles' wife, Vicky," Anne had said, holding out the paper. "That's the wife of Charles Patterson. Oh, Vicky, is all the world like that? Is marriage always like that?"

"My dear, you know it isn't."

"But how can I know? Oh, I shall never marry. I should be afraid. Even if I should want to, don't ever let me marry, Vicky."

[*Continued in* MAY MCCALL'S]

BEYOND WORDS

[*Continued from page 17*]

"I'd rather not talk about it, please, Tony," she said.

The car stopped before the apartment house, and the chauffeur sprang down to open the door. He must notice; the doorman must notice. . . . Tony, with his silk hat at the back of his head, his brows raised in an expression of annoyed surprise, and far from steady on his feet. . . .

They went up in the elevator; the boy must notice. But fortunately the maid was not sitting up for them. Tony had great trouble with the latchkey. She stood by, not saying a word.

As soon as they were inside, and the door closed, she said: "Good night, Tony. I hope you sleep well."

"Mimi . . . !" he cried.

"I'm going to sleep in the guest room, Tony," she said, and went on, down the hall.

But she had to get some of her things from the bedroom, and she saw Tony in there, sitting on his bed, in his shirt-sleeves and waistcoat, his head in his hands. She paused a moment, "Good night Tony." He did not even look up.

She gathered together her things, and took them into the guest room. She went through all her routine, washed, put lotion on her face and hands, brushed her hair and her teeth, with tears raining down her cheeks. Then she got into bed and turned out the light, but soon she got up again, turned on the light, and, in dressing gown and slippers, sat down to think.

"Perhaps I expected too much of Tony," she thought, drying her eyes. "Perhaps I ought to have tried to help him more."

She felt very tired, but very clear-headed and resolute.

"I've been silly myself," she thought. "I haven't done any of the things I planned to do—the reading, and lectures, and things. . . . I haven't even kept inside our budget. . . . I've only been to market *once*."

Her little clock had an alarm; she set it for eight.

"I'm going to reorganize my life," she thought, weeping again. "I can't expect to help Tony, if I don't even keep myself up to the mark."

When the alarm rang next morning, she got up at once. She had a cold shower and then went quietly into the bedroom, to get the clothes she needed. Tony was asleep, with one arm flung out on the pillow. And he *didn't* look disgusting or gross; he looked like a tired boy, pale, his dark hair damp on his forehead.

"Oh, Tony!" she cried in her heart. "Oh, Tony! I know you didn't mean that to happen!"

She went on tiptoe over to the bed, and kissed him softly. And just at that moment Anna knocked at the door; he opened his eyes and sat up.

"My head!" he muttered.

"Go to sleep again, Tony. I'll telephone to the office."

"I can't," he said, and called, "All right, Anna!"

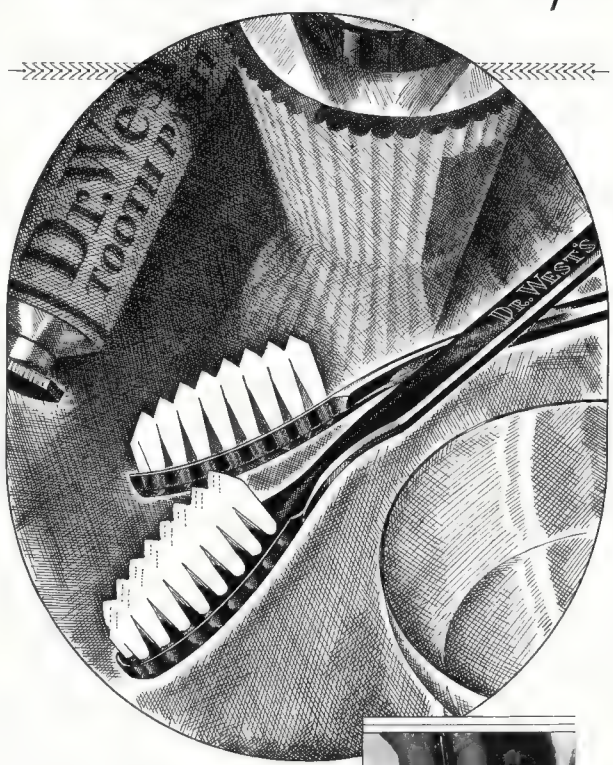
He looked so haggard and miserable. She sat down beside him and put her arm about him.

"Mimi," he said, "I'm so sorry. Don't hate me, Mimi!"

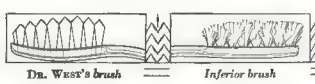
[*Continued on page 130*]

When this famous toothbrush starts,

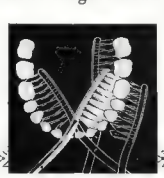
UNCONSCIOUS NEGLECT *Stops!*



PROVE it for yourself. Put a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush, and any inferior brush, to soak for five minutes in water. Then see what dampness does to the inferior bristles. You'll see *why* the inferior brush *can't* clean teeth! For this is what happens:



NO ONE today risks willful neglect of teeth. But many still suffer dingy teeth—and worse—through Unconscious Neglect. They use brushes that *can't* clean. ✓ ✓ ✓ Using a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush you *stop* such Unconscious Neglect. Its modern design and small size enable you to reach every tooth. Its premium quality bristles clean thoroughly. Every DR. WEST'S brush is "surgically clean"—thoroughly sterilized, doubly sealed against dirt. ✓ ✓ ✓ That's why this famous toothbrush is preferred by more people than the five next largest brands, combined. ✓ ✓ ✓ Today get DR. WEST'S brushes (all good stores have them, for each member of the family; all fully guaranteed). See how your teeth brighten when Unconscious Neglect ends. (*An equally great aid to white teeth is* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste.)



©1931, W. B. M. Co. **Dr. West's TOOTHBRUSH**

"The simple lemon rinse does more than any one thing to give my hair brilliance and lustre."
Olive Borden

Alluring HAIR

when dingy soap curds are rinsed away with Lemon

SOFT, lustrous, *truly beautiful* hair must first be really *clean*. Shampoos leave a film of soap curds clinging to the hair. As long as it remains, the natural, alluring charm is hidden.

Soap curds must be rinsed away. Ordinary water rinsings—no matter how many times repeated—cannot be relied upon. Yet the mild acid action of California lemons removes every trace of cloudiness in this quick and easy way:

Rinse first with clear warm water. Then add the fresh juice of two California Sunkist Lemons to four quarts of water. Rub this gentle cleansing solution thoroughly into the scalp. Then rinse again with clean cold water.

Blonde hair thus rinsed discloses its full brilliance. Dark hair possesses a heightened charm. Auburn hair has new glowing highlights. All hair is softer, silkier—so that waves stay in much longer.

For Dandruff, Too

Really clean hair and scalp are the first steps in the prevention and control of dandruff. Fresh lemon rinse should be used frequently for this reason—in the manner described in the new, free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic."

Send coupon now. Read how you can have prettier hair, skin and hands by simple, natural methods—at home or at your beauty shop.

Always have a dozen lemons on hand for hair rinse—and for their many other uses. California Sunkist Lemons are fresh in your market all the year. The trademark "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper is assurance of dependable quality. © 1931 C. F. G. E.

Microscope shows failure of two plain-water rinsings to remove soap curds from hair—sample at left—and how one lemon rinse has completely cleaned another hair (at right) from the same head, disclosing all its natural lustre. Unretouched microphotograph from test under actual conditions by W. F. Herzberg, Ph. D.

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California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 604 Box 530, Station C,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send FREE booklet, *Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic*, telling how to use lemons for the skin, manicuring and beautifying the hair.

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BEYOND WORDS

[*Continued from page 129*]

"Tony, I couldn't ever, ever do anything but love you. My poor Tony."

They clung to each other, both with a strange heartache that was half ecstasy. They hadn't thought it would ever come to this, yet it was the loveliest moment.

While Tony was taking his cold bath, she tried to remember what had been done for that girl at the house-party in New Haven. She remembered how disgusted she herself had been, but the others had been kind.

"I was hard," thought Mimi. "I didn't understand anything, in those days. What was it they gave her? Olive oil, I'm almost sure."

She went into the kitchen, not miserable now to think of the servants knowing about Tony. Let them know! Nobody on earth had any right to criticize Tony.

She asked for olive oil, and the cook brought her a bottle. She selected one of her prettiest glasses, a ruby-red goblet, which she half-filled with oil; then she put in a cube of ice, to make it more palatable, and took it to him.

He had just finished shaving; he looked pale, subdued, very neat.

"This will do you good Tony."

He accepted the red goblet and drank its contents. Then he took her in his arms, and she raised her hand and patted his cheek. "Oh, Tony!" she said. "I wasn't nice to you!"

"You were, my darling Mimi! I *want* you to be like that."

"It's all over now, Tony."

"But I'm still sorry, Mimi."

BUT something was changed, something new had come into her love for him. After he had gone, she went into the bedroom, and hung up his dressing gown, straightened his toilet things, wished very much there was something more she could do for him.

The cook brought her the market-list; she went over it carefully, then she put on her fur jacket and her hat and gloves, and set out. And she remembered the twelve-cent package and that girl.

She was resolute about it this morning. When she went into the grocer's she ordered conscientiously from her list; then she said:

"Can you give me Mrs. Lever's address, please?"

If the man was surprised by the request, he did not show it. He wrote down an address on West Fourth Street. Mrs. Frieze went there.

It was an old-fashioned apartment-house, dingy and shabby. In the vestibule she found a bell labeled "Lever." She pressed it, and the door clicked open. A voice called: "Did you want Lever?"

She recognized the voice, and saw the girl herself, leaning over the railing. "Yes, please. May I talk to you?" she replied eagerly.

"What about?" asked the girl, not rudely, but with a sort of uncompromising directness.

"Do you mind if I come up?" asked Mimi. "Then I can explain better."

"Come ahead!" said the girl.

"I don't mean to be impertinent, said Mimi. "And, of course, I may be entirely wrong. But I saw you in the grocer's, the other morning and—" She hesitated a moment. "I just had a feeling—that something was wrong with you, and I thought I'd just ask if I could do anything."

The other girl said nothing, and it was too dark to read her face.

"You know how it is," said Mimi. "You do have that feeling about people, sometimes."

Still the girl was silent, and Mimi thought she must be angry.

But then she said abruptly: "It's funny for you to say that. . . . All night I had a feeling like that, about someone. . . ."

She opened the door behind her. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Lever," said Mimi.

It was a very bare little room, nothing much in it but two wicker chairs and a lumpy couch and a bamboo table on which stood a fern in a green pot. But it was neat and somehow attractive.

"I'm not Mrs. Lever," said the girl. "I'm not 'Mrs.' anybody."

"I'm sorry." Mimi unbuttoned the collar of her jacket. "May I sit down?" she asked and the girl took a chair opposite her.

SHE was dressed in a dark skirt and a white sleeveless blouse, that showed the fine, strong lines of her lean body.

"I'm sorry you were worried last night," said Mimi.

"I just had that feeling," said the girl, "that something had happened to Sam. But I rang up the office, and they said the ship had docked yesterday all right."

"What does he do?" asked Mimi.

"He's second mate on a cargo boat running down to Cuba. I'll show you his picture." She took down a framed photograph from the mantel and brought it to Mimi.

"That's Sam," she said.

An arrogant young devil, he was, with his cap a little to one side; big, burly, laughing. "He's a holy terror," said the girl, smiling softly.

Mimi looked at the picture.

"I'm glad he's got a job," she said seriously. "My husband says conditions are bad."

"You're right," said the girl. "I've been out of work for three months."

"Please excuse me if I'm meddlesome, but can't he help out a little?"

"No," said the girl. "You see, Sam's got his mother to look after. She's sort of broken down. She's had a hard life. He was pretty wild when he was younger, and he wants to make it up to her. He wants her to have some kind of comfort now, when she's old. She's in a sort of private home, and it's expensive. And he got in trouble last year. He had to get money in advance from the company he works for, and they take it out of his pay every month. He hasn't got anything now, but what he pays for his mother. It wasn't any real bad trouble he was in. He just didn't realize. . . ."

She put the picture back on the mantel and went to the window.

"Nobody can say it's Sam's fault," she went on. "He's doing the best he can. Only it'll be six months before he gets that money paid off. First he said we couldn't get married, on account of that money, and his mother. But then he saw it'd be all right, with me working. I had a good job, in a department store. I'd saved up

[*Continued on page 131*]

Treat that corn carefully

Don't hurry it; or worry it with knife or rapid-fire "corn cures." But don't let it spoil your fun and freedom when springtime beckons out of doors.

Blue-jay will end its pangs instantly, gently. A safe, mild, certain *treatment* for banishing corns, Blue-jay lifts the pressure and friction which cause them and keep them sore. Softens and destroys their structure, detaching them for easy, painless removal.

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BEYOND WORDS

[*Continued from page 130*]

something. I found this flat, and I got this furniture. I've paid two installments on it. I thought I'd live here till he came back. We were going to get married today. . . . Then they laid me off. And I can't find another job. . . . They'll take the furniture away. . . . Well, all right! I guess we won't need it yet awhile."

"Aren't you going to get married?"

"No. I can make up some reason."

"Aren't you going to tell him how bad things are?"

"No!" the girl cried. "I couldn't! It'd be like telling him to choose between me and his mother. He *can't* help us both. I'd rather be dead than do that. He'd be just about crazy with worry. He'd just do anything for me—only he hasn't anything. . . . He was so happy to think of our getting married and having our own home. . . . I just made up my mind that tonight he'd get his good dinner and all —everything nice and cozy.

"I borrowed some money off my sister. I wouldn't have done it, only—" She paused a moment. "Only, you know the way you feel about a man."

"I know," said Mimi, and they were both silent for a time. "You said his ship got in yesterday. I suppose—"

"I guess he went up to see his mother," said the girl. "I thought maybe he'd telephone last night, but, you see, sometimes there's another ship comes in, with friends on board he hasn't seen for a long time. Sometimes he sort of loses track of the time. I'm just a fool to worry so. . . ."

SHE turned to Mimi, and tried to smile. "I'm just a fool!" she said.

"I'll find you a job," said Mimi.

Even Tony didn't understand. She went down to lunch with him, and when she told him, he said. "Of course, it's all right to find her a job but she'd be a great deal better off without him, if you ask me."

It was very hard to find a job for the girl. In the end Mimi bullied Madame Fidèle. "If you'll give her a place with you, you'll see a lot of me this winter. And I'll bring my friends."

That worked. She hurried off to telephone Mrs. Lever to see Madame Fidèle at once, and, just as she was finishing her lunch, the girl telephoned.

"I got that job, Mrs. Frieze."

"Has—Sam come yet?"

The girl did not answer for a moment. "Not yet," she said gayly. "I'll let you know."

All afternoon, while she played bridge, Mimi was half-sick with anxiety, waiting to hear about Sam. She went home and sat by the window, waiting for Tony. It was dark outside, and cold, and the wind blew.

When at last he came, she flew to him, held him tight. "Oh, Tony!"

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing," she answered. Because he wouldn't understand.

THEY were dining at home that night. They sat down at the table, softly lighted by candles, set with their wedding china and silver, but Mimi could not eat.

"Something *is* the matter!" cried Tony, as if he were furious. "Why don't you eat, Mimi?"

"I'm just not awfully hungry."

But she was thinking of that girl. "Let's go out somewhere and dance."

"Oh, Tony, I couldn't!"

"Look here!" he began, when the telephone rang, and she sprang up to answer it.

"Mrs. Frieze?" asked a voice. "It's me—Katherine Lever. I just wanted to tell you—*Sam's home!*"

"Oh . . . ! Sam's home!" cried Mimi, for Tony to hear.

"He got back just in time for us to go down and get a license," the girl went on. "We're going to get married tonight, at my sister's."

"Then he was all right?"

"He met some friends and—just sort of lost track of the time."

As Mimi turned away from the telephone, tears were running down her face. "Mimi!" cried Tony. "My darling girl! Why do you worry so about these people?"

"Because—I love you so, Tony!" she answered, with a wavering smile.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 7*]

Miss Wigman conceives the dance as a separate and independent art, one that can, and frequently does, exist without any music at all. Her programs read like a song recital, or a "one-man" concert of the works of some composer. A typical one begins with a group from her own dance cycle, *Shifting Landscape*, comprising six dances named: respectively "Invocation," "Face of the night," "Pastorale," "Festive Rhythm," "Summer's Dance," "Storm Song." A second group is devoted to a "Witch Dance" and a "Monotony Whirl Dance." A third group of two gypsy dances concludes the recital.

Her dancing technique is striking. She delights in dizzying combinations of full-time, double-time, and half-time movement (that is, keeping time with the beat and then moving twice as fast or half as fast as the beat), and in angular, jointless steps and gestures that remind one of the postures of an Egyptian frieze. Above all, she uses her hands more elaborately than any dancer I have ever seen. Throughout most of her "Pastorale" she lies upon the floor, and in the grotesque and macabre "Witch Dance" she sits. In both these numbers she "dances" almost exclusively by moving her hands. In such dances as the "Pastorale" and "Face of the Night," she dares to offer dancing that is as purely abstract as any physical manifestation can be. The music is so negligible in quantity that it might as well be omitted altogether; what remains is movement and rhythm offered for its own sake. The movements of her arms and hands in the "Pastorale" do not, in any literal sense, mean anything. They are, not a pantomime, but (if I may presume to interpret the artist's intentions) a moving visual pattern, designed to stir the emotions of the spectator.

To Miss Wigman's more enthusiastic followers she is a great creative artist, perfectly in command of her medium. To me, her theories are much more important than her practice.

Many of her steps and gestures are admirably individual, but she displays surprisingly little inventiveness in combining them. One finds her doing the same things over again in successive dances.

Moreover, Miss Wigman is solemn, like almost all pioneers. And like most pioneers, she is probably more a sower than a reaper. One day some pupil of hers will confront us, saying, not "here is significance," but "here is beauty"; and we shall see what Mary Wigman has dreamed.

A *new* breakfast discovery

Twice-crisped Puffed Grains*

HERE'S that fresh-from-the-oven flavor . . . that enticing extra crispness, everybody's been wanting in ready to eat cereals. It's the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice made by a unique new process that seals in every bit of the original flavor and crispness.

And how important—to make these tasty morsels even *more* delicious. For Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have a special place to fill in child nutrition that can be taken by no other cereals.

Why Puffed Grains are so nourishing

Consider the fact that "puffing" releases every particle of rich grain food for quick and easy digestion. Making Puffed Grains the ideal cereal to furnish the quick energy growing children must have. Consider, too, that for years Puffed Grains have stood supreme as "the cereal children never have to be coaxed to eat." This is why the new extra crispness of the Puffed Grains has such a bearing on child feeding!

Start tomorrow morning to make breakfast more enticing, by serving the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, Ill.

Try Quaker Hominy for real southern flavor.

Shot from guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—different from any cereal you know. Rich, nourishing grains — sealed in huge guns — kept under fiery temperatures for hours — then — *shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell — makes every particle so easily digestible — so quickly nourishing.

* *A new process, greatly increasing the crispness, makes Puffed Grains a really new cereal.*

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat

Mother, keep your baby safe

from loose pins and buttons

Vanta

Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

READY for my Vantas*, mother! No pins or buttons for me! Just cute little bows of twistless tape that fasten so safely and always just right. You never turn me over once while dressing. I can always look up into your face. Don't we love to smile and laugh together!

How soft and snugly Vantas* are—almost as nice as nestling in your arms! Oh, I wish every baby were safe and comfy like me. They would be if all mothers knew what doctors and nurses advise. Now, how about something to eat, mother?

USE Vanta* No-Pins-No-Buttons from birth to two years, then Vanta* Self Help Garments that make it easy to teach babies to dress themselves, saving mothers' time and training babies' minds. Silk, wool, linen, sase, rayon, cotton knitted fabrics. Vanta* Garments and Hosiery are guaranteed non-shrinkable.

Ask your store for the original Vanta* Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW KNITTING CO., Dept. 414 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

*Vanta—Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.
Dept. 414, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

GARDEN ADVENTURES

Conducted by Ellen Eddy Shaw

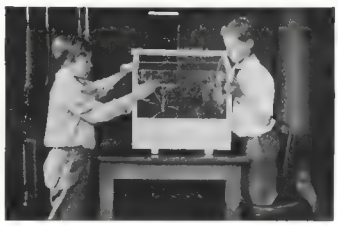
Brooklyn Botanic Garden

SOIL is the stage upon which we set forth our little drama of gardening. To the innocent eye it looks docile and obliging; but unless we give it the food and care that it wants, it will refuse to produce the healthy plants and perfect flowers which are the pride of every gardener's heart. Since it holds this important position, let us consider at once what special attention your garden soil requires.

Ordinary soil or loam is light or heavy, depending on whether there is more sand or clay in it. The tables given below will be of help in showing the particular needs of each soil, the three main food elements for stimulating development of plant life, and what happens if any one of them is lacking in sufficient amount. Nitrogen, potash, and phosphorous are *absolutely necessary* for plant development; and since plant food is taken in liquid form, the soil must have plenty of water.

In treating the soil, it should be remembered that lime, which helps overcome acidity, should not be put on the soil at the same time a fertilizer is used. It is far better to use one or the other, perhaps liming in the fall and fertilizing in the spring, or the opposite. Plan to use 25 lbs. of chemical fertilizer for every 800 square feet. It is often wise (especially in the case of chemical fertilizers) to put them on *just before* planting and again several times through the season, rather than to put the entire amount on at one time. Natural manures, which give out their food values slowly, may be put on the soil ahead of planting time.

—ELLEN EDDY SHAW



JUST about now, children who are lucky enough to have a garden plot are growing impatient to start digging in it. And while you're explaining that the frost is not yet out of the ground and that there is not enough warmth for outdoor gardening, why not plan an indoor garden that will be the child's own?

First he must decide what kind it is to be. He can make a desert garden of sandy soil and pebbles and three or five desert plants—not the prickly kind, but those that have thick, fleshy leaves. Some good plants to use for this are: sedums, kleinia, mesembryanthemum, Christmas cactus, and aloe. Aren't these jolly tongue-twisters? They are really no harder to remember than some of our own names.

Hanging baskets are simple gardens. Use wire frames lined with sheet moss and plant with ferns and begonias. Tradescantia, commonly known as wandering Jew, may be used as a trailer. For aquariums there is a large variety of plants such as umbrella plants, water hyacinths, elodea, and water ferns.

The fascinating "woodsy" garden shown on this page may be made and arranged according to the child's own fancy. It is a glass case (the same kind that is used for aquariums) covered with a piece of glass. Some early wild flowers such as hepatica, bloodroot, violets, and spring beauty can be forced into bloom here.

—KATHRYN CLARK BARTLETT

Instructions for making these gardens are given in our free leaflet "Indoor Gardening For Your Child." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Garden Editor, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Table I GARDENER'S GUIDE TO SOIL TREATMENT

NECESSARY CHEMICAL ELEMENTS	NATURAL SOURCES	FERTILIZERS	RESULTS	WHEN TO ADD
Nitrogen	Animal and Vegetable Matter	Manures (natural and chemical) Leaf mold Nitrate of soda Sulphate of ammonia Peat	Development of leaf matter	Foliage and stems pale in color Growth weak and insufficient After excessive rains Growth of weeds appear, e. g. sorrel, daisies
Phosphorous	Mineral Matter	Bone meal Dissolved bone Acid phosphates Animal manures Bone black	Development of flowers, seeds and root	Flowers weak and poor Root development insufficient In dry seasons
Potash	Mineral Matter	Wood ashes Sulphate of potash Muriate of potash Kainite Slight amounts from animal manures	Fruit formation Development of leaf tissue and woody stem Starch formation	Weak development of fruit parts Fruit poor in color, form, texture and flavor Stems and leaves weak

Table II GARDEN SOILS AS MET IN THE AVERAGE GARDEN PLOT

TYPE	CHARACTERISTICS	NEEDS	NECESSARY ADDITIONS
Sandy	Light in quality Too perfect drainage Excellent air spaces Little food value	More body Addition of food Ability to retain water	Humus to add body and quality A general fertilizer including potash and phosphorous
Clayey	Poor drainage Limited air space Ability to retain water Tendency to dry out and crack Fair food content	Increased air capacity Regulation of water content Improvement in texture	Humus or a substitute to improve texture and to regulate air and water content Peat

THE WINNER

[*Continued from page 25*]

seemed to float between her eyes and the typewritten words. At length she raised her head, spoke calmly. . . .

"May I ask why you want to work at all, Mr. Chalfont?"

He laughed. "I don't. But needs must when—you know the old saw." He saw that Constance was staring at the big electric clock on the wall. Five, it said. "I'm after hours?"

Constance covered her utter confusion with a brisk, "That's so. If you'll come in tomorrow morning—"

"No time like the present," Jacky's interruption was almost desperate. "Look here, Miss Smith—I don't mean to be pushing or impertinent . . . old Tyburn's given me some credentials. Won't you come out and discuss my incompetence over a cup of tea?"

Constance wanted to look shocked. By a triumph of will she did succeed in looking terribly bored. "Why not?" She said it as though tea with one's ideal happened every day. "We might just as well talk over the job now, if you really want one."

HALF an hour later they were facing each other across iced coffee and chocolate cake.

Constance's job, or part of it, was finding out about people. Before the chocolate cake was half consumed she knew Jacky's whole story, always excepting the Dora episode. She knew how he had come home, and why; knew about his visit to old Tyburn, who had been Chalfont senior's lawyer, and who was doing what he could to salvage what was left of the estate. Old Tyburn made no secret of his opinion of John North Chalfont.

"Your father," he had said, "put in half a century accumulating a fortune that you've managed to throw away in less than a tenth of that time. I'll see what I can save out of the wreckage, but don't expect much. I don't suppose you came home itching for hard labor," he'd added. "So I'll do this. I'll stake you to a week at Easthampton or Bar Harbor. In that time, with your looks and your reputation, you ought to find it easy to select a wife well able to support you in the manner to which you are accustomed."

"And what did you say then?"

"*Say?*" Jacky laughed dryly. "I said, 'Good morning.'"

"And now?"

"Now I'm here with you, and you think I'm fairly nice, don't you? You don't think a chap's a tramp just because he doesn't want to spend his life cooped up in a stuffy office?"

Constance stared at her plate. "I despise idleness," she said. "At least, I despise it for us. We're young, and youth is meant to do things, to build things."

Jacky looked at her pale, eager face, her hair curling like small red flames under the brim of her hat.

"My word," he said, "a chap could work . . . . for a girl like you."

Her eyes went cold. "A man who can't work for his own sake might as well not do it at all. I don't want compliments. I'm not one of the people who give positions away because I'm told my eyes are nice."

"I'm sorry," said Jacky, and—probably for the first time in his life—he blushed.

"I'm sorry *for* you." Constance spoke softly. "There's so little happiness in your scheme of living."

"Happiness?" Jacky echoed the word mockingly. "Happiness is the thing that—whatever you do—you think you'd have got if you'd done the opposite. A—a mirage—eh?"

"You're wrong. Happiness is quite real. There's pain in it, because there has to be contrast; there's work in it, to make freedom worth while. But you wouldn't understand."

Jacky sat regarding his own long legs, feeling very young, very desolate.

"Maybe you're right." He leaned across the table. "At any rate, I'd like to try."

"I'm afraid my way wouldn't work for you—any more," Constance said. "It's not just work, you see, but loving work, for its own sake. Not something to—to tide you over until Mr. Tyburn straightens things out."

Nevertheless, he got the job. Constantine Kelly-Smith was efficient, terribly efficient—but she was human, too, and a woman. Besides, old Tyburn had a sort of interest in the Moffat firm, and, whatever he had said to Jacky, his directions to Miss Smith had been every explicit.

So Jacky got the job—and he worked, worked fiercely, in vanity and in devotion, to prove his mettle to Constance. And she was not convinced.

She was sympathetic; she was kind; she was encouraging. Yet, behind the twinkling eyes and the grave, gentle mouth there was a hard streak of skepticism that he could not dissolve.

Jacky had drifted, by this time, into the rooming-house occupied by Constance, his trunks having cost him as much in the process of transfer as his rent for a month.

"Why do you keep them?" Constance asked.

"For old time's sake," Jacky returned, laughing.

CONSTANCE didn't laugh. "Some day," she predicted, "you'll use them again. That's why you keep them."

September brought Jacky a raise in salary that was fairly substantial. It brought him also, for the first time, the satisfaction of work well done, of sound sleep earned by honest fatigue. The life of the Riviera seemed far away, even when he read in the morning paper that Mrs. Dora Ballin had come home to attend the marriage of her sister.

One Saturday afternoon he came home early. He thought it as good a time as any other to review his stock of neckties and shirts and socks. He was sitting on the floor, surrounded by a welter of odds and ends in the clothing way, when he heard footsteps in the uncarpeted hall before his door. There was a long pause.

"You, Constance?" He wondered why she didn't knock. "Come on in."

The knob turned, and there, beautiful in a suit of palest gray, stood Dora Ballin.

Jacky scrambled to his feet, reddening, as he saw Dora's quick glance take in the untidy room. Dora, as if she sensed his bewilderment, spoke quickly: "I went to the Yale Club, and they gave me Mr. Tyburn's name, and he sent me on." She had closed the door now and was leaning against it. Suddenly she pressed her gloved hands to her eyes and wailed, "I've been waiting all this time to hear . . . you've never written . . . I've been frantic, frantic . . ."

[*Continued on page 135*]

Here's That New 8-Hour Lipstick

Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. A new 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof. Wear-proof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

You apply when you go out

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK. Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Stop that COLD . . . before it stops you!

It takes a "counter-irritant" to get quick action

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous—draw them out with Musterole, which gets action because it is a "counter-irritant"—not just a salve. It warms, penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, brings congestion to the surface, and thus gives real relief.

But don't be satisfied with the noticeable relief you should experience from the first Musterole rub—***apply it every hour for five hours*** and you'll be amazed at the result!

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Save ½ on RUGS

This FREE BOOK Tells How

LOWEST PRICES IN YEARS

New Low FACTORY TO HOME PRICES

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...We'll Send You America's Finest Low Priced Rugs

JUST mail the coupon, as thousands have, and we'll send you the Olson Rug Book that is helping women in all parts of the U. S. to beautify their homes with these luxurious, *New-Type* rugs at ½ to ½ the price of Axminsters or Wiltons. You can send *all kinds* of carpets, rugs, clothing, blankets, etc. We scientifically separate, scour, sterilize, picker, card, comb and bleach—then re-spin, dye and weave into rich-textured *new*—

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"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY—"

[*Continued from page 54*]

Another letter which might be classified in the "difficult" group is to the girl who has just announced her engagement. Only one pitfall is to be avoided here—the girl is *never* congratulated. She receives "good" and "best" wishes; the man is offered congratulations.

Dearest Kay:

Your mother's note has just come telling me the good news about you and Dick Streeter. I have heard so much about him from the Chesters—who hold him up as a shining example of everything a young man should be—that I am overjoyed. The fact that you have so many tastes in common promises a life together of great interest and happiness, and I think he is most fortunate to have won you.

With every good wish to you both, I am, dear Kay,

Always affectionately yours,

Ruth Canfield

To Dick, the wife of one of his friends might write:

Dear Dick: We are so happy to hear the wonderful news! Kay is one of the loveliest and cleverest girls we know and *we* think, of course, that she it going to have a rather nice husband.

Harry and I send you our congratulations and endless good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Edith Aldous

Which brings us to the difficulties of writing letters of thanks for wedding presents. And there *are* difficulties, especially during the last two weeks when all the gifts begin to arrive at once, and every minute of the day and night seems to be filled with parties and visitors and final sessions with dressmaker, caterer, and hairdresser.

Besides all this, many of the presents are from friends of the bridegroom whom the bride has never seen, and whatever the perplexities may be of writing to one's own friends they are greatly increased by writing to a stranger.

So to the girl who "can't think what to say" I suggest that weeks before her wedding she write a series of "model" letters which will cover every contingency.

As the presents arrive she can choose the suitable model and copy it, making slight changes.

To one of her mother's friends she might write like this:

Dear Mrs. Durand:

When your package was opened and I saw that shining, iridescent golden bowl it seemed too good to be true. We have been planning a dining room in just those tones, but we never expected to receive such a perfectly lovely decoration for it.

Hoping that you will come soon and see it in its new surroundings, and with many, many thanks for your great kindness,

Very sincerely,

Doris Lathrop

To a friend of the bridegroom:

Dear Mrs. Peabody:

What a perfectly lovely coffee table you have sent us. Alan and I love the deep tones of the mahogany, and we thank you for it a thousand times. It will be one of our prized possessions.

I am looking forward to meeting you and Mr. Peabody on the twenty-sixth.

Very sincerely,

Doris Lathrop

WHEN I'M TWENTY

[*Continued from page 50*]

people from their work to show her how to do hers. It has been estimated by personnel directors that each employee, averaging a salary of $1200 a year, represents an investment of $20,000 to the firm. This is really something for us to think about.

Look your best—in a conservative, well-bred manner, determined by the standards of suitability and good taste. Appearance rates very high with employers, and you may be sure that every detail of your dress and make-up will be given close scrutiny. And after you have your job, let good taste and suitability remain your leading consideration in the selection of your clothes.

From the moment you start to work, make up your mind that, to everything that happens, you are going to react on a *thought* rather than on an *emotion* basis—which means, in plain English, that, instead of breaking down and crying when someone points out a mistake or a shortcoming on your part, you are going to give your *mind* to mastering the problem involved so that you will not make the mistake again. In other words, when things go wrong, don't *feel*, but *think*—use your head.

Be a "self-starter." Don't wait for someone to lay out your work for you. If you do, you will wait in vain for the kind of work that will put you ahead. The "self-starters" will have taken it from under your nose.

Don't be content to just "get by." It is never enough merely to "carry on" if you want to forge ahead in business. You must always be studying, working, improving, intensively ploughing and cultivating your mind for new ideas, if you want to do anything more than hold your place in the line. The faithful, unimaginative routine plodder plods on to the grave. The woman who succeeds has always to be ahead of her job.

Take care of your health and cultivate outside interests. It is the girl who always appears fresh and interested and enthusiastic who inspires confidence—and confidence means promotions.

Set for yourself a definite objective. "A salary of $5,000 a year by the time I'm thirty" was the goal of one girl I know—and she achieved it too, as well as many another substantial satisfaction by the way. A goal helps you over many a hard spot and enables you to put up cheerfully with the little daily annoyances and the moments of discouragement that are bound to come to us all. You will look after all the details of your daily task all the better if you have some idea of where they are leading. In fact, you could hardly do better than to adopt for the motto of your business career the homely but nevertheless inspired proverb, "Keep your eye on the goal—and mind the next step."

A Vacation Bargain!

Burlington Route

Josephine Lake—pine fringed, glacier fed—nestles in a gigantic amphitheatre of rugged, majestic peaks

Glacier Park

Yellowstone only $4.75 extra—Colorado without any extra fare

Think of it! A trip to *three* great scenic wonderlands—for only slightly more than the cost of your Glacier Park ticket alone!

First, Glacier National Park. America's wildest mountain grandeur. Ride the switchback trails, climb the glaciers, travel in comfortable launches and de luxe motors—enjoy the solid comfort of great hotels, cozy chalets.

Then you can go on to Yellowstone and include the famous Cody Road—"Yellowstone's greatest thrill"—*free.*

Then to the Colorado Rockies! The Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains may be easily visited on the way. Then home, by an entirely different route!

Only the Burlington's complete service to all the Rockies makes this vacation bargain possible.

Burlington Escorted Tours

A new, carefree way to see the Rockies. Definite cost covering all necessary expenses. Everything planned and paid in advance. Travel expert with each party. Mark the coupon for Tours Book.

FREE BOOK

Send the coupon for free, illustrated book of Glacier Park Vacations. Full details on bargain vacations of 2 weeks or longer.

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547 West Jackson Blvd.,
Dept. MC-5, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free illustrated book about Glacier National Park vacations.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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FOR years, chemists have worked to bring to women a safe and agreeable method of personal hygiene—a new way of particular appeal to the fastidious, modern woman. ●

Leading physicians have warned their patients against the danger of overstrong solutions and have been quick to recognize the safe, simplified effectiveness of Norforms. ●

Norforms come properly compounded ready for use, twelve to the package. No mixing, no dissolving and no cumbersome apparatus. The Norform antiseptics are combined with soothing ingredients. Norforms have no odor and are deodorizing. ●

Ask your druggist for a box of 12 Norforms—or, if you prefer, write for a copy of "The New Way," a really informative booklet written under expert medical supervision for the modern woman. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York, *Makers of Unguentine and Amolon.*

● Dr. M. W. Stofer, The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. 44, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me booklet "The New Way." I want to know more about the safe, Norwich form of personal hygiene.

● Name.... .....

● Address..... .....

THE WINNER

[*Continued from page 133*]

Before he could evolve a tactful response, some outraged impulse of verity drove Jacky to exclaim, "Dora, stop dramatizing."

"You've grown cynical," she accused, producing a handkerchief of pale gray voile.

"I'm sorry, Dora. But you were not frantic when I saw you last, and since then there's been no cause. You see, I've been happy."

"You? Happy in this—this—"

"Yes."

Dora opened her pocketbook, stuffed the handkerchief in. "Who's the girl?"

Her sudden change of mood, her unexpected question, found him disarmed. His color was an eloquent affirmative.

"Working girl? Born housewife and mother of future Chalfonts?"

Jacky's silence said more plainly than words: "This is not your business."

But Dora was merciless. "I suppose that she loves you, deeply and disinterestedly, as girls of her class always love men of yours. Going to marry her?"

"She doesn't think I'm good enough."

DORA leaned forward and spoke sharply. "Perhaps she will when she hears what I heard today . . . via Tyburn." Before he could question her, she added angrily, "I won't have it. I won't let you waste yourself here, working and saying you like it—*lying* about it for the sake of some—some—" Her voice broke. "Jacky, I love you!"

Jacky, not coming an inch closer, said: "For Heaven's sake! Stop it!"

"I won't. Jacky, you've asked me to marry you—twice. Now I'm asking you. Marry me and get back where you belong—"

"Oh, wasn't it won-derful—while it lasted—"

Jacky's hail, when he heard Constance singing as she climbed the stairs, was a cry for help. All at once Dora was standing by the window, her face pale and exquisite. And Jacky was saying, "Constance, this is one of my oldest friends—Mrs. Ballin. Dora, my newest and *best* friend, Miss Kelly-Smith."

Dora's smile was a triumph of tenderness. "Jacky's been telling me about you . . . how wonderful you've been, helping him through this little period of depression." She glanced down at a tiny watch on her wrist. "I came to ask Jacky out to my sister's house in the country . . . to spend tomorrow. Won't you come, too?"

"I'd love to," Constance said. "It's going to mean a lot to John to get back into familiar surroundings."

"Just what *I* thought, my dear." Dora had made a wonderful recovery. "Jacky, lead the way down the stairs, won't you. The car will call at nine-thirty, if that's not too early."

When Jacky came back, Constance was folding his shirts, sorting them in neat heaps. "Mrs. Ballin's divine," she announced. "And, John, here's a registered letter that I brought up."

"Excuse?"

Constance nodded, and Jacky tore the envelope open. Enclosed with a thick wad of documents was a note from Tyburn Senior. It started with a series of dry but sincere expressions of pleasure and surprise at the fact that "It had come to his ears" that Jacky was "molding himself a creditable situation" in the office of Mr. Tyburn's friend, Pontius Moffat.

"If you study the enclosed papers," it continued, "you will find that our own summer has not been spent without profit. Your affairs are now in order, and we find that with all debts paid, both in America and

[*Continued on page 136*]

SUCCESSFUL WOMEN IN BUSINESS SAY "LOOKS CERTAINLY COUNT"

IT'S EASIER for attractive people to get along. They are more popular. To be smartly dressed is one social and business success-secret. To have a young, alert face is another . . . Chewing **DOUBLE MINT** daily tends to make well shaped lips and young contours. It's "Nature's most perfect modern Facial"—as pleasing as it is inexpensive. And it can be conveniently enjoyed while you are doing other things.

Exercise, as everyone knows, is a way to bodily health and beauty but everyone doesn't know that it is as vital for *facial* health and beauty. Mastication of food would be the normal manner of getting the circulation stimulated and educating delicate mouth muscles. But civilized food is too soft. Saggy lines appear. Jaws lose their shapeliness. But you can help correct all this by your daily chewing of **DOUBLE MINT.** Ten minutes twice a day makes a good work out.

INEXPENSIVE • SATISFYING

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TRY THIS PERFECT WAVE SETTING FLUID

at our expense

YOUR name and address on the coupon will bring you, free, a trial bottle of Wildroot Wave Set . . . remarkable new greaseless finger-waving fluid that dries so rapidly and leaves your hair in soft, glossy waves. *Leaves no residue.* Does not make hair gummy or sticky. Beneficial to hair.

Hairdressers say it is by far the best finger-waving fluid. At druggists, department stores, hairdressers. Beware of substitutes. *Money back if not satisfactory.*

WILDROOT WAVE SET

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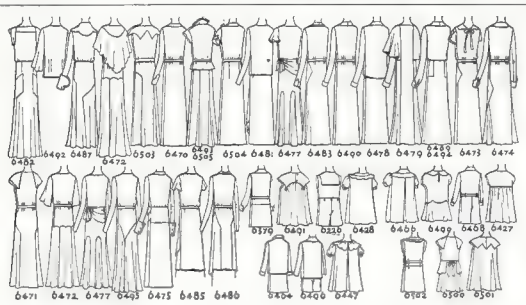

No. 6488. Size 36, 4 yards 27-inch material.
No. 6482. Size 36, 4¼ yds. 39-inch material.
No. 6492. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 39-inch.
No. 6487. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.
No. 6472. Size 36, 5½ yds. 39-inch material.
No. 6476. Size 36, 4¼ yds. 32-inch material.
No. 6503. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 27-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch.
No. 6470. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.
No. 6493. Size 36, 1⅞ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6505. Size 30, 2 yards 35 or 39-inch.
No. 6504. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.
No. 6481. Size 36, sleeveless blouse, 1¼ yards 39-inch, jacket, skirt, 4 yards 39-inch.
No. 6477. Size 36, 5 yards 35-inch material.
No. 6483. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.
No. 6490. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.
No. 6478. Size 36, jacket, sleeveless waist, 2⅞ yards 39-inch, contrasting, 2⅜ yards 39-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.
No. 6479. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 54-inch.
No. 6489. Size 36, 2¼ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6494. Size 30, 2⅜ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6473. Size 36, 4⅝ yds. 27-inch material.
No. 6474. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch, white, ¾ yard and red ¼ yard 39-inch.
No. 6471. Size 36, 3⅛ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6472. Size 36, 5½ yds. 39-inch material.
No. 6477. Size 36, 4⅞ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6495. Size 36, 3¾ yds. 39-inch material.
No. 6475. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.
No. 6485. Size 36, 3¼ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6486. Size 36, 3⅝ yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6480. 2⅞ yards 39-inch, contrasting, 2⅞ yards 39-inch.
No. 6379. Size 12, blouse, 1½ yards 35-inch, dress, 1¾ yards 39-inch.
No. 6491. Size 4, 1⅝ yards 39-inch.
No. 6226. Size 2, blouse, ¾ yard 35-inch, trousers, ⅞ yard 35-inch.
No. 6428. Size 4, 1⅞ yards 32-inch, yoke, ¼ yard 35-inch.
No. 6464. Size 8, 2⅜ yards 54-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.
No. 6496. Size 6, waist, 1½ yards 32-inch, jacket, trousers, 1⅝ yards 54-inch.
No. 6447. Size 2, 1⅝ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.
No. 6466. Size 4, 2¼ yards 32-inch, collar, ¼ yard 35-inch.
No. 6499. Size 6, 2 yards 32- or 35-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch.
No. 6468. Size 4, waist, 1¼ yards 32-inch, trousers, ⅞ yard 35 or 39-inch.
No. 6427. Size 6, 2 yds. 35-inch material.
No. 6502. Size 14, 2⅜ yards 32 or 35-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch.
No. 6500. Size 12, 1¾ yards 35 or 39-inch, sleeves, ¼ yard 32-inch.
No. 6501. Size 6, 1⅞ yds. 35-inch material.

THE WINNER

[*Continued from page 135*]

Europe, the income left you by your dear mother is still intact. Compared to your former annual stipend it is, of course, trifling, but should be enough to allow you, if you are so inclined, to return to your beloved France and live there in comfort—provided you avoid the baccara tables."

There was more, but it went swimming away before Jacky's eyes.

"It is bad news?"

Without a word, he handed Constance the letter. She read it. Then—"Jolly good luck."

"Is that all you can say?"

"I can—ask—when you're sailing?"

Jacky stood behind her chair, looking down at her, wanting to stroke the back of her neck, where the little red flames curled so gently. Instead he put his hands in his pockets and spoke evenly: "Will you sail with me?"

The shirts slipped from Constance's hands, and before she could pick them up, Jacky had taken her in his arms.

"We could do it . . . . together . . . . Brittany in the summer . . . . Taormina in January, with flowers that almost break your heart. So quietly Constance, just you and I, with an eternity of leisure to say the things we've never said. Will you?"

She stood up. "No, John. No, I won't."

"Of course, I knew you wouldn't. I knew—Excuse me, I'm being a fool."

AT NINE o'clock the next morning, those boarders who had not suffered from insomnia were aroused by something that sounded like the whistle of an express train. Small boys on the curb stood awe-struck and delighted admiring a car that seemed a quarter of a block long. Jacky was at the wheel.

At nine-ten Constance came down the steps. "Isn't this grand?" she demanded gayly, as though nothing had happened—or failed to happen.

Jacky smiled a mechanical, unamused smile and helped her into the car. "Grand," he echoed.

The car rolled away like a flash, and the soft whine of the motor beat time to their thoughts.

After a bit Constance said: "I suppose you think I'm crazy to go along today, but I want to see you in your natural setting." He made no answer, and she added: "Aren't you glad you kept those trunks?"

"Today," Jacky returned, "I hope you'll find out just how glad I am."

An hour later they swung in through two tall posts and wound between shady trees to the porte-cochère of a big house.

They found Dora, surrounded by people, at the border of a tiled pool. A chorus of greetings rose and fell as Jacky picked out half a dozen acquaintances. Then Dora separated herself from the group; moved toward them, giving Jacky her right hand while she slipped the left one familiarly through the crook of Constance's arm.

"This," she announced gayly, "is a party for the return of the prodigal."

She introduced Constance to a dozen people, some of whom Constance had seen in pictures with Jacky in the days when she scanned the fashion papers for his photographs. While they changed to swimming-suits Dora was helpful. . . . "The tall blonde is Esther Samson, the painter . . . . the very dark man in white trunks is Sarazedo, the tennis champion . . . . that chap, the pale interesting one, is Lord Newbury, Banco Newbury, they call him—an old pal of Jacky's. They used to have an amiable feud over the

BATHASWEET

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TRY IT FREE

These days when backs have come out into the open, and sports clothes and bathing costumes are more brief than ever, body-beauty is as important as face-beauty.

That explains the rapid pace at which Bathasweet has been growing in vogue; for Bathasweet not only makes the bath a perfumed luxury that is a delight to the senses, but it is a veritable beauty treatment as well. It gives the water a unique softness which increases its cleansing power and washes out the pores quite differently than when only soap and water are used. Impurities are *dissolved* and stay dissolved, as evidenced by the fact that no "ring" remains around the tub. This greater cleanliness means added beauty and vigor for the skin. Imperfections disappear. And in their stead comes that healthy, glowing smoothness which is the very height of alluring loveliness.

In addition, the greater cleanliness which results from Bathasweet keeps you dainty much longer—with that indefinable aura about you of a recent tubbing. It does not cover up body odors; it *removes* their cause. Do not confuse it with ordinary bath salts; delightful tho these are, they are prepared for their perfume only. On the other hand, Bathasweet is a *beauty treatment*, which only incidentally bears a delightful fragrance.

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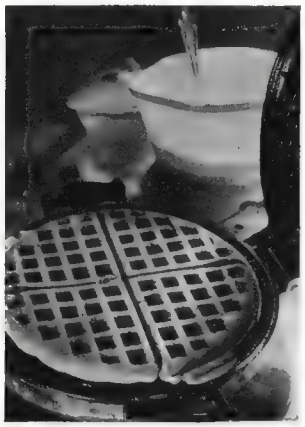
Sunday Night WAFFLES



SUNDAY night is the waffle hour everywhere. You will find the recipe given below just a little different and delicious. The secret is in the use of Burnett's Vanilla. It adds a delicate flavor that is irresistible.

BURNETT'S WAFFLES

2¾ cups pastry flour or	1 tsp. salt
2½ cups bread flour	3 eggs
4 tsp. baking powder	½ cup oil or melted shortening
2 tbsp. sugar	1½ cups milk

1 tsp. Burnett's Vanilla

Mix and sift the dry ingredients; beat the eggs and stir in the oil or melted shortening. Add the milk, and then the dry ingredients all at once. Add the vanilla. Beat until thoroughly mixed and bake in a hot waffle iron about five minutes. Serve with maple syrup.

Good ingredients, good recipes, skilled cooking, correct cooking heat—all are wasted unless the flavor of the dish is pleasing. Everyone eats for flavor. Burnett's Vanilla and other flavoring extracts are uniform in quality, purity and delicacy of flavor. That is why they are the choice of so many famous cooks.

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THE WINNER

tables. I mean, of course, the *baccara* tables. The saying ran that when Jacky and Newbury met, money got wings. You'll see some fun before the day's over . . ."

Constance tucked her red curls under a tight rubber cap.

"How pretty you are!" Dora spoke with the indulgent sincerity of the woman who knows her own beauty to be unassailable. "No wonder Jacky adores you! I wish we could carry you off to Europe, because, of course, I have my heart set on taking Jacky back when I sail."

"I'm ready for the pool," said Constance.

Dora played with a silver bracelet on her arm. "If you ever come over, you'll have to visit us." She did not specify the identity of "us," but Kelly had her own ideas.

Why, she asked herself as they went down the narrow stone stairs, had she accepted this invitation? Why had she laid herself open to the fragrant venom of a Dora Ballin? It had not, as she had told Jacky, been curiosity to see the genus Chalfont in its natural habitat. Her impulse, she remembered, had been to protect him, to save him from Dora—and for herself. Why then, had she come here, pushing him, so to speak, into the enemy's camp—when, with a word, she could have held him back?

She had not wished to hold him back. She had wanted to test not so much her own power as Jacky's power to withstand the temptation of old habits, old companions, and an old love. Brave gesture. . . . Now she was frightened, but that only strengthened her determination. She was going to win! She must win!

Back at the pool Constance saw Jacky chatting with Lord Newbury, heard him say: " . . . not drinking at all these days—need a clear head." And with a little thrill of confidence she plunged into the water.

Lunch was served outside—a buffet affair. Constance, Dora Ballin, Jacky, and Lord Newbury sat at a small table.

"Banco," Jacky said suddenly, "d'you remember how we used to flip franc pieces for a night's profits?"

The Englishman chuckled. "Double or nothing, that was it, and you had uncanny luck."

FOR a while." Jacky looked squarely at Constance. Then he turned back to his friend. "Newbury, if I come back to the fold, I want to come right, or not at all." He put his hand in his dressing-gown pocket; two shining quarters fell on the table. "I'll match you right now for all I own—two hundred thousand dollars—double or nothing."

"It's a go."

Constance started to her feet, caught Jacky watching her ironically, and sat down again. It was Dora who exclaimed, "John North Chalfont, you must be out of your mind."

"Pick your coin, Banco."

"I say, Jack, it doesn't seem quite the thing."

"Pick your coin, old fellow."

There was a rapid movement. Two gleaming disks shot in the air. "Heads!" announced Newbury.

"Heads!" Jacky echoed. "Shall we make it two out of three?"

"Don't be a fool, Jacky." It was Dora's voice, sharp with nervousness.

The rest of the group, attracted by her shrill tone, came trooping over. Constance turned away as Newbury said: "I match *you* this time—eh?"

The disks spun again.

"Heads. . . ." It was Jacky who spoke. This time there was no echo.

"Tails," the Englishman said, and smiled rather grimly.

Constance, hurrying across the terrace, heard a roar of excitement, heard Newbury exclaim: "That's enough for me!" Heard one hysterical voice—a woman's—cry: "The Chalfont luck has turned again. . . ."

Ten minutes later, Constance told an astonished butler that she wanted a taxi.

ALMOST at once a train was carrying her back to New York.

At eight o'clock the next morning she was startled by noises in Jacky's room, followed by a terrific bumping on the stairs. She put on her hat—forcing herself to do it slowly; ignoring the throbbing of her pulses.

Jacky was standing in his doorway, and two men in blue denim were struggling with the largest of his trunks. "Good morning," she began breathlessly. "I'm so sorry I ran off the way I did, but I was not feeling well. I've written to Mrs. Ballin, explaining."

"Good morning," Jacky returned. "I'm sorry, Constance, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait until these stout fellows get that thing off the stairs."

Constance managed a smile. "You're leaving this morning?"

"No. . . . only the trunks."

"And I suppose you—"

"Whatever you suppose," Jacky interrupted, "is likely to be wrong. You aren't as intelligent as I imagined."

Constance simply stared. He went on, without changing his tone: "You asked me a long time ago why I kept the things. 'For old time's sake,' says I. Well, I've decided that old times are not worth my souvenirs, so I'm getting rid of the trunks. Will you give me the pleasure of escorting you to the office?"

"But—but—"

"Don't ask me whether I'm going to the office. I am. Today and tomorrow and the next day, and every day until they give me my regular vacation. And what's more—"

"You lost then? Oh, John—when you could have had just the life you wanted. . . ."

Jacky took her by the arm.

"I did not lose money, my child," he told her earnestly. "I won more than I have a right even to think of. But I lost something else—an illusion. I lost the absurd illusion that *that* kind of thing could ever amuse me again. If we don't start now, we'll be late."

"I can't bear it," sobbed Constance. "I can't bear it. . . ."

The two men in blue denim were vastly entertained by what they saw.

One touched his bald head. "Coupla nuts," he observed.

And the other nodded, "Sure—old Barnum musta been right."

When it came out in the daily papers, a lot of sophisticated expatriates smiled and shrugged: "Another typical Jacky-ism. I wonder how long it will last?"

And Dora Ballin still wore the sixth largest diamond in Paris.

If *and* When

"*If* I knew where to find that dairy I saw advertised the other day, I'd try its milk."

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THE STAGE

[*Continued from page 8*]

a masterpiece, and naturally I am thinking of what Eugenie Leontovich does for *Grand Hotel*.

This play from the German of Vicki Baum established itself early in the season as the reigning dramatic hit.

The notion back of the structure is to present the varied lives and the tragedies and comedies which can occur within a large hotel in the space of thirty-six hours. Thus, at the beginning we see one man frantically telephoning to a partner about a business deal. In the next booth there is a gambler who must have money; a hotel clerk is trying to get news from the hospital about his wife.

Mme. Leontovich plays the rôle of Grusinskaia, a Russian dancer. We see her first in her room engaged in a fit of tragic sulkiness. Audiences no longer applaud her. She is old, tired.

After she has left for the theater the gambler slips into her room. He has observed that the dancer's famous pearls have been left behind. For weeks he has been trailing her about the continent. The thieves with whom he is working are anxious for results. But before he can complete the job Grusinskaia returns. Somebody in the theater hissed and she rushed off the stage immediately. The young man boldly introduces himself and explains that he is an ardent suitor. He has actually fallen in love with the dancer.

It is at this point that Leontovich plays in a way to thrill—and I might even say, hearten—the audience. You find her re-animated and re-vivified by the fact that a new admirer has come into her life. It is an amazingly complete portrayal which Mme. Leontovich gives us. It seemed to me that all of us of forty or thereabouts owed her a debt of gratitude. Surely, this was a cheerful message.

To be sure, the play ends tragically. The gambler is shot. Grusinskaia leaves on the morning train worried by the absence of her lover, but ignorant of the fact that he is dead. It is early morning—a new crowd is coming in to the Grand Hotel of Berlin. In fact, as the curtain falls we see the clerk assigning Room 170, where the killing occurred, to a new guest. We know that within thirty-six hours a new set of stories will play themselves out.

MOTION PICTURES

[*Continued from page 7*]

In the past, the screen has been devoted largely to the perpetration of technically low comedy which Charlie Chaplin and a few others have lifted to the levels of high art. The only considerable instances of high comedy in the old silent era were to be found in the productions of Ernst Lubitsch.

Now, however, the movies are going in heavily for the politer styles of humor, and specimens of the old rough and rowdy, Chaplin-Lloyd-Keaton type are becoming altogether too rare. Such accomplished phrase-chislers as Frederick Lonsdale, Philip Barry and Donald Ogden Stewart have been lured to Hollywood to write elegant comedies directly for the screen.

Mr. Lonsdale's *The Devil to Pay* has attained tremendous success, a goodly part of which it deserves. It possesses expert dialogue, swift, graceful and gay, and if its plot is a feeble construction, one barely notices it. Ronald Coleman is at his very best, and he receives stalwart aid from Frederick Kerr.

Far superior as a work of entertainment and of art is Mr. Stewart's *Laughter*. This seems to me to deserve recognition as the best job of writing that has been done since the films learned to talk. The dialogue is subdued and unobtrusive; but there is in it plenty of humor. *Laughter* also is blessed with fine direction, by Harry D'Arrast, and excellent acting by Nancy Carroll, Fredric March and others.

The Royal Family of Broadway is another comedy which may be classified as "high." It is a transcription of the play of partially the same name by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman, and it retains much of the happy flavor of its original. Ina Claire gives in it a performance of brilliant intelligence and genuine power, in addition to which she looks superlatively lovely.

Not nearly so high as comedy, though of a style that is unusual on the screen, is *The Royal Bed*, directed by Lowell Sherman who is also its star.

In *Reaching for the Moon* Douglas Fairbanks celebrates his return to modern dress. He appears as a Wall Street gentleman who chases a young lady across the map, bounding and rebounding in the face of repeated rebuffs. Mr. Fairbanks is marvelous—as agile, as exuberantly young as ever.

The Criminal Code is hardly to be included in a review devoted to discussion of comedies, high and low, but this month must not pass without mention of it. It is one of the few cases of a good play being adapted to the screen and being materially improved in the process. It has been directed with remarkable appreciation by Howard Hawks, and admirably played by Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Office, 208-12 So. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 66-62 Front St. West, Toronto, 2, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

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6427	2-6	.35	6467	14-18,	36-46..45	6481	14-18,	36-42..65	6495	14-18,	36-42..45
6428	1-6	.35	6468	4-10	.35	6482	14-18,	36-42..50	6496	2-8	.35
6447	1-6	.35	6469	14-18,	36-46..40	6483	14-18,	36-46..45	6497	Sm. Med. Lg.	.35
6448	36-46	.35	6470	14-18,	36-42..45	6484	14-18,	36-42..35	6498	6-20	.35
6449	14-18,	36-42..65	6471	14-18,	36-42..35	6485	14-18,	36-42..45	6499	2-8	.35
6450	14-18,	36-46..35	6472	14-18,	36-42..45	6486	14-18,	36-42..45	6500	6-14	.35
6451	14-18,	36-42..50	6473	14-18,	36-42..35	6487	14-18,	36-42..50	6501	2-6	.35
6452	14-18,	36-42..45	6474	14-18,	36-42..45	6488	14-18,	36-42..50	6502	6-14	.35
6453	14-18,	36-42..50	6475	14-18,	36-42..50	6489	14-18,	36-42..35	6503	14-18,	36-42..45
6454	14-18,	36-42..50	6476	14-18,	36-42..45	6490	14-18,	36-46..35	6504	14-18,	36-42..45
6455	14-18,	36-42..50	6477	14-18,	36-42..45	6491	2-8	.35	6505	26-40	.35
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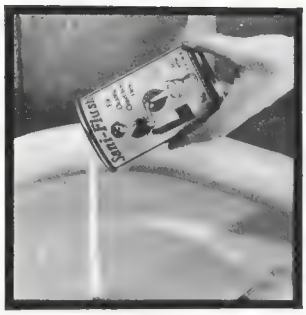

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Color of your hair? _____

THE SMITHS STEP OUT

[*Continued from page 31*]

twenty men, blue-bloused workers, with a young woman guide. Behind us is a group of women. We glimpse young men and women, university students with an instructor in the popular embroidered Russian blouse, and here comes a contingent of soldiers of the Red Army, who are always being educated, led by a superior who reads from a guide-book.

As we get to the top of the first stairway, every pair of eyes opens wide. For gorgeous splendor, for gold upon gold, and color upon color, these summer palaces are a motion picture director's dream! A chapel in royal blue and gold and then more gold. A long line of reception rooms hung with priceless paintings and tapestries, filled with marvelous furniture, huge vases of precious stone, great mirrors in the most ornate of frames, fabulous carpets, everything in perfect condition, everything ornamented in every possible inch, almost everything gilded. Past all of these go the Smiths. Fully three hundred of them are in that palace with us, and they are but part of a constant stream. Back to their homes will go the workers, the housewives, the students, and the Red Army soldiers, back to tell the tale of the incredible splendors of their late rulers.

Always they complete the story with the counsel, "You should see them, too." And from Siberia, the Urals, the Caucasus, the Crimea, Central Asia, and the far North, excursion after excursion will fill the trains, Smiths stepping out to see for themselves the glories that are now their common possession.

ALTHOUGH for many years Leningrad (St. Petersburg) was the headquarters of the czars and contains the chief winter and summer palaces and many fine art galleries and museums, the Mecca of the Smiths is Moscow. So many visitors come to Moscow, and the city is so overburdened with people who come to see and decide to stay indefinitely, that the government, in a desperate attempt to relieve overcrowding, lifted whole institutions and offices and transferred them bodily to Leningrad. They might as well have tried to stop the sea waves. Five years ago, when the government moved its headquarters to Moscow, there were in that city a little over a million inhabitants. Today there are two and a quarter million, with a million more within commuting distance.

"If the government would allow it," said one Russian woman to me, "the whole nation would be at Moscow. You laugh at me, but I am in earnest. Just ask the people you meet as you travel."

I asked, and she is right. The ambition of almost every citizen of Russia is to visit Moscow.

So many peasants came to the city without knowing where they and their families could find a resting place that the benches in the park were full. For them The Peasants' House was opened, and group excursions organized in village after village. The House is dingy and old; it is furnished in the plainest possible fashion, but it is always crowded.

I came across a party of peasants, forty strong, with two guides, touring one of the art galleries, gazing bewildered at the paintings that were being explained to them. I joined in their bewilderment, for there were forty-nine Rembrandts in this one gallery—the story of Russia's art treasures has never been told! By special permit they go to the Kremlin, that great walled inner city of palaces and churches that is now the seat of the Communist government, and see the most precious of all treasures—the royal crowns and the royal jewels, the royal ornaments, golden clocks and plates and goblets, rare and exquisite trinkets worth untold wealth. They join the pilgrimage to the tomb of Lenin and stand for hours in line to look upon their dead leader, whose body, perfectly preserved, is the most cherished possession of the Kremlin. And having visited this tomb, they go for relaxation to the great Park of Kultur and Rest on the banks of the Moscow River.

THIS is the Mecca of Meccas, the great attraction of the new order, the pride of the people.

I saw it several times and I found it full of Smiths, stepping out. On the playgrounds for youth, where there are instructors and apparatus and many games, are young Smiths from all over the union. The long robes of the Asiatic Smith girls, the trousers of the girl from Turkestan, and the ultra short skirts (shorter than any I ever saw in America) of the girls in Moscow and Leningrad, find counterparts in the costumes of the boys with their embroidered blouses, long boots, and astrakhan caps. But the Park is not primarily a playground. The entrance looks like the gate to the Coney Island midway. Five cents is charged for admission, and the main building at the gate contains an exhibit showing the status of the country in all lines of production, education, and health. Passing through, you find yourself on a campus with perhaps fifty buildings and hundreds of booths. An orchestra is playing on a balcony, and you pause a moment, because like nearly all the music I heard in Russia, this is fine music. Before us is a family party, father and mother and two children, a boy of perhaps six, and a little tow-headed girl of four.

They stop before a charming building set in the midst of playgrounds.

"Shall we go in, Michael?"

Michael pulls his brown whiskers and meditates. "We had better leave them, Lydia. How can we see all the things with them along? I will stay here and you take them in,"—a fatherly passing of the buck that is strangely reminiscent of home. Lydia, with her two children, enters the reception room, where many flustered Ma Smiths are trying to soothe various little Smiths who object to being left behind. Lydia's children weep when their mother waves goodbye.

"Just let me have them," suggests a capable-looking attendant. She leads them to a quiet sunny room decorated with masses of flowers. At a piano is a lovely young girl, and before her are a number of youngsters. Traces of tears on their cheeks show that they have but recently been members of the

[*Continued on page 140*]

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BAKED EGGS

3 tablespoons butter; 3 tablespoons flour; 2¼ cups milk; 2 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; 2 tablespoons pimientos, chopped; pepper to taste; 1½ teaspoons onion juice; ¾ cup grated cheese; 1¼ teaspoons salt; 6 eggs. Make sauce of first nine ingredients. Put into a baking dish and drop the eggs in carefully. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) till eggs are set.

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BOILFAST CROCHET THREADS

THE SMITHS STEP OUT

[*Continued from page 139*]

howling chorus. The two new ones are gently placed near the piano while the girl plays softly, beautifully. Occasionally she repeats a little verse of poetry. The howls grow fainter, tears dry on the cheeks of the newcomers, and they become quiet. When the girl rises and suggests that they go out to play, there is not a single protest.

Every child up to eight years who comes to the Children's Village is examined by a doctor, bathed, dressed in clean clothes, and taken care of for the day. The toys provided are the latest known to pedagogy; all the attendants are trained health experts or teachers. There are rooms for clay modeling, drawing, and music. Clean beds are provided for the precious "dead" (rest) hours. Breakfast costs ten kopecks (five cents), dinner twenty-one kopecks (ten and one half cents), and supper thirteen kopecks (six and one half cents). There is a quiet consultation room, where mothers and fathers who have difficulties with their children may meet a wise counsellor. Babies go to a crêche; older children to a building designed for sports.

BUT we are away behind Michael and Lydia. Let us hurry. They have set out to "do" the Park. But they never will manage that in one day. They are hungry, and they go to the great restaurant where, under glass walls and roof fully sixty feet high, one may eat in the sunlight. In this great Park, where as many as 1,000,000 persons come on holidays, 60,000 are fed in this one restaurant. As we sat at a table near Michael and Lydia, the assistant manager, a pleasant woman in her thirties, talked with us.

"I have but little time," she said. "Feeding so many keeps us busy. Before the Revolution I was a dishwasher in a restaurant. An old man who is a Communist taught me until I was able to conduct this business. I hope you will like the food."

I did not like all of the food. Sweet cold soup made with milk and cucumbers has little appeal for an American palate, but my Russian companion pronounced it fine. And the roast chicken and the remainder of the dinner was good and exceedingly cheap.

"Will you read the signs on the walls?" I asked my companion.

"I don't like to," she replied, with the candor that always compelled my admiration. "They show what an uncultured people we are. I am ashamed. But I will read them. They say:

" 'Do not put your bag or book upon the table. (I hastily moved my bag to a chair.) Wash your hands before eating. Don't take salt with your fingers, use a clean spoon or knife. When you carry plates do not touch food with your fingers. Behave in a cultured manner.' "

As we were finishing our dinner, a small army of men and women, came through the doors. There were three hundred of them, an excursion from a town a day's journey away. All through the day we met them—in the Rest House where doctors give advice free, where one may bathe and take a rest on lounges on the balconies; in the theaters, motion picture houses, gymnasia; in the boats on the river, and at the booths of the great Book Exhibit. There must have been a hundred of these booths, each given to some topic, and each selling the books on that topic, music, painting, chemistry—thousands and thousands of books. During my stay, a Russian newspaper gleefully announced that Russia sold more books per capita than any other country, even the United States!

On a trip down the Dneiper I shared the cabin of a young couple who had been stepping all over Siberia.

"We are from Kharkov," announced the young man. "I am a correspondent for 'Communarka,' a newspaper for women, published in the Ukraine. My wife is an artist; she draws illustrations for children's magazines and books."

On the top deck of the steamer, disregarding the broiling sun, sat a group of boys and girls about fifteen years of age. One girl, whose fair hair peeped from beneath her white headcloth in odd contrast with her tanned skin, wrote in a note-book for three hours. I grew curious and went to her.

"We are from a country school," she said shyly. "We have never been away from home before. We went to visit Kief. We live on farms. I am writing my impression of Kief."

Accompanying the children was a stout, merry-looking woman, and as I turned toward her, she spoke in halting but clear English.

"You must be an American."

"I am," I said. "And who are these children, and what are they doing?"

"They come from The Crimea," she said, "from a district on the steppes—a district that has remained unchanged for three hundred years. There are four of us teachers with them. This past year we raised money by entertainments for this trip. Of course, the government makes is very cheap for us. Thirteen of these boys and girls were selected for the trip because they are the thirteen poorest children in the school and their parents could do nothing for them. One boy and one girl volunteered to pay their own way. This is our second excursion in vacation. We took another party of thirty-six children all through the land as far as Kief."

THE Smiths step out to the theater, not only the educated Smiths but all the Smiths. During the famine, the government learned one mission of the stage. When there was no food, it opened its theaters, free, and the people flocked in and, for a time, forgot their hunger. Since the food question has become less urgent, the government has continued to foster the stage, and the forces of the entire union, which means industries, institutions, educational departments, and trades unions, are used to induce the Smiths to become theatergoers. I attended sixteen performances; each time the house was full—opera, ballet, drama, comedy, variety show, it mattered not.

"If the tickets are not sold readily," said Elena Ivanoff, who was acting as my guide, "the factories offer them in blocks to a factory club, and sometimes they even give them away. But we believe in the theater and we love it, so it is only when we wish to educate people to love the theater that it becomes necessary to give away tickets."

I looked about me as we seated ourselves. By my side was a youth of nineteen, perhaps, rough, uncouth, dressed in a blue blouse and dark

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Spare yourself! Fill the pan with dirty dishes. Add one or more tablespoonfuls of Mel'o — instantly all the hardness is gone. Suds are rich and lasting—with less soap—every trace of grease disappears, rinsing is swift and complete.

Mel'o saves tender hands from irritation, speeds up work, improves results. Try it tomorrow. At your grocer's—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

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Don't blame your shoes if they lose their shape and the heels wear down on one side. *It's the way you walk.* The weight of your body is *off balance.* Result is crooked heels, slovenly appearance, often thickened ankles.

Correct this fault with Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads. They equalize the body's weight, eliminate strain on the ankles, keep your shoes smart and trim; save on repair bills. Easily placed in any shoe. Sizes for men and women. At Shoe, Dept. and Drug stores—35c pair.

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THE SMITHS STEP OUT

trousers. Then a blonde girl in a middy. On our left was a charming, distinguished-looking woman in black silk, and next to her was a bearded red-faced man in worn, shabby brown. The huge house had five tiers of boxes, five galleries, with the royal box back of the first balcony. In this box was a woman in a plain shirtwaist and skirt, her short hair combed straight back.

"Probably an official," said my guide. "Those seats are reserved for the very busy people who are on difficult tasks and who cannot tell just where they will be, and so reserve seats in advance. There will be others in the box later."

Never shall I forget that first play in Russia. When the curtain rose, there were over 3,000 persons in the house. The play ran four hours. During the entire time, despite the fact that there were children in the audience, attention was riveted on the stage. There were twelve visiting Americans in our party and when the first act ended, we rose with common accord and went to the lobby, where we babbled:

"Isn't it superb?"

"Did you ever see such acting?"

Our guides, both young Russian girls, stood beaming upon us, thoroughly enjoying our praise.

This play was *Rage*, by Ysarof. It told a story of the peasants and the collective farm and was sheer propaganda. That did not prevent it from being strikingly dramatic, amazingly human, a hearty, vigorous, moving thing that gripped the audience and held it spellbound for four hours. At the end, the spectators rose as one person, applauded and cheered, waved handkerchiefs, and after a score of curtain calls, left the house slowly.

There are 500 theaters in the Soviet Union, and 15,000,000 persons attend them each year. But this is only the beginning. The Smiths who cannot reach the regular theaters are entertained in 65,000 club theaters in towns and villages, where the plays are often home products written, produced, and acted by the people of the community. To these activities the workers in the factories have added the "Blue Blouses," amateur dramatic groups, of which there are today 10,000! These troupes tour the country.

The Smiths step out to rest, much oftener than Americans. In Russia, when one is tired, he does not wait to break down. He reports or is reported on at once, and goes or is sent to a rest home. On my desk is a letter from my interpreter.

"I am in Tarassovka," she writes, "and you may be interested to know about it. It is a Rest Home for 1700 people who live in twenty-six cottages scattered among beautiful trees. There are enormous dining halls, each holding 700 people. According to their rules, all must be very quiet during meals and not disturb each other. The place is in operation from May first until October first and during this time about 18,000 adults and 2000 children stay here. There are twelve doctors—women and men, eight instructors for sport, three instructors for artistic work, and 208 personnel—cooks, nurses, maids. There is a fine library and reading-room. There are sunbaths and swimming, and our meals that are so abundant that one portion is sufficient for my husband and me. There is a very good orchestra and my husband gives talks about the composers whose works are being played. After the rest hour we have a tea. We have movies, concerts. Once a symphony orchestra came. One of the groups of old people here gave old folk-songs.

"Attached to this Home of Rest are cottages for children from two months to four years, whose mothers are resting here.

"I am always thinking of you and I am so often sorry that you can't see so many things which you have not seen during your stay in Russia. I hope that you will come back."

Najeda Ivanoff hopes it no more fervently than I do. I want to step out with the Smiths of Russia to such a Rest Home. I want particularly to see the new educational system in operation. I want to see more plays. If I have brought to you who read these articles a tenth of the interest I feel in this great nation, you will want to go with me.

READING AND WRITING

[*Continued from page 8*]

and desperate narrative like this *Letty Lynton* which January brought to the American book shelf.

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has never, so far as I know, written a detective story. The mere discovery of a murdered body and the crafty quest of the responsible person or persons unknown seem never greatly to have interested her. It is the approach of the crime itself which holds her fascinated, a gathering like the gathering of a thunder storm. That quality fills her stories with a foreboding as impalpable as the impression of menace that we are apt to call "something in the air."

I think the chances are (although Mrs. Lowndes herself would not feel so sure about it) that you who are now reading this sentence have never yet committed a murder. And I also feel reasonably certain that you can imagine nothing less likely than that you yourself will ever be thus foully done in. It is the whole point of Mrs. Lowndes's immensely suspensive tales that the characters in them feel *themselves* equally remote from any fate so monstrous. In those tales murder stalks abruptly into the quietest lives, and when you have been recently rereading her mythology, you find yourself thinking speculatively about the demure little woman who lives in the house across the street from your own and wondering what really goes on behind its green shades at night.

Such a story is this *Letty Lynton* which Mrs. Lowndes has fabricated, with great cunning and resource, from the classic case of Madeleine Smith, the pretty, wide-eyed and imperturbable Edinburgh girl who, in 1853, gave poisoned cocoa to a too-persistent lover she had come to regard as a social inconvenience. Such a story, also, is *The Lodger*, which has as its inspiration the dreadful and still unsolved mystery of the Whitechapel murders by Jack-the-Ripper. What the reader watches is the slowly dawning suspicion in the mind of a simple, honest landlady that her shy, unworldly third-floor-front is the monster for whom all London is searching. And just such a story is the minor masterpiece of suspense which Mrs. Lowndes actually calls *The Chink in the Armour*.

All three of these are treasured parts of my own library. It is probable that your book-seller will tell you that the last two are out of print. You must then insist firmly that he order them for you just the same. If he replies crankily that he cannot get out-of-print books, you may at least have the satisfaction of telling him (from me) that he doesn't know his business.

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THE poisons of constipation are as real as any poisons put up in bottles!

So when Nature fails, the prompt aid of a good laxative is essential to the maintenance of good health.

But which laxative? That's the question.

Doctors have very definite ideas about laxatives. The ideal laxative, physicians say, is the one that most closely approximates Nature's own way of moving the bowels.

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Ex-Lax merely stimulates the muscular contractions which cause the emptying of the bowels. It doesn't force. It doesn't irritate. It doesn't gripe.

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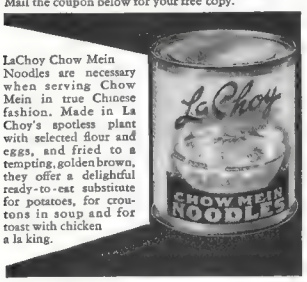

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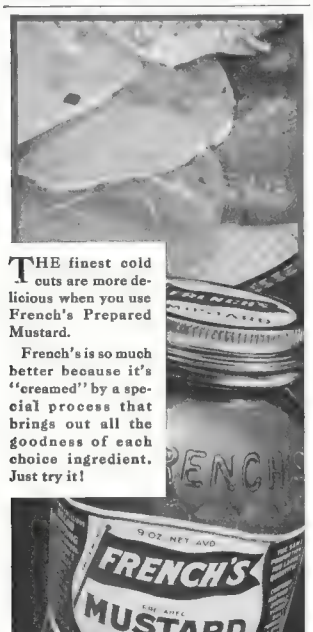

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RHAPSODY IN GOLD

[*Continued from page 27*]

"The Burton private car is too utterly gorgeous and we are having a marvelous time, but I do not like assured young men."

His heart leaped. Bless her! She had guessed that he was a trifle jealous, that Woodson's too patent admiration might have irked him, and she was sending him the reassurance that his humility required.

He wondered, vaguely, if women liked humility in men. Certainly his observation did not lead him to the belief that they did. The brash, confident young men seemed to have more success with women.

Still—Free had not found Woodson attractive. Bert suddenly realized a difficulty in bringing his mind back to matters legal. The law, he decided, was unsatisfactory.

Then he laughed at himself. Finding fault with his own profession, the profession to which he was devoted, because five feet and four inches of slim loveliness was on a Florida-bound train.

He pulled himself together. He'd get down there in a few weeks. . . .

"Take a letter, Miss Jenkins," he said.

The buzzer on his desk rang. He put the telephone receiver to his ear.

"Who?" he asked surprisedly. "Mr. Molyneux?" He hesitated a moment. "Show him in please," he said finally.

He turned to his secretary.

"That will be all for now, Miss Jenkins."

She left the room as Sam Molyneux entered.

"Ryan asked me to drop over and see you, Bert," said Sam easily.

"Thad Ryan?" asked Tryon.

Sam nodded. "None other than the senior partner of Markland and Ryan. Wanted me to sound you out as to how you'd feel about representing us?"

"Sound me out?" Tryon smiled.

Sam laughed. "I told him that as a diplomat I wouldn't be so hot. Well, are you sounded out?"

TRYON told himself that he ought to dislike this youngster who had taken Free from him four years ago. But he couldn't. The younger man's straightforwardness was inevitably attractive to one who coped daily with the devious ways of the law. And looking more closely at Sam, Tryon noted little furrows between his eyes. Nor were his blue eyes as gay as Tryon remembered them. Perhaps parting with Free had not been easy. It had not been easy for Tryon a few years ago. How much harder for one who had had her love?

"I thought Batterman's firm represented you people," he said.

"So they have. But old Phineas has accepted the ministry to Peru. It's not announced yet, but I can tell you, I think. And when we retained them, it was because we wanted Phineas himself. If we can't have him, we don't want his firm. That's pretty plain talk, but they've gone a bit too political for our taste. Well, what do you say?"

"It needs a little consideration," replied Tryon. "Not that a lawyer refuses important clients, but one must consult one's partners. But I can't see any reason why we shouldn't jump at the chance, provided it doesn't bring us into conflict with some of our present clients."

"That, of course," said Molyneux. "Well, give me a ring in the next few days. The firm delegated me to handle the matter, so that will be that."

He rose quickly.

"Seen Free lately?" he asked.

Tryon felt his face crimson.

"Why—or—yes, this morning," he stammered, despising himself because he couldn't keep his tone casual.

"This *morning?*" Sam, too, tried to be casual, but he couldn't manage it.

"Why—at the train. She—she left for Palm Beach today."

"Oh." Sam's voice was flat. For the life of him, Tryon could not tell whether he was hurt.

"Well, you'll phone me then," Sam said. If he had been staggered, his recovery was instant.

"I'll phone," promised Tryon.

THE trip to Palm Beach had been delightful. Although Carey Woodson's assurance was a trifle too pronounced to win him great favor with Free, he was gay, and gayety, she decided, was what she needed. The Burtons and Ken and Margaret Lansing were pleasant companions, too.

Margaret Lansing had a moment with Free before dinner.

"What's this between you and Bert, Free?" she asked.

"What would you think, Madge?" evaded Free.

"You kissed him as though he were your brother," said Mrs. Lansing. "But he didn't kiss you that way."

"Isn't that as matters should always be between a man and a woman?" laughed Free.

"Maybe," assented Margaret. "It's all over between you and Sam, then?"

"We've been divorced, Margaret," said Free.

"And Ken and I were nearly that," said Margaret. "I mean to say that if you contemplate divorce, you've gone nearly as far as divorce itself. But we made it up."

Free squeezed Margaret's hand.

"I know," she said. "I'm glad you didn't split up, though. I heard something about it."

Mrs. Lansing nodded.

"Ken wanted to cut up. He's a darned attractive man, Free."

"I've heard men comment on your own charm, Madge," laughed Free.

"Much obliged. I let him cut up. He came back. That's that. Maybe he'll cut up again. Nevertheless—he'll come back again. Not much pride, have I?"

"I think it's real pride to know what you want, and accept it, even if the terms aren't quite your own," said Free.

"My feeling too. And the terms are more my own than it sometimes seems. But what I'm driving at—Bert is swell. Nobody nicer, Free. He'd make a good husband, too. But Sam Molyneux—Free, be terribly certain that you don't want him before you make his return impossible."

"I think I am certain, Madge," said Free.

"Then I'm sorry I spoke. You'll forgive me?"

"Of course. Nothing to forgive," Free assured her.

"I'd just hate," said Mrs. Lansing, "to see a cat like Francine land him."

"If that's what he wants—then it's what he wants."

"What man knows what he wants?" demanded Mrs. Lansing. "He only knows what some woman tells him he wants. And if Francine keeps telling Sam—oh, not in words, but in every

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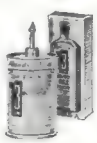

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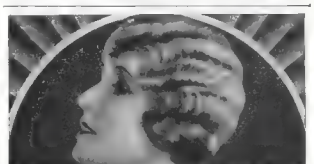

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RHAPSODY IN GOLD

other way—that he wants her, he'll end by believing her, and she'll get him."

"Well, I don't know what we're going to do about it," Free smiled.

Margaret shrugged.

"Oh, if it means nothing to you—Where are you stopping?"

"Everglades, until I can find an apartment."

"Bert coming down?"

"One never knows."

Mrs. Lansing laughed.

"One can guess. Well, Heaven love you, Free. All mankind does, anyway."

LATE the next afternoon the train pulled into West Palm Beach. Free tore past the group that was waiting to greet her, and seized little Fred in her arms. He had gained weight and a healthy color in the two weeks that he had been in the south.

"I can swim, Mummy, I can swim," he shouted as Free showered him with kisses.

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Free, in tones meant to convey the fact that she did.

"It's true," said Fred ecstatically.

Across the causeway the car rolled. Free held her breath in delight at the rippling waters of Lake Worth, at the palms that fringed its shores, at the tropical plants that rioted in gardens.

Why hadn't Sam ever managed to swallow his silly pride and come down here with her? Oh, well, that was over and done with. She hoped, with sudden bitterness, that he had telephoned yesterday or today and found her gone. Then she dismissed him from her thoughts. Bert had wired her twice en route. How delighted he'd be if she telephoned him.

She did call him, and the tremor in his voice as he realized that it was she, and that she had taken the initiative in telephoning, quickened her heart-beat.

"How is it?" he asked, after his first endearments.

"Too divine," she replied.

"Snowing here," he said.

"I'm dining at the Embassy tonight," she told him, "with the Burtons and the Lansings and Tom Lonergan and Jimmy Gilpin and—oh, everybody in the world, except you, Bert. And we'll eat outdoors and dance outdoors."

"Don't rub it in," he groaned. "How's Fred?"

She was touched by this solicitude.

"Perfectly e-nor-mous," she told him. "And burned almost black. And vows he can *swim*. He's going to prove it to me tomorrow."

"Missing you like the deuce," he told her.

"Miss you, too," she said.

"I'll ring you tomorrow. What's a good time to catch you?"

"Eight o'clock, I'd think," she told him. "I'll wire you my phone number. I'm going to locate an apartment the very first thing tomorrow. What have you been doing since I left?"

"Working very hard." He hesitated a moment. "I saw Sam yesterday."

"Yes?"

"He came in to see me for his firm. Asked after you, and I told him you'd gone to Palm Beach."

"Oh." Her voice was blank.

From the next room Fred was calling. He wanted Mummy to see how tanned his chest and back had become.

"My young son demands personal attention," she explained to Bert. "Don't forget to ring."

"Not any more than I've forgotten to write," he said.

"Oh, have you?"

"Does it surprise you?" he asked.

"N-no—but I hadn't thought about it. Bye-bye, Bert."

"Goodbye, dearest," he said.

As Free dressed for dinner, her mind reverted to Sam's call on Bert. Why had Bert told her? She thought she understood. Not to tell her might have seemed furtive to him, unchivalrous. Well, she hoped that Sam had been hurt by the information.

The dinner-dance at the Embassy was a success. Free went to bed in a daze, wondering how she could find time to play two rounds of golf, singles and doubles at tennis, swim, lunch, tea, dine. Every man she'd met had tried to get her to promise him a monopoly on her time.

She breakfasted reasonably early and then was taken by a young real estate agent to look at apartments. One was on Worth Avenue, a few doors from the club. Free nodded approval when she saw the enormous living room and the tremendous expanse of roof stretching before its wide windows.

"It wouldn't cost much, Mrs. Molyneux," said the agent, "to put out some reed tables and chairs and couches here—we could put some palms in tubs and fix up some vines, and you'd have the nicest outdoor dining or tea place in Palm Beach. I'll find you an excellent chef and a competent butler. You can dine here tonight, if you say the word."

"What word?" laughed Free.

"That you'll take the apartment."

"Give me the lease—and a blank check," said Free.

She descended to Worth Avenue again to be greeted by the Lansings.

"Went calling on you, and your maid said you were out. Come on down to the beach."

"Two minutes," said Free, "and I'll be with you."

She ran into the Everglades Club and told her maid to transfer all their effects to the newly-rented apartment. Miss Marks had already taken bathing-suits, combs, powder, and other accessories to the beach. So Free joined the Lansings in their car and was whisked two miles down the Ocean Boulevard to the Bathing Club.

Little Fred met Free at her cabana, and implored her to change quickly, so eager was he to exhibit his prowess in swimming. Lazy couples playing backgammon greeted her at the pool; men and women lying in the sun waved languid hands at her. And as she plunged into the water, she told herself that she would forget Sam and just enjoy her holiday.

FRED could not really swim on this first day of Free's arrival. But he was on the verge of supporting himself in the water without extraneous aid, and a week after his mother's first sight of his efforts he actually swam the width of the pool.

By that time Free had acquired a most becoming tan herself. She had entered upon a routine that was a not too lazy delight. She played a set or

[*Continued on page 144*]

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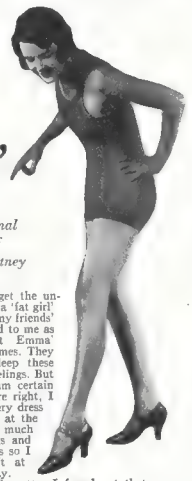

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RHAPSODY IN GOLD

[*Continued from page 143*]

two of tennis in the morning, swam in the ocean or, if the surf were too high, in the pool. She ate her luncheon on the beach or motored to one of the golf clubs, or lunched at one of the fascinating restaurants. In the late afternoon she played nine holes of golf, and then went on to bridge or backgammon; she dined at nine or later, almost always out-of-doors, in some lovely patio in a private home, or amid the almost as lovely surroundings of a club or restaurant. Then she danced, or played bridge.

Every evening, promptly at eight, Bert telephoned her, and with each day memory of Sam became more dim. He had never, because of a pride she thought utterly silly, shared this Palm Beach life with her, and so he receded into a dim background more quickly than he might have done in New York.

BUT each paradise must have its snake. The particular reptile that entered Palm Beach was Francine Manners.

Free encountered her on the beach one morning, when flushed from tennis, she approached her cabana. It was her usual triumphant progress. Hands waved, voices called. She was claimed for backgammon, for bridge, for golf, for tea. Life, she felt, was *good*.

Then she saw Francine. There was about the Manners girl an air, Free thought, of affectation always. Now, as she stood at the corner of the pool—where no one, Free remarked to herself, could fail to see her—one instinctively felt that she was posing.

At that, though, Free conceded, Francine was lovely, if you cared for that type. Her blonde hair curled just enough. Her limbs were straight and delicately rounded. She was almost perfectly formed. Yet it was the perfect figure of a wax model, not the perfect modeling of marble or stone or of flesh itself. Free, staring angrily at her, wondered why almost perfect features, and an almost perfect body should give the effect of unreality. Was it because Francine's nature was artificial?

Perhaps, Free admitted to herself, her own attitude toward Francine made her see flaws that did not exist. Certainly other people were not as scornful of Francine as was Free. Not that Francine was exactly popular, but she went everywhere, knew everyone . . . Of course, lots of people called her a cat, but they didn't reserve that epithet solely for Francine.

Free denied to herself the charge of jealousy. She wasn't jealous. Long before men had entered the thoughts of either of them, she had heartily disliked Francine. Oh, they had never openly quarreled. How could they? They knew the same people, had attended the same school, came out the same year. . . .

Francine was too cautious ever to have given Free occasion to break with her. But Francine had lost her caution at last. For she moved, with that peculiar lack of grace that was so extraordinary in so lovely a body, to the steps leading into the water.

"Why, Fred, Fred," she called and held out her arms to the baby, who was splashing delightedly with Miss Marks.

The boy stared at her. He was ordinarily a most friendly baby, not a one man child at all. But now his mother noted that he stared stubbornly at Francine, almost belligerently.

Free could have smothered her baby in kisses because he did not respond to the pretty invitation of Francine. It was a rebuff that, trivial though it appeared to the onlooker, was important to Free.

For she knew, in that fashion women have of recognizing attacks made upon them by members of their own sex, that Francine would not have spoken to Fred, had she not seen Free at that moment.

"Your daddy sent his love to you, Fred," said Francine.

Free felt that her friends were watching her; felt, somehow, a wave of reassurance coming from them. It gratified her, because, intangible though it was, it made her believe that others felt that Francine was behaving just a bit off the proper.

"Hello, Francine," she called. Her voice was cool, distantly friendly. "When did you get in?"

"Why, *Free!*" Francine turned and made as though to kiss Free, but Free stepped back quickly. "I think the baby is *too* divine. I was giving him Sam's love."

"So I gathered," said Free. "That was nice of you, Francine. I suppose he asked you to."

Francine colored. "He *did* want to know how Fred was," she replied.

"And Miss Marks is so incompetent," said Free. "He couldn't rely on her weekly reports about Fred, I suppose."

Oh, it was cheap, but Francine had the unpleasant faculty of making one say and do cheap, common things.

FRANCINE seemed to be triumphant, Free thought. She was certain that she had caught Sam in the trap that she had been manufacturing since first she saw him, and the construction of which had been merely delayed by Free's marriage to Sam.

But had she? Free's mind worked rapidly and reached several gratifying conclusions. If Francine's plan to make Sam fall in love with her had been so successful she would be mousequiet about it. She would not flaunt her conquest openly, because she would not want to arouse Free's resentment.

Francine's attitude, then, as Free analyzed it, was due to the fact that she was not certain of Sam. And with this understanding of her impertinence, Free suddenly felt contemptuous rather than annoyed. And contempt is easier to hide than annoyance.

"When did you get in, Francine?" she asked.

"This morning," said Francine eagerly. She felt herself worsted in this first skirmish and was glad that Free seemed willing to be cordial.

"Staying with the Burtons?"

Francine nodded.

"Drop in for tea," invited Free. "I have an apartment next to Black's."

"I'd love to," said Francine.

Free sauntered on, feeling that she had carried off the honors. As she passed a cabana near the pool, Jimmy Gilpin called to her. She stopped for a moment.

"I heard every word that little cat said, Free, and I'm glad you didn't let her worry you," he said.

"Where, when, and how did you learn so much about women, Jimmy?" Free asked.

"Oh, I've read novels," he laughed. "And let me tell you, Free, that Manners girl won't make any hit with

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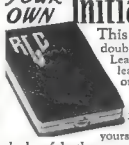

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Color of my hair:

RHAPSODY IN GOLD

people, if she tries to ride you. How can Sam be such a fool as to fall for her? If he has?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Free.

"Or care, the lady added," said Jimmy. "Sorry if I'm fresh, Free. Never have said a word about you and Sam. None of my business. But I like him."

"He likes you, Jimmy," said Free.

"Hope he does. I'm crazy about you, Free. Always have been. You're swell. And I think you made a mistake ditching Sam. Couldn't be a friend of yours without telling you sometime. And this seems as good a time as any. And now that I've said it, that ends it. Only—couldn't you do something to rescue him from Francine?"

"Such as?" demanded Free.

Jimmy grinned.

"Gent, rebuked for impertinence, changes subject. Who are you going as tonight?"

His question was not as ungrammatical as it sounded. The Burtons were giving a party, and each guest had been asked to impersonate someone known to everyone else.

"I'm going as you, if you must know, Jimmy," she replied.

He flushed delightedly.

"Free! But you can't. I'm fat."

"A cushion will fix that," she giggled. "*Two* cushions, Jimmy."

"Going in a fore-and-aft rig, eh?" He chuckled. "So that's where my tail-coat has disappeared to, eh?"

"And your silk hat. Your man is a duck, Jimmy, and I hope you don't scold him."

"I won't. But my studs! Free Molyneux, if you lose those—"

"I promise not to. But, Jimmy, if you knew the trouble I've gone to, to get hold of a shirt and collar that would fit me—"

"I'll be the laughing-stock of the party," he said, with pretended ruefulness. "Free, do you need to wear *two* cushions?"

"An impersonator must do her best to seem realistic, Jimmy. And all your friends have told you that you ought to diet."

"Well, I wish I had," he grinned. "I wish to blazes I'd thought of going as you."

FREE moved on toward her own cabana. Half a dozen times she was stopped, drawn into conversation, and it seemed to her that every time Francine managed to inject herself into the group and into the conversation.

Alone, finally, she took stock of herself and the situation. She didn't know how many others had overheard her brief conversation with Francine, and how many of them had interpreted it as accurately as Jimmy Gilpin. She told herself that she must not divide Palm Beach into two camps by showing how much she disliked Francine. After all, she had divorced Sam. Not only that, but she was going to marry Bert Tryon. Soon she would have to let her friends know of her approaching marriage. Bert would be down in a week or so, and his attentions would make it pretty obvious that an understanding existed.

There was Bert's dignity to be considered, too. She couldn't, for Bert's sake, let people think that she and Francine were quarreling over Sam. She must ignore any overt actions on Francine's part. Perhaps, having been worsted this morning, Francine would proceed more cautiously. But her own earlier analysis of Francine made Free doubt that. The girl was uncertain of her hold on Sam. She'd want to turn Free flatly against Sam, would want

[*Continued on page 146*]

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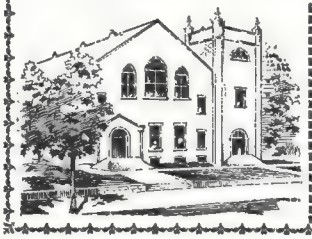

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RHAPSODY IN GOLD

[*Continued from page 145*]

to make sure that Free had not the slightest interest in her ex-husband.

It was too bad, Free thought, that she couldn't go to Francine and tell her that she would never want Sam back again.

Only—though Free didn't want Sam, she didn't want Francine to have him. It wasn't dog-in-the-manger stuff, either. Francine simply didn't *rate* Sam. He was too good, by a hundred degrees, for such a stupid person.

Miss Marks brought Fred, protesting, to the cabana. "I don't think he's feeling very well," she explained to Free. "So I think he's had almost enough of the beach for today."

Free became instantly the solicitous mother. Francine, Sam, Bert—all faded from her thoughts.

SHE touched Fred's forehead, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue. She agreed with Miss Marks that it was perhaps nothing but a slight cold, or stomach upset, but while the nurse dressed him, Free flitted from group to group, explaining that Fred wasn't feeling well, and she couldn't lunch with this party, or play golf in that foursome.

She drove Fred home in her little roadster, letting Miss Marks follow with the chauffeur. Fred was very fretful by the time they reached home, but he was soothed by his Mummy's presence.

Fred fell asleep about three o'clock, and for a couple of hours his mother devoted herself to her correspondence. At five he awoke, more fretful than ever, and demanded his mother.

Free recited poems to him, played with his toys, and sat with him while he made valiant efforts to eat supper.

"Don't you think we should get a doctor in to see him?" she asked Miss Marks.

The nurse shook her head. "It's really nothing at all, Mrs. Molyneux," she replied. "He has little upsets every once in awhile, you know."

"Of course," agreed Free. "But down here—you never can believe that anyone is really ill."

She sang Fred to sleep, and at eight began arraying herself for the party. With utter disregard for her appearance, she fastened her bobbed hair back from her forehead, trying to make herself look slightly bald, powdered it until it was as gray as Jimmy's, and wriggled into the boy's dress shirt that she had bought on the County Road.

Even grim Miss Marks gave way to hysterics when she finally saw Free, amply padded in front and rear, topper on her head, looking ridiculously like Jimmy Gilpin. "Never," gasped Free, "appreciated why men hate evening clothes. This stiff shirt—and the collar—I'll go mad before dinner is over. And how on earth can I dance?"

But she knew that she was giving a corking impersonation of Jimmy, and this made her feel less regretful of discomfort. As a matter of fact, she told herself, she'd have been a rather attractive man.

Everyone at the Traynor's dinner—Free was dining there before going on to the Burton party—raved about her. No one even asked her whom she impersonated, which was in itself a triumph.

It was as gay a dinner as Free had ever attended. Louise Maddern, barely twenty, was gotten up as Mrs. Logan, padded more than Free was, and wearing Mrs. Logan's diamond necklace, Mrs. Logan's bracelets, and Mrs. Logan's tiara. And she was as kittenish as Mrs. Logan, overcome with glee at the impersonation, had ever been.

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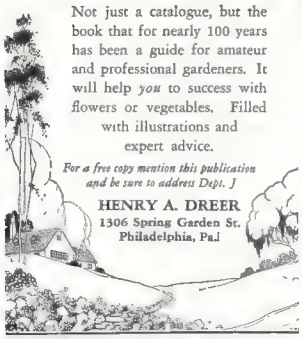

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RHAPSODY IN GOLD

After dinner Free telephoned Miss Marks. She was assured that Fred seemed better, that he was sleeping soundly. Lighter of heart, Free proceeded to the Burton home, one of the show places of Palm Beach.

A STORM had wrecked the boulevard that ran between the grounds and the sea. Lack of funds had prevented the state from repairing the road, so the Burton home was free from all intrusion on the ocean side. And the grounds extended from the sea to the County Road, and were riotous with vegetation.

One felt, as one entered the drive, that one had been suddenly transplanted into the center of the Everglades, that one was in the heart of the jungle.

And yet, it was a restrained jungle, a jungle well under control, a jungle through which pleasant shell paths had been cut, and in whose depths lurked jazz bands.

Noise, noise, noise! But noise that incited gayety. A colored band at the gate; Hawaiian troubadors singing at the main entrance; an orchestra playing in the patio, and another in the great ballroom. Liveried servants carrying trays to tables. Earlier arrivals, dressed as inspiration had directed, stood in the hall commenting on each impersonation.

Free was greeted with cheers, cheers that suddenly died away as another guest descended from a car and entered the wide hall. Free turned. There, in an outfit that must have required the services of wigmakers, tailors, and an artist in make-up, stood Francine. She was made up as Sam Molyneux, red hair, freckles, everything. Francine must have had that wig *made*. And those were Sam's dress studs—the studs that Free herself had given Sam the Christmas before last. How could Sam have done that? That was—well, a bit thick.

WHILE she applauded the cleverness of the impersonation, Free recognized the challenge. Francine hadn't been dismayed in the least by today's encounter on the beach. Certainly it had not deterred her from carrying out this plan, which must have been conceived at least two weeks ago, when the Burtons first announced their party.

"Francine," Free said, as the girl neared her, "you're wonderful, perfectly wonderful."

And then a servant touched Free on the arm. "Mrs. Molyneux," he said. "You're wanted on the telephone. Your little boy—"

Free forgot Francine, forgot everything except that Fred needed her, as she raced to the telephone.

[*Continued in* MAY McCALL'S]

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MARY, THE MAGDALENE

[*Continued from page 21*]

luxurious furnishings were sharply questioned, and then ultimately believed.

All Jerusalem was familiar with the name of the Magdalene, and most men, at least, knew the woman herself as they saw her in the streets; heading a festal procession in the night-time with roses in her loose gold hair; walking shameless and unveiled in the sunshine; singing a gay love-song behind an open window of a banquet-house; laughing mockingly with a voice sweeter than other women's caresses—this was the Mary whose name was on everyone's tongue.

But the woman who dwelt behind the palms and cypresses of the mansion on the city's edge, the house of the fabled tapestries and golden chairs and bathing-pool framed in lilies—this woman was a mystery. Perhaps no one but little Tirzah, the child whom Mary had years before rescued from starvation in a gutter, knew how quiet most of the days were in that house. She could have told of Mary sitting silent in the garden, watching the fountain; of Mary reading old parchments by the west window in the sunset; of Mary begging her to eat in the great hall, because "bread broken alone is, after all, a fast!" All this Tirzah could have told, but no one would have believed her.

There was no revelry in Mary's house. Her banqueting was done in other places. And while there was a luxury and a rich, exotic elegance there which even Herod's palace could have envied, there was also a loneliness. For no woman ever crossed its threshold to talk of small familiar things, to laugh together in the garden, or to whisper sweet intimacies on the housetop.

Today, Tirzah took unusual pains with her mistress' toilet. She brushed the heavy gold hair into loops and curls and fastened it with a jeweled fillet. With delicate sure touches, she applied the rouge and the kohl. Then, standing back, she waited for the ceremonial that always completed Mary's toilet. It was not for her hands. Only those of her mistress ever touched the box of alabaster that stood in a small niche built in the bedroom wall.

"This perfume," Mary had said once to Tirzah, "is compounded of moonlight and hot winds from the sea and pomegranates and blazing poppies and apple-trees in bloom! I could lose all my robes and my jewels better than this!"

Now when all was ready, Tirzah asked hesitantly, "The veil, Madam?"

"Oh, by all means the veil. We shall go for a slow, decorous walk, today, clad in circumspection. Come, let us be gone, so that we may make the full rounds of the city before supper."

They went slowly down the street and were soon lost in the ebb and flow of life in the Lower Town.

It was as they neared the Court of the Women that a sound of shouting reached them. Mary drew Tirzah quickly into a shadowy recess. A little beyond them a man, evidently a Rabbi, was speaking to a small group who seemed to hang upon his words. The shouting came nearer, grew in volume and vengeance.

"Stone her! It is the law! Make her an example!"

Mary held Tirzah closer to her side and waited.

Suddenly into the court a crowd of excited scribes and Pharisees flung themselves, dragging with them a young woman, terrified and disheveled. Her hair hung loose, her face was white and flaming by turns. She was beyond sobbing or tears. Her eyes were dark points of anguish.

Mary's body grew tense as she noted that the leader of the group was Simon. He was calling now to the man who had been teaching.

"Master," began Simon belligerently, "this woman was taken in sin. The law demands that such a one be stoned. What do *you* say?"

The young Rabbi turned suddenly away from the crowd, the color rising in his cheeks. He stooped down and with his finger traced characters on the ground, idly, as though he had heard and seen nothing.

"Oh," Mary whispered clutching her throat. "Oh, he has *pity* for her!"

But the voices of the men rose again in anger. "Stone her! Moses commanded it in the law! Master, what say you?"

And still, with face averted, the man they addressed wrote on the ground.

IT WAS Simon who would not be denied. His dark, thin, high-born face was livid with rage.

"Do you not hear? Would you deny the law of Moses? What shall be done with this woman?"

And then the young man looked up. His voice was low, but everyone heard!

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

That was all. But Mary, at the words, clenched her hands. Then, throwing aside her veil, she stepped from the shadow into the full view of the men. In her blazing beauty she stood, fearless, arrogant, sweeping the scribes and Pharisees with a glance of insolent scorn. Her eyes came at last to rest on Simon.

At sight of her he had started, but now, with an elaborately careless gesture, as though washing his hands of the whole affair, he turned and went out. The others followed.

MARY dropped her veil and slipped back beside Tirzah. The court had emptied quickly. There was no one in sight now but the kneeling woman and the young Rabbi. He rose and walked slowly toward her.

"Where are your accusers?" he asked quietly.

"I think my mother is short-sighted in not trusting me to choose my own friends"

This is a single statement made by one of twelve girls interviewed by *Helen Christine Bennett* whose article:

WHAT I THINK OF MY MOTHER

is a McCall reminder of Mother's Day IN MAY

She had sunk lower now, exhausted. The tension of panic had relaxed, and her tears were flowing unrestrained.

"Has no man condemned you?" he asked again.

"No man, Lord," the woman sobbed.

He stood a moment, looking at the poor broken thing at his feet; then, stooping, he laid his hand on her head.

"Neither do I condemn you," he said gently. "Go, and sin no more."

And in another moment he was gone.

Mary drew a long breath.

"Help me, Tirzah," she whispered, and walked toward the woman. Together they raised her up, but her head rested weakly on the Magdalene's shoulder.

"Have you any place to go?" Mary asked tensely.

The woman's face was gray with despair. "No," she moaned. "There is no house in Jerusalem that would take me in."

"There is one," said Mary. And she led her, with Tirzah's help, away from the Temple and on through the quiet, narrow streets, home.

Once the stranger spoke. "May I ask your name?"

"Mary, the Magdalene. And yours?"

She felt the woman start. "She will turn back now," Mary thought bitterly. But the woman did not turn. "My name is Phebe, wife of Junino, the architect," she said.

Two hours later when Tirzah's trained hands had finished with her, Phebe lay on the long divan in Mary's sitting room, her black hair brushed and glistening, her slight figure wrapped in one of Mary's choicest robes. Mary herself stood at the window, gazing at her.

"You must forgive my staring at you. I had not dreamed you were so lovely.

"I am all unlovely now. And I must tell you. . . ."

"Tell *me!*" Mary exclaimed ironically. "You need make no confession to me. But listen. Suppose *I* tell *you* just what I think happened.

"First of all, you used to love your husband."

"Oh, yes." Phebe breathed. "They betrothed me to him when I was fifteen. And I worshipped him, and he . . ."

"Yes. And for years you were very happy. Then gradually he changed."

"How did you know?"

Mary only smiled.

"He began taking you quite for granted. He grew irritable and unreasonable. He ceased being *tender*. Am I right?"

"Yes, yes. Mary, do you *know* him?"

"I never saw him, child! Then all at once another man began to tell you that your 'lips were like a thread of scarlet. . . .'"

Phebe was sitting up now, amazement written on her face.

"Yes. . . ." she breathed.

"At first you did not listen, but gradually you began to thirst for more. And one night when your husband had been cruelly unkind, the other man stopped beside your lattice and whispered:

'Behold thou art fair, my love;
Behold thou art fair!
How much better is thy love than wine!'"

Mary gave a careless shrug. "And so," she finished, "you were given up to your accusers, and your outraged husband is now seeking a bill of divorcement. Am I right?"

"Everything . . . everything . . ."

"The tragic part is," Mary went on thoughtfully, "that your husband and all the other husbands know Solomon's love-song as well as the lovers do. If they would only use it! Well . . ."

Phebe leaned back wearily.

"But what is to become of me?" she asked.

Mary's face was suddenly aglow. She dropped down beside the divan.

"Phebe," she cried, "you will stay with me! Be a sister to me! We can work together over the flowers, eat together, talk together. I am fond of you already. Will you stay?"

"You *mean* it?"

Mary's answer was a sob.

"I've been so lonely for a woman's friendship," she said, and touched her lips to Phebe's dark hair. Then she drew back quickly, a strange look on her face.

"That is where the Rabbi laid his hand in blessing," she said softly. "I wonder . . . ."

There was a sound from the bell in the court yard. Phebe started up in fright, but Mary smiled mockingly.

"That is probably your chief accuser," she said. "How amusing that he should be coming to see me!"

Mary received Simon in her small, luxurious sitting room. He stood for a moment, his dark face frowning upon her.

"Well?" Mary asked calmly.

"I have only to say," Simon said in severe tones, "that the sort of thing you did this afternoon must never be repeated. Fortunately no one connected me especially with your outrageous conduct, but . . ."

"But your sacred reputation," Mary interrupted ironically, "must be maintained at any cost!"

EXACTLY." They stood looking at each other without flinching, the beautiful, insolent courtesan and the haughty, handsome Pharisee.

It was a strange bond that had held them together for years. There was love between them, and bitter jealousies. The attraction of extraordinary physical beauty in both of them might have perished shortly in its own fire, had there not been also a mental companionship as strong as it was unusual.

It was Mary now who broke the silence.

"Sit down," she said. "I have something to talk about more important than you or I—or the two of us put together. Simon, who was the young Rabbi who put your howling mob to rout by a single sentence?"

Simon smiled wryly.

"He is the man of whom I've been telling you."

"You mean Jesus, the Prophet?"

"Yes. I hope now you are satisfied."

"Satisfied!" Mary's face went strangely drawn behind the rouge. "I have never been so rent with unutterable longing as when I looked upon his face. Simon, *who is he?*"

"That is what I want to know myself. The testimony is violently conflicting. His disciples say he is The Christ. His enemies say he is in league with the devil. Personally I consider him an interesting but dangerous fanatic who is running headlong to his own destruction."

Mary's gaze was still remote. "Simon, I have a strange feeling that his blessing would be worth more to me than all the jewels of Cleopatra! By the way, the woman you were accusing is here with me. She is going to stay."

Simon sprang forward.

"Are you mad? I will not permit it! A woman here, to go in and out telling her tales in the streets! I say she must leave at once."

Mary had won many sharp tilts with Simon. But she needed all her skill for this. In the end, however, she triumphed.

When the matter was settled, Mary said: "I should like you to leave now, Simon. I want to be alone."

At the door, shrouded in his concealing cloak, Simon turned.

"The girl Tirzah—is she still contented?"

"Oh, yes."

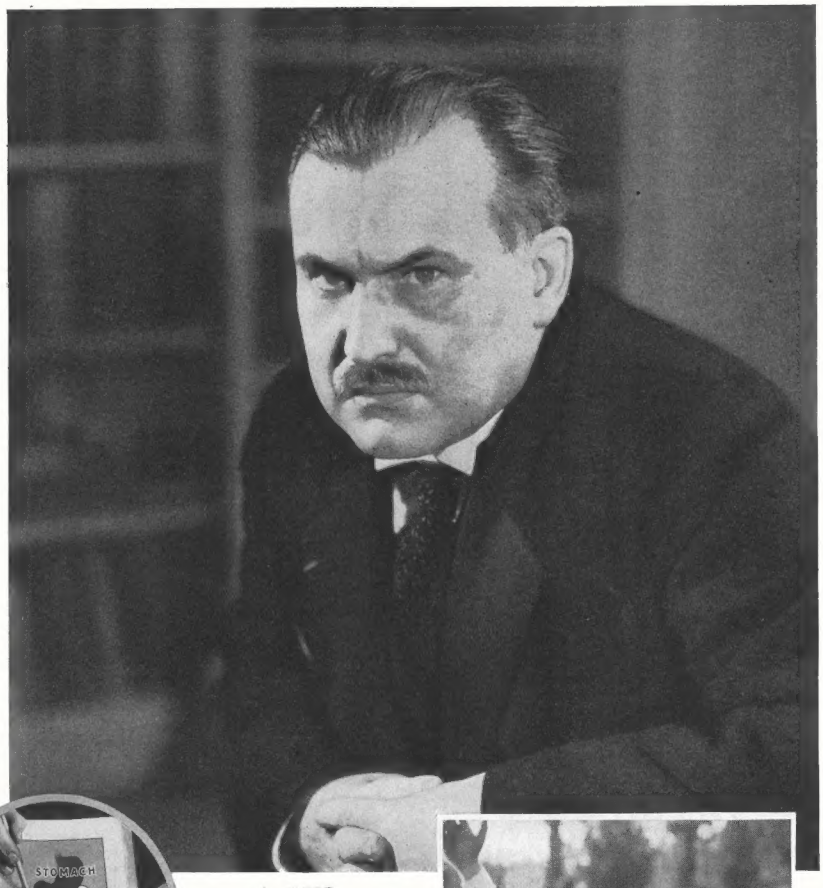
"Keep her so. Keep her at any price. A servant lost is gossip spread. And have a care about this woman Phebe!"

Mary went slowly out to the garden, and sat down beside the fountain. Night lay dark upon Jerusalem, but overhead were the stars. Mary had watched the same stars in Magdala as a child. Watched and marveled. She had dreamed her maiden dreams beneath them. And now . . .

[*Turn to page 150*]

"When intestines are *sluggish* I prescribe Fresh Yeast . . ."

reports the noted
DR. HENRI VIGNES
of Paris



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DOCTOR BERCZELLER, Austria's great nutrition scientist, says: "Science recognizes the value of yeast as a food for correcting constipation."

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(LEFT)
When intestines are sluggish, food wastes stagnate and poison the whole system, doctors find. Eating fresh yeast keeps this vital region *clean*—tones up your entire body.

(*Right*) Why not try it? Ask for *Fleischmann's* Yeast. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

(LEFT)
Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any other way you like.

(*Left*) Miss Ann L. Merritt, *of New Haven, Conn.*, writes: "I had been in the hospital and wasn't regaining my health as I should. I was terribly constipated and my skin was broken out. So my doctor suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did, and began to pick up in every way. My skin cleared up beautifully and my constipation left me, too."

"I was very sluggish," *writes* Lenny Rashall *of Beverly Hills, Calif.*, "—tired, pepless, no appetite, etc. . . . At last, I decided to try yeast. It wasn't long before I had regained my former vitality."

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat three cakes every day!

MARY, THE MAGDALENE

[*Continued from page 148*]

She flung herself on the garden bench, too sad for tears. She saw again the face of the Rabbi as he bent in tenderness over the woman who had sinned. She saw her own life—an empty, tawdry thing. She saw back of her the years decked with luxuries to cover up the ugliness.

"I am sick of soul," she moaned. "Sick, sick of my life. And for me there is no forgiveness possible."

If the new hurt in Mary's soul had not been so bitter, the next weeks would have been happier than any she had ever known. Her house was gay with women's voices. Tirzah singing her innocent, gay songs; Phebe, calling from the garden, or chatting over the supper table.

"Deep in my soul, I feel cleansed of my sin," Phebe said wistfully to Mary one day in the garden. "Ever since the Rabbi spoke his words of blessing."

Mary turned to hide the pain in her eyes.

There were other pleasures in those days. Perhaps because Simon saw the growing unrest in Mary's face, he became more generous with his gifts. Gorgeous robes, jewels, rugs, and laces found their way to her door.

And those other wilder delights to which the Magdalene was accustomed—the midnight tap on her window, the flare of a torch, the sweep of her robes and her unbound hair as she joined a festal procession that led to a banqueting house—all these were not lacking.

It was at one such time as she flung herself into the mad gayety of the night about her that she saw *him* again. She was being borne along by two men, her arms around their necks, her hair a banner of gold, when suddenly she gave a cry, wrenched herself free, and ran toward a house whose low, lighted window commanded the street. The Rabbi sat just inside. The glow of a candle made a soft radiance that enfolded him. And his eyes looked upon Mary. Eyes that held all the sorrows of the world and all the glory of heaven. They looked upon her, while Mary stood transfixed.

Then tearing the flowers from her hair, she turned swiftly and ran through the darkness. The stones cut her silken sandals, her robe trailed in the mire. But Mary did not heed. She reached home, spent with running, and threw herself upon her bed.

And as she lay there, seeing again the eyes of Jesus, there came to her mind, thoughts not of herself, but of little Tirzah. The child of innocence who dwelt in the house of shame. Tirzah who, as long as she stayed there, would never have the companionship of other innocent maidens, nor be sought in marriage by an honest man.

When dawn came, Mary had entered upon her first great renunciation. Tirzah must go.

It was all heart-breaking, but Mary did not flinch. Her cheeks were often pale and her eyes heavy, but she was gay as she worked over Tirzah's wardrobe with Phebe's help. The child was to go to the home of a woman who kept a small school of needlework for maidens.

A few days before her departure, Mary suddenly put her hand to her heart, as though the thought that had come to her had been a sword-thrust. "What of Phebe?" she asked herself. "What future can she have, a prisoner in the home of the Magdalene?" And once again it seemed to Mary that the eyes of the Rabbi were searching her soul.

She spoke calmly to Phebe of her plan. Why should Phebe not go with Tirzah? Why should she not begin life anew in a distant place? It was hard to see the pitiful flare of relief in the other woman's eyes.

THE last day came. Even with the clinging of Tirzah's arms around her neck, Mary did not falter. She went into the empty house, listening to its loneliness, looking about at the richness of the furnishings. She walked slowly through the rooms, on into the tapestry-hung bedroom, where in its sacred niche stood the alabaster box of priceless perfume. Mary raised the box in her hands. There was still enough to last for many years! Then, having replaced it, she sank down on the rug. The perfume was the symbol of her life.

When Simon came in the early dusk, he was aghast as Mary came toward him. "What is it?" he cried. For her face was white and haggard.

"It is summer's end, Simon," Mary's low voice came to him as though from a far dream. "It is the winter of our love. The lust of the eye and the pride of life—they are dead, Simon."

The man caught her hands in his.

"Mary, you are *ill*. Where is Tirzah?"

"Tirzah is gone. And Phebe. I sent them away from the poisoned air of this place. And only this afternoon, I knew that I too must go."

Simon's face was black with fear and anger.

"You *dared* to send them away? This may mean my ruin! And then as though her other words suddenly found their way into his mind, he burst out, "*You* go away! What madness are you talking?"

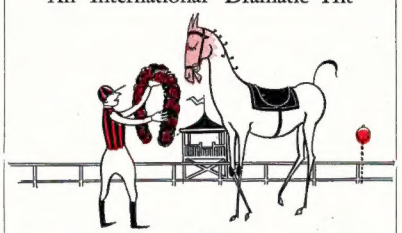
But Mary's voice had the calmness of despair.

"I can no longer wear your jewels nor dwell in your house, Simon."

His hands were on her shoulders, then at her throat.

"Is there another man? Is it . . . has Herod sent for you again? I care not who it is! I will kill him! I . . ."

An International Dramatic Hit



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By Eleanor Mercein

IN THE MAY McCALL'S

And then Simon fell back a little, for Mary's face, with its first sudden lines of age, had taken on a new sad beauty. "There is no other man, Simon," she said wearily. "All that men have loved in me—that husk which they called my beauty—is dead. There is nothing left of me but my sin-sick soul." Her voice sank. "And how lost and shamed and polluted that soul is, no one knows except—*Him*. How can I make you understand? Even to me it seems incomprehensible. That night when I saw Him, I was laughing, taunting, gay! Then, suddenly, through an open window, He looked upon me. And I found myself kneeling in the mire of the street, tearing my heart out in shame and sorrow, stricken by the purity of those eyes. For they were the eyes of the *Christ!*"

Then her voice sank almost to a whisper.

"The eyes of the Christ! I see them in the noon-day glare and in the dimness of the starlight. I cannot rest until I seek forgiveness. If there can *be* forgiveness for one so low as I."

Simon's face was twisted with anger. "That you with *your* intelligence should have fallen a prey to a charlatan's eyes! Prating of your sins and of forgiveness like any hysterical woman of the street. You sicken me! In any case," he went on, his hands clenched, his black eyes smouldering, "we are going to put an end to this man and his teachings! This very night, he is coming to supper at my house, with a group of Pharisees! We are entrapping him in his words. And I tell you we will never rest until he is hung upon the highest Roman tree!"

"Tonight!" Mary sprang up terrified. "At your house! Oh, Simon, have mercy! For *my* sake . . ."

Simon's laughter was horrible to hear. "Because of what he has done to you, and *to me*, I could crucify him with my own hands!"

And he flung himself out of the house.

Mary stood still, her hands at her throat. Then she went into her bedroom and took from its niche the alabaster box of perfume. She threw about her a dark veil and went out into the early darkness.

The house of Simon, dignified and spacious, stood at the opposite side of Jerusalem, facing north. The supper room, Mary knew, opened upon the garden. No one saw her as she slipped along in the shadow of the wall.

The room was full. Those who dined reclined around the long table. It was only a moment until Mary's eyes found him whom she was seeking.

Mary crept nearer. It was only a step through the wide open windows! She moved so softly . . . no one heard . . . no one saw. She knelt suddenly where she had yearned to be. Her hands reached out, and clasped the feet of the Christ. And then all the pent up misery of her heart broke. All those tears that the mad gay evil of her life had dried at their source, poured forth in a healing flood.

There was no concealment possible now. A whisper passed through the room. Eyes strained to see. "*The Magdalene!*" one murmured to another, "*The Magdalene!*"

For though her face was hidden, the veil had slipped away, and her hair hung about her like a shawl of gold.

Then in view of them all, she raised the alabaster box, and poured the perfume as though it were a sacrificial oil upon the young Rabbi's feet! There were voices then. Simon said, in a sort of frenzy:

"If this man were a prophet, he would know who and what manner of woman this is that touches him. *For she is a sinner!*"

The words were like barbs.

BUT another voice came, as on that other day in the temple court, low, but compelling.

"Simon, I have somewhat to say to you."

"Say on, Master." Mary knew that tone of Simon's. Cold fury repressed.

"There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he forgave them both. Tell me, which of them will love him most?"

Simon's answer was slow in coming. "I suppose," he said bitterly, "he to whom he forgave most."

It seemed suddenly to Mary as though there were but the three of them in the room. Two evil hearts laid bare before a sinless one.

"You have rightly judged," the low voice went on. "Simon, do you see this woman?"

And in that strange moment Mary's eyes met Simon's for the last time. All those hidden fires of the dark years behind them, died in that look.

"Simon, I entered your house. You gave me no water for my feet, but *she* has washed them with *tears*, and wiped them with the hairs of her head! My head with oil you did not annoint, but she has annointed my feet—with perfume! Wherefore I say to you, her sins which are many—are forgiven; for she loved much. But to whom little is forgiven, the same loves little."

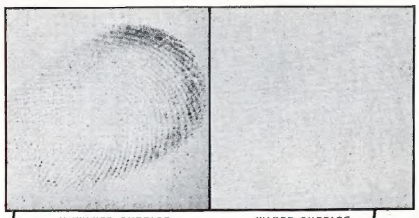
And then Mary felt his eyes upon her. She had not dreamed that even heaven held such a glory of tenderness. "Your sins are forgiven!" he said. "Go in peace."

In another moment Mary was again in the still darkness of the garden. But once there, she stood dazed, uncertain, terrified. The old Mary, she of the arrogant power, had died just as she kissed the feet of him who had forgiven her. The new-born Mary was lost, trembling alone in the darkness. "Even though forgiven, there is no place for such as I," she whispered with a sob.

And then, drawn by an irresistible force, she turned again to look at the room she had just left. Shining with heavenly light, the face of the Christ was looking upon her. Behind it, as though already massed in cruel array, were the faces of the Pharisees, hard, spying, resentful, murderous!

Mary fell upon her knees, her white arms outstretched in a sudden rapture. Her lips moved in her first prayer.

"Oh, thou Bridegroom of my soul! If their hatred does thee at last to the death, it shall be my hands, mine, the Magdalene's, that shall bind up thy broken body! If they shut thee in a sepulchre, it shall be my heart, *mine* that shall weep and watch and wait beside thee!"



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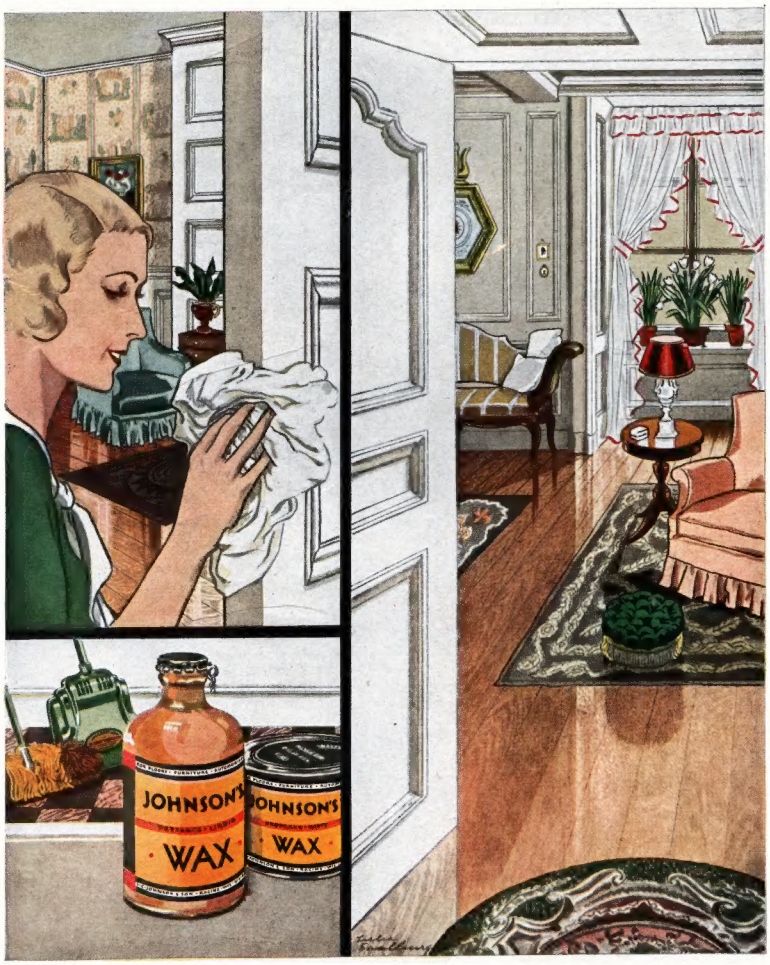

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CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

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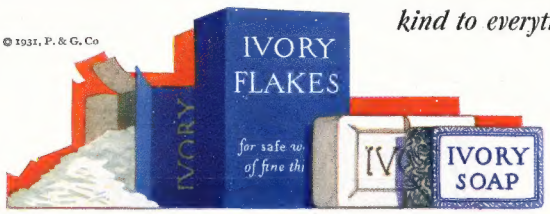

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